

The choosing

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The choosing

by [DysfunctionalMachine](#)

Summary

Every year there's a choosing in Florida, where rich Alphas can choose an omega to be their mate against their will. In many places the choosing has been made illegal, but in Florida and some other states it's still thriving. It's George's last choosing, and he's ready to get it over with and start his life for real. Without alphas. Ever.

After the ceremony George is chosen by a certain Dream, and it seems his life will be over forever. But maybe Dream isn't so bad, maybe the alpha has an ace up his sleeve.

aka: George is forced to live with Dream and they slowly become friends ;)

Notes

if you just want porn without plot go to chapter 12,13,19,22

If you don't comment I'll cry >:(

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

- Inspired by [The Run](#) by [Wolfleap](#)

The choosing part 1

Today is the day. The last Sunday of July, the day of reckoning, the day of absolute personal death. At least that's what he chose to call it, what other name to put on such a vile concept of giving away living, breathing people to the least deserving top feeders. What else to call the yearly tradition of continuously dehumanizing people born into having no choice.

George understands it, he really does. Biologically there are rules set up, created and run by nature. 80% of the population are betas, they are viewed as the base of everything known as gender and sex. Out of it comes two stranges, two groundbreaking polar opposites to rule over the majority by taking up all the time and space in media, politics and economics. The first group are the alphas, 10% of the human population, strong and fierce, here to rule and conquer, and at the same time be responsible and cherish what they now own. The remaining 10% consists of the omegas, weaker beings physically, made just for the alpha to cherish and love, but also rule and tower over.

At least that's how they put it professionally. What you find searching underneath is the raging hormones proclaiming alphas are made to breed and omegas are made to be bred. And from this society built this now ruling power dynamic; something created out of small biological indifferences, sexual indifferences, to rule over entire groups of people. Because yes, there were indeed differences between the three secondary genders.

So George understands it, he gets it. But by god did he not support it nor condone it in the slightest.

George shuffles further in line and fiddles with the small paperclip in his pocket to keep calm. Every year on the last Sunday of July, every omega in every commune is put in a sort of pageant, where they all get the opportunity to prove themselves smart or healthy or attractive in different sort of tests. That in itself sounds quite fine, only a little belittling, but there is sadly much more to it. So why do these omegas need to put themselves out there in this sort of manner against their will? Well it's all for the alphas there to watch. And not only that, for the alphas there to look and see and chose an omega to literally force into marriage and mating. Of course every alpha was allowed to come and watch to see what omegas were suitable, but then among them are those fowl rich privileged alphas born into wealth who can literally pick and chose and buy them for the social status that it would give the commune. *Mmm yes did you hear the Stringdom family found a suitable mate in Calowhan? Yes I have heard they raise their omegas well over there.*

You see, these traditions were banished and outlawed in big parts of the world because you know, progressive society and all. But for some god unholy reason, Florida, Alabama and Georgia had decided not to remove these absolute inhumane ways of dealing with people. Of course the rest of the world wasn't all that and a bag of potato chips, but at least it didn't have this much blatant sexism in it's actual legal system. And George would've moved long ago if he'd had even the smallest possibility, but sadly that just wasn't the case. He had been born to a lonely beta mother, left to fend for herself, they hadn't had it well economically, and he had had to grow up strong enough to fend for himself. Of course he saw the issues quickly, with the internet showing the rest of the worlds perspective and his own experience with sexism. He issued himself to study hard, work hard, stand his ground and eventually get the hell out of this hellhole he was born into.

He takes another step forward, now hearing the staff ask for ID:s and searching people for knives or things alike. George is 24 years of age, he's gone through the process multiple times without any issues, and now closing in on his last year and then forever being free, he was not worried. Yes, sometimes alphas would come up to him afterwards and ask for his number since people liked his clear skin, cute face and petite frame. But he always turned them down. He wasn't ready for a

relationship yet, he didn't want anyone from his town, he was too busy working, and he sure as hell did not want to feed into the idea of this structural awful tradition working as it was designed to. And he never had to worry about alphas with higher status wanting to mate him, he might be cute looking but every alpha turns the other way when an omega proudly demonstrates contempt against the system and tries his least to impress anyone. No one wants a burden like that on their hands for the rest of their lives.

Soon enough they're all gathered in the arena, with seats ranging all around the open field with an alpha in every second chair or so. George boils with rage, but he would be lying if he said it wasn't empowering to have all those eyes on him and then do the unspeakable act of protesting. He did it every year, never got tired of it.

It starts off fairly simple, questions on history and important people and happenings throughout it. Math. Science. Philosophy. Ethics. Morals. George makes a statement by under cooking an egg and overcooking pasta. A beige sludge is the final product of the cooking test.

He looks around to see who's watching him. The audience looks like all the other years: some young alphas looking for a date, older lonely men deprived of happiness, and the riches: smug and serious in suits and ties. George blinks and looks away as he catches the eye of an alpha with slicked back thin hair and a striped suit. The man was older, probably in his forties-fifties, with a sickening smirk on his face. George doesn't miss it but only gets a glimpse of the man sitting beside him, a young blonde specimen posing a serious almost quizzical look. George knows he must be rich, sitting on that side of the stance, but the guy was simply sporting a black polo and simple dress pants. In the strikingly hot sun at that. Lunatic, George thinks.

Soon enough the real questions come, and this is George's shot at redemption, now he can once more prove himself a menace to everyone who doesn't already know. The man walking around with the microphone looks at him with a pleading look. A well-rounded beta man with a dilt mustache and short brown hair. George has seen him every year except the first one, when there was a woman a little too invested and a little too passionate (George guesses she was quickly fired, or just burnt out really).

The man knows who George is as well, and he silently mouths '*please don't do this, not this year again*' with raised eyebrows, but George simply smiles and crinkles his eyes. The man really was protecting George by letting him speak, with so many omegas there he could've chosen anyone else, but had figured quickly that George wanted to scare people off with his opinion. By letting him complain he was giving him the power of choice. A kind man in Georges opinion.

He clears his throat: "Well, to answer your question. I do truly believe in an equal relationship and who am I to say the alpha can't be home with the kids and cook? We all have access to the internet we all know of the situation we're in: and let it be known this is not how to create a stable base for a stable relationship. By-" a faked cough "-selling- hmgh- sorry displaying omegas in this fashion, for alphas to pick and chose like we aren't in fact human beings" he pauses and ends with "in my opinion, of course". Important to not really offend the ruling people in the arena. He already knew you could get away with a lot if you told it eloquently, sure it scared him to do such an uprising, but it really was necessary.

The beta man takes the microphone from him and fakes a disappointed look. George was about to send him an appreciative smile but quickly tears his eyes away and discreetly glances to the side of the stance at what had distracted him. The man with the thin hair had laughed devilishly and now George can see him turn to the young man beside him and say something to him, making the younger smile distantly before putting on a sour, almost disgusted face. What were they whispering about? Probably mocking him for being so upfront and critical. It didn't bother him, not

in the slightest.

The mustached beta walks around and asks a few more questions before the show is finally over. Finally he could go home and sleep all the stress over this event out of his body and go back to work the next day, drink some tea and maybe rent a movie with his mother.

George was so stuck in his own thoughts of e-mails he has to answer and papers he has to go over tomorrow and pages he has to read for his studies, that he hadn't even noticed the young man in the crowd with the back polo had left the stance and gone somewhere else before the show had even ended. He hadn't even noticed the older man in the crowd following his every move on the way out of the arena, hadn't noticed the way the alphas leg had bounced up and down out of excitement as he watched George creep further and further down the line of people to finally get out of the place. George also hadn't noticed the old man leaving the stance a little earlier than others as well, just like the younger man.

It's just when he gets to the gate and says his name that the terrible thing happens.

"George... George Davidson? Yeah it seems - it seems you'll need to go with my assistant here miss Adams. She will guide you where you need to go" The person checking his ID states. The ticking of George's heart stops for a few seconds but there was no time to think, the line behind him pushes him forward and he's not being let through, he's not getting out, he simply gets dragged to the side effortlessly by this miss Adams who kindly smiles at him. This never happened before, you didn't go with someone to the exit, was this because it was his last year or what was going on?

"Where are we going?" he asks shakily as they go through a door and into the bigger building connected to the arena, followed by long high ceiling corridors.

"Oh don't worry you're simply going to be asked a few questions" George couldn't tell if the tone of her voice was menacing or empathetic, but there was something in it he didn't like.

They go up a flight of stairs and soon enough into a room, they meet a few people on their way there but not too many, some stray lost souls that don't greet each other. The room they enter is basically just a new corridor but smaller, with a sort of receptionist sitting behind a glass pane out from a hole in the wall. Miss Adams issues him forward towards the desk and he swallows.

"Name"

"George Davidson"

The receptionist looks him up and down and pushes up their glasses on the bridge of their nose and doesn't even bother putting on a fake smile for the next sentence.

"Congratulations Mr Davidson, it seems an alpha has chosen you to be their mate and partner after today's event" a break with a breath "I believe he's still sitting waiting around the corner if you would like to greet him"

Blood rushes to Georges ears in pure anger as he dashes in a fast pace towards the turn of the corridor, knowing full and well at this moment that the reason for pain and suffering for the rest of his life sits still and calm at the end of it. He wants to vomit and scream at the same time, he almost faints as every step taken on the way feels like an hour in time. Is this really it? Is this how it ends? He would've been free, just this last time and he would've been free, the laws of the state wouldn't have been able to touch him. And someone just had to go and mess that up for him.

It isn't anger that greets him as he turns the corner in blinding rage, it is simply defeat taking over

his body and making him go limp. He has to sit down on one of the modern chairs near him in order not to fall over. He buries his head in his hands and only sigh.

At the end of the corridor sits the young specimen in the black polo and dress pants, he looks both conflicted and sad, almost more so than George himself. His blonde hair shiny and well kept and his watch reflecting the light from the ceiling. But his teeth biting his bottom lip in stress and his eyes portraying pity.

George can't look at him for more than a couple seconds. What the hell is he supposed to do now?

The choosing part 2

This is not what Dream had wanted. This hadn't been his intention in the slightest. But what to do when there's a devastated omega crying right in front of you. What to do when you've basically ruined someone's life by trying to help.

Dream had not had the intention of choosing and enslaving an omega this day, not any day for that matter. He was 20, this was the first year when begging his parents not to go didn't work. He didn't want to, his parents always insisted it was a good idea to go and find someone quickly to settle down, have kids to have an heir to the family and then get back to business. For them it wasn't a big deal. For them you couldn't change a system overnight. For them you just played along like a pawn in a game of chess. So he went, and he screwed up.

It had been fine starting off, he had seated himself a bit away from the other rich alphas in order to give himself some space, but it seemed he had come early and other people were quickly seating themselves around him. Suddenly there had been a foul smell getting closer to him, an older alpha, thin gray hair and sure, conventionally attractive, but off-putting to say the least. If Dream had been more rebellious maybe he would've moved or showed his distraught but who was he to play high and mighty, people knew of his family and a reputation saying you have a big ego wasn't really desirable. Being polite was key.

As soon as the alpha had seated himself besides him, Dream turned his face slightly with the tiniest of smiles and reached out his hand. "Dream Winters" he almost whispered, unconsciously trying to make his voice a little lower in pitch in the presence of this off-putting man.

The man took his hand with a grin. "Adam Schlatt".

Oh, Dream thought. He knew this man's son. Jonathan Schlatt. He was quite a successful business man at only 20 years of age, slick and a little bit manipulative, but that his father would smell this foul was actually a concept quite lost on Dream. And what the old man was doing here, looking for a new omega, was also unclear. "A pleasure" Dream sighed as he retracted his hand and turned his head back to the arena down below.

Soon enough omegas started coming in through the gate, and just as Dream had expected, this really wasn't his cup of tea. People were swarming in and taking place in chairs standing around, some were looking excited but most of them were just... tired. Like they were just waiting for it to be over with. He leans back in his seat and tells himself it's going to go fine. Just an hour or two then he could leave. He's just here for his parents sake.

The show gets on the road soon enough, omegas start showing off their skills like they're on a circus and getting questions left and right on their values and morals and future plans. It makes Dream shift in his seat, but he also knows the value of seeing how people are actually treated. He knows he can't be part of change directly but at least he can donate. Just as long as his parents don't throw him out. He's way too dependent on them, he knows that it's wrong, he just won't deal with it. At least not just yet.

Keeping his thoughts away from his family trouble, he picks up on something he hadn't noticed before: Mr Schlatt beside him was keeping a very close eye on someone in the crowd, and when Dream follows his stare he finds himself looking straight at a beautiful brown haired omega. Petite and cute, but with facial expression of everyone else there: tired and uncaring.

It seems Mr Schlatt had noticed him staring and before Dream can even say anything he opens his

mouth. "God, the things I would do to that boy" he utters under his breath without taking his eyes away from the omega. Dream is dumbfounded, can't even respond before the other goes to talk once more. "From man to man now;" he lowers his voice "you know it's always the most rebellious ones that are the most fun to fuck" he whispers and points slightly to what the omega has in his hands. A plate with purposely messed up food. Dream doesn't know what to say. He always knew this was how society really worked, this is what he'd been taught since a young age, but he could never have been prepared for how it would actually play out in real life, and in most situations he was prepared. It makes him frustrated that he wasn't prepared, but he can't cause a scene, it would cost too much.

A little more time goes on in silence. He can smell the faint odor of arousal from the man beside him and it angers him an unexplainable amount, but he needs to keep his cool, don't cause a scene.

The omega that they are now both keeping their eyes on gets a question, and he answers it with a sarcastic grin. To Dream's dismay the grin on Mr Schlatt grows as well.

"I can't wait to put that little bitch in his place, he's going to scream for it to end but really, reaaaally we both know he wants it" Schlatt mutters with, his hand on his bottom lip as he says it. Dream can't keep quiet anymore, although it probably wouldn't have mattered nonetheless, his angered hormones would've come forth sooner or later anyway. He turns his head to look the old man right in his eyes. "What do you mean by that?" he questions. "You know exactly what I mean man come on, we're both alphas here no need to hide it. We have urges, and they do too, even worse than we do and that's proven" he pauses "besides, that sweet little thing wouldn't have to do anything for me other than sit down and wait for treats, no cooking and no work. What more could an omega ask for really?" Schlatt finished with and turned his eyes back to the field. Dream wouldn't let his composure fall but it was damn near that he burst out laughing before remembering he was supposed to be the grown heir of the Winters company. A professional outlook, keep it cool. He just has to make sure of one thing.

"So you're uh - going to get him then?" He phrases the question awkwardly but puts on a smirk to sell it off. Mr Schlatt looks him dead in the eye and says it with confidence. "Yes"

They both turn their eyes back to the omega and this is when it starts: Dream debating what choices he has and what to do. See, it really wasn't his deal at all and it really didn't matter to him: he would go home, drink his tea, read his book, cook his food, live in his flat that his parents had given him and none of this would even matter. But that's where he had to hit himself in the head because it did, it did matter. This omega didn't deserve this, this guy obviously just wanted to live his life free of issue, without a partner or not he didn't know but definitely without a partner he didn't even choose himself. It didn't have anything to do with him, and maybe he just wanted to spite the man beside him, maybe that was it, but he could at least try.

"I'm gonna go to the bathroom real quick, be right back man" he said after about seven minutes of just silence. "Sure sure" Schlatt mumbled before letting Dream pass and shuffle his way out of the audience and down into the building's backdoor. He was keeping a fast pace, wanting to get it over with before it was too late. He was just going to warn the ones in charge, just put in a good word. He sighed. Maybe bribe them even. Soon enough he had went through the corridors and followed to signs to where he wanted to be, this was it, this was where you chose your omega. He felt a little sick, nervous, he wasn't supposed to be here.

He walked up the receptionist sitting behind a glass frame. "Could I perhaps have word to word with Mrs Colton about the omegas please" he uttered confidently, standing tall. "Sure Mr Winters that won't be a problem" they knew his name, of course "let me just alert her and she'll let you enter" the receptionist clicked a button and a few seconds later a door slid open to the left of him.

He nodded a thank you and quickly marched his way into the now open room with tall ceilings and minimalistic style. Clean. Rich. Unbothered. In the far end behind a desk sits a middle aged alpha woman with pink, tied up hair and sharp eyes behind stylish glasses. He'd seen her in newspapers before and met her in meetings. The CEO of the company.

"Take a seat" She utters, friendly enough "How can I help you Mr Winters?" She continues once he's sat down.

Dreams brain fumbles about, but everything is about confidence, he can't forget he has the position of power where he can walk into the CEO's office and they know his name. He has to keep careful and sure of himself. "I just wanted to remark something in particular. Won't be taking up too much of your time" she nods in understatement. He swallows. "There is an omega out there, brown almost black hair, pale and skinny"

"Who?"

"I'm afraid I do not know his name"

"Look at the screen in front of you, just pick the options 'male, white, brown hair' and you should be able to point him out"

Dream looks down towards the screen set out in front of him, there for the occasion of alphas easily being able to choose their omegas he guesses. He filters out the people and soon enough there he is, the cute brown haired boy, with brown eyes too apparently, he thinks as he looks at the picture.

"George. George Davidson"

Minx Colton laughs knowingly and smiles "Mmhm, I couldn't have guessed he'd be your type if I must say Dream, you seem too - how shall I put it - similar"

It wasn't a secret that Dream was considered just as rebellious, angry and confident as this man George was, that was how he wanted to portray himself for the people around. But really, in real life, it was like he was running on half a life the entire time, he was just good at covering up. He smiled charmingly and leaned forward a little bit.

"Hmm, yes you might say so, but that is in fact not why I am here"

"it is not? Then what could you possibly want from me"

"Mr Schlatt is out there you know" He stated, hoping Minx would catch what he was going for.

"Jonathan my good friend is out there, I would've never guessed" her face falters a little, who knows why.

"No. Mr Adam Schlatt. He sits right there in the audience. Right beside me"

"Oh is that so - yes I would've figured. Jonathan tells me his father has been acting, well, bored lately" She smirks, she knows what Dream is hinting at, now he just has to make a final case.

"Yes yes it seems so. I'm just pointing out that our dear *friend* seems to have an eye for a certain omega out there on your extravagant arena and I wouldn't want to be the one to cause harm" He drops the smile slightly "how much would it hurt if you simply told our friend the omega was taken, just this once"

She clenches her jaw slightly, knowing what this insinuates; that she would make an exception for the Winters family in order to keep the omega away from Schlatt. A terrible business move, or a good one depending on how you would use it. Although what she does know for sure is that it would put a toll on her friendship with a certain Jonathan. On a more personal level.

"It would be a secret, Minx, I wouldn't tell anyone" Dream mumbles.

"I must apologize Mr Winters, I think you've mistaken what sort of business I run. You come here to me for choosing an omega and nothing else" She pauses "who am I to take away happiness from an old, lonely man just because someone else does not wish it upon him"

"I can provide"

"I am not in need of your financial support Mr Winters"

It goes quiet. The conversation is strained. Dream bites the inside of his cheek. He has to focus. He can smell her confidence and she sure as hell can smell his irritation. Don't show yourself like this he thinks to himself.

"Are you going to keep bothering me or are you going to choose an omega?" She asks.

It isn't his business. It really isn't. But he has the recourses. He can fix a new passport for the young man. It isn't his business. But for some reason he can't think of the situation at hand at something political.

"Fine" he grits out "I'll take him"

Minx flinches. That was not the answer she'd expected. Neither had he.

"You'll take George Davidson into your care to marry and mate with?" She asks, eyes searching and confused. She knows this will bring a conflict over the two families once Mr Schlatt figures out who took his precious omega away from him.

"I will"

He gets a paper to sign, writes down his signature with anger burning through his veins. The paper states they'll share the rest of their lives together, that this is a contract of promised mating, that this is basically marriage. That said omega will get protection and financial support from said alpha. That said alpha now owns said omega. It wasn't supposed to go this way. Everything just so one omega won't be stuck in a household where he'll be raped for the rest of his life. What will his parents say when chosen omega suddenly disappears? Really he's just buying into the system isn't he? God, the shit he's gonna get for this.

"You can wait outside until the ceremony is over. They'll bring your omega to you" Minx states.

Dream goes to stand up but stops first. "Could you at least tell Schlatt you're not allowed to give the personal information of whoever chooses omegas?" he asks, almost pleadingly.

Minx looks conflicted, but settles on it. "Sure" she ends it with. And Dream walks out the door, seats himself in the corridor, and waits.

Twenty minutes later, Mr Schlatt goes into Mrs Coltons office, comes out around ten minutes later with raged pheromones all around him. He catches Dreams eye and walks up to him. "Hey, what the hell are you doing here huh? You said you were just going to the bathroom, who the hell did you pick!?" He almost yells at him. Dream feigns confusion and clears his throat. "Emily Parks" he

picks a random name "Why are you yelling?" He questions quietly. Schlatt seems to calm down, because why would Mr Winters lie about who he chose, and answers the question. "Some idiot had already chosen my omega, and you don't come across pretty and rebellious omegas every day! But I guess you wouldn't get that, you're too young anyway" He sighs the last part and puts his hand over his forehead like he's trying to balance a headache.

Dream knew he had to think quick, because this man could not be here when George came, then it would be over for him. He improvised. "Well, there was a man here about five minutes ago, short with red hair, but he walked in that direction" he points towards a corridor with a sign that said 'waiting room' above it "and I'm guessing he went to sit at the other side of the building" Dream improvises, and hopefully it will buy him enough time, maybe if he's lucky Schlatt will even leave the building after not finding the other man. He looks towards Schlatt.

"Thank you, I'll make sure I go and give him a piece of my mind" Schlatt interjects and, before Dream can even say anything, marches off in the other direction.

Dream breathes out and calms his nerves, but not for long. Just fifteen minutes pass and suddenly he hears footsteps and voices. He preys it's just another alpha, but just as he thinks it he hears a soft voice mumble George Davidson and he knows. He knows now that the time has come, what a mistake he's made for getting involved with this, and how little he can do now to change it. This choice was already in the system, now he had to take care of it. God he's an idiot.

The omega turns the corner and Dream is hit with a wave of sadness he isn't used to. He hasn't been in the presence of something like this in years, all he's surrounded by is angry alphas in suits. This, he hasn't seen this since his mother got a miscarriage, since he dumped his first girlfriend, since his friend Sap didn't get into his college. All anger was swept away and he felt the need to take care of this person in front of him, but what to do when you've ruined someone's life and they cry in their hands right in front of you?

Introductions

It's quiet, George has barely said a word and he doesn't intend on doing so for the rest of the night. It's not that he has a specific desire to keep quiet and let the alpha bathe in shame, his throat just won't let a sound leave his body, it seems it simply gave up on that. Just coming to terms with the fact that this is what his life would be now, this is it.

He stares out the window of the cab and wonders over the sunset. It's pretty, he might be colorblind but it is what he's always seen, with nothing else to compare it with it shines just right, even now. The alpha, Dream, is sitting beside him, at the other end of the backseat. George refrains from looking at him, it hurts just a little too much, and it seems Dream has also gone over to looking out the window. George scratches his wrist. It's hard to deal with it all when Dream looks so... normal. So nice, blonde short fluffy hair, freckles and kind green eyes. If it was an old horny man claiming him he would've had an easier time being angry. This just feels more real, scarier, numbing.

When he had finally stopped crying in the receptionists' corridor, Dream had been standing in front of him. A couple inches taller, and with a sad pitying facial expression on top of that. George had wanted to spit on him, hit him, scratch him, yell at him. Why do you look so lost? I am the one being used here! But he didn't, he just let Dream speak his mind, right from the start. The alpha had firstly introduced himself, tried to shake Georges hand but got dismissed, said his name was Dream Winters, that George would be able to call his family and get a few things from his home, but that he had to come with Dream this first night or else it would be a 'bad look' as the alpha called it. George hadn't called his mother, even if he wanted to, he simply texted her he was going out with Bad for the evening to celebrate this year's traditional choosing event was over with. Ironical. He eventually choked out that he didn't want to get his stuff. Dream had smiled kindly and said that would be fine, they could get it later. That had comforted George, that Dream said that, but admitting that to himself was way too disgusting.

The cars AC is a little too cold, George is continuously shivering. His hands shaking if he holds them up to balance on their own. They're driving through the city towards who knows where, probably some penthouse way up in the sky where no one will hear his screams of misery.

"George" Dream suddenly says, and George can feel his eyes on him. He doesn't answer, so Dream continues. "There is a reason for all of this and I am going to tell you, just not until tomorrow" he explains. It gets lost on George. Who cares? He's still in this situation, he's still stuck. He sighs. Maybe all he did need was just sleep.

The car ride is quiet for the rest of the way. And soon enough the vehicle stops and Dream gets out of the car to go and open the door on George's side. He guesses this is their final destination. It's hard to look the alpha in the eye, especially when the taller man keeps letting out empathetic and sad pheromones. They help the omega in George but the rest of him gets dizzy, it's way too confusing right now.

He steps out of the car after his legs figure out how to move and keeps his eyes on the ground. Tomorrow he'll recharge, then he'll be able to fight back a little, set down ground rules, try to get out of here. He doesn't even look up to see the towering building above, he simply follows Dream and the one driving the taxi, some sort of assistant or so he's guessing, towards the big sliding doors. A code is pushed in, the beep following echoing in George's head. They get into an elevator, George tries to think what he was with him: phone and keys front pocket, headphones in the same one as the phone, wallet in his left jacket's pocket, the paperclip that he'd been fumbling with earlier that day. In the inner pocket of his jacket he has a pill bottle of suppressants, very happy that

he'd been in a hurry this morning and hadn't had the time to take his daily pill and had to bring the bottle with him. It was going to be needed now that he'd gotten roped into this mess. They get off at floor 21 and the assistant leaves as Dream goes to unlock a tall white door. It's just the two of them now.

"I'm guessing you're quite tired, there is a guest room for you prepared, with clothes and all the necessities you could need" Dream proclaims in a low smooth tone as he pushes the door open and flicks on the lights. "Tomorrow we'll talk and I'll explain" He continues as he kicks off his shoes and cracks his knuckles, not looking back at George as he walks through the hallway to stand still in the big open area, waiting for the omega to follow. George hasn't even walked in the house yet, but he slowly steps forward, turns to close the door behind him and sits to untie his shoes. The flat is warm, smells fresh and clean, but there's also a deep, rooted tone of alpha swerving around him affecting him slightly. He gets back on his feet and takes off his shoes, met with the back of a brooding man a couple meters in front of him. He was standing on a white pristine carpet in the middle of a high ceiling living room with enormous windows looking out over the city. The sunset darkening and disappearing at the far end of the view, city lights replacing the sun. To the right George could see a staircase going up to the next floor, sticking out like a balcony in the middle of the two-story oasis that the alpha was standing in. To the left a small raise of the floor for a modern kitchen with a U-shaped island. The chandelier with glistening small lights hanging from the top ceiling making George feel extremely out of place.

"Let me show you to your room" Dream called out, he had turned back towards George without him noticing and was standing still with his hands in his pockets. Awkward looking. George thought.

He nodded quietly, starting to walk as soon as Dream turned to move towards the staircase. He followed suit about a meter behind the entire time, not wanting to get too close. He grabbed the glass fence at the top and looked down towards the sofas and the kitchen shortly before walking again. Before him was an open room with a corridor going off of it.

"Here to the right is my office" Dream pointed towards a door going off from the room, right next to them. He points towards the other side of the room. "And there's the gue - your room" he fumbles with his words. George is almost ready to run and hide behind the left door and never coming out, but Dream isn't done. He nods in the direction of the corridor's end towards another door to the right. "And that's my room, if anything happens you can just knock, I sleep quite heavy though so knock hard" he chuckles before turning back towards George. For one unfortunate second they get eye contact and George ducks quickly, burning cheeks and an uncomfortable embarrassment spreading in his body. "I'm going to grab something to eat, you can come with me if you want but I am guessing you'd rather go to sleep" George doesn't answer, he simply nods and clenches his jaw before heading to the left and hastily shutting the door behind him. He leans tense against the door until he hears the faint footsteps outside walk down the stairs and disappearing downstairs. He locked the door.

Nothing really special happens. He thought he would yell or cry or hit something but he simply walks around the room with a deadpan look. Finally he can breathe at least, this room not smelling anything like Dream compared with the rest of the house. Against a dark gray wall stands a queen sized bed with dark blue sheets, floor to ceiling windows cover one of the walls and George quickly covers half of them up with the curtains. He walks towards the bed, feet meeting the soft carpet laying beside it. On top of it lies three white towels, a set of soft gray clothes, toothbrush, soap, shampoo and even a little note. George picks it up to read it. *Hello George! I'm Callahan, Dream's housekeeper, thought I'd make myself known. Look forward to meeting you :)* He puts it down on the nightstand and clenches his jaw. This really was real huh.

He moves the clothes and necessities to the floor, sort of like a quiet protest for himself, and moves towards the door at the other end of the room. An ensuite bathroom, good, then he really doesn't have to go outside ever again. He leaves quickly, doesn't want to see himself in the mirror, doesn't bother brushing his teeth, just lays down on the bed. Although he tries, he doesn't manage to fall asleep until he hears the faint footsteps walk outside the door and down the corridor and a door close. Then he's out cold.

God this was going to be difficult, Dream thinks quietly as George's door closes right in front of him. He sighs and drags a hand through his hair before tearing the polo over his head and throwing it over the glass fence. He doesn't suspect the omega to leave his room any time soon so there were no worries of scaring him away by walking around with simply a tight tank top on. Besides, the collar was starting to get itchy.

He jogs down the stairs, finally able to breathe without that numb omega smell clogging up his nose, or more specifically that fine vanilla hiding underneath all that sadness. Makes a B-line to the kitchen and fishes out his phone from his pocket, time to make a call expressing his gratitude. He puts the phone leaning on the counter and after a few rings he gets an answer.

"Hey Callahan, just wanted to call and thank you for being available and buying clothes for our guest, it's been quite a stressful day to say the least" He sighs with a smile and looks to his housekeeper and friend on the screen who signs back 'no problem, simply doing my job'. "Yes of course, but I want you to know I really do appreciate it" he retorts with.

Dream had employed Callahan when he'd moved out around a year ago from his parents recommendation. They'd said they knew some people from way back who had a son who had a friend and that friend had been Callahan. The beta had introduced himself as mute and being professional in his work to the fullest, and he and Dream worked quite well together. Of course just as friendly as you can be with the very uneven power dynamic between them, but nonetheless a stable pairing.

"Well I'll see you tomorrow, and then you'll get to meet George too, goodnight Callahan"

'Night sir'

And so the call ended. Nothing more but Dream and his empty house. He opened the fridge and brought out some cheese and salad for a sandwich, what else to eat on an evening like this, he was tired and would not be cooking up a storm. He liked to cook his own food, not that he had the time for it most of the time but he enjoyed putting on some lo-fi and cut onions into a pan and plate things nicely, it was therapeutic. He goes to sit in one of the sofas. When he plants his feet on the coffee table he lets his eyes wander towards the upper floor. He hasn't heard anything from the room George was in, hopefully the man had fallen asleep.

Once finished with his food, Dream turned the lights off and headed upstairs, grabbed his polo on the way and made sure to try and trip on his tippy toes as to not wake up the other person in his house. Another person in his house. A strange thought. Right before he enters the master bedroom he wonders if maybe Sap is up and he would be down for playing some game. Whilst brushing his teeth he goes over in his head how to explain the situation to George and the way of going through this. Right as his head hits the pillow he thinks of what to say to his parents when they found out he

chose an omega. And right as he falls asleep he thinks of how his parents will react when said omega is gone.

The plan

George wakes up in a fury. The sun is shining through his window and he is recharged, angry, motivated. Something that isn't recharged is his phone, it had died right before he fell asleep, so sadly he was going to have to ask for a charger sooner or later unless he could find one in the room. He quickly gets up and starts searching around in cabinets, and best believe, he does find a charger, in the bottom drawer in one of the nightstands he finds one and so forth plugs in his phone. He sits on his bed in only underwear and bounces his leg up and down while waiting for it to start up again. 8:46 am. Kind of late. 2 missed calls from his mother and a text. *I hope you are alright, I'm guessing you're sleeping at Bad's :) .* Oh if only she knew. 1 missed call from Bad and a couple notifications from various social medias. He texts his mom. *I'm fine, doing good, have something to tell you but that will have to wait for later today.*

He quickly takes a shower and brushes his teeth, puts on his own clothes and dismisses the new ones laid out for him. No way he would be taking this alphas bribe just like that, he'd already been way too submissive. He takes a suppressant pill and hides the bottle beneath the mattress. He grabs his phone, checks himself in the full body mirror in the room, and goes up to stand in front of the door. He'd heard Dream walk around the house so he knew he was awake, now he just had to meet him face to face, no backing down, time to keep eye contact. He breathes out and opens the door.

Dream is caught of guard when the door upstairs suddenly swings open and the omega steps out. He does quickly realize something is different though, it seems the omega from the arena is back and the quiet embarrassed one is gone. Dream is seated in one of the beige sofas and wait as he watches George walk down the stairs, confident and focused. A pleasant vanilla smell coming towards him, and seating itself in the sofa opposite of Dreams. It's quiet for a few seconds as Dreams surprised eyes make contact with brown pralines, sweet and sour. He takes down his feet from the coffee table and puts his plate of scrambled eggs aside, time for talking.

"First of all, I would like to wholeheartedly apologize for this inconvenience that I've put you in"

"Shut up. Don't care. You said you had to explain something to me, I don't need to listen to the bullshit beside it"

Dreams eyebrows raise in surprise and has to keep himself from smiling. Wow, this really wasn't the same person as last night.

"Fair enough" he mumbles and cracks his knuckles "What happened was, the man beside me was intending on choosing you, he was saying some nasty things and I picked you so that you'd not get stuck with him. I do not intend on keeping you in this house for too long, I will help you get a fake ID and try to get you out of this unfortunate situation the best I can" he pauses, sees the furrowed eyebrows on George and remembers he forgot an important part "and also, I know I can't put this on you really, since this situation is the systems fault and not yours. And you can see me as an asshole and whatever but it's going to be needed if this is going to work" he sighs "I need you, to pretend we are actually a thing. In front of my parents, in front of the world, in front of the guy that was sitting beside me. Then it's not going to hurt my status when you 'run away', people will believe we were truly in love and I was lied to, so then I can happily go back to my normal life and my parents will stop pressuring to peruse a partner for at least a while " he leans back against the cushions and raises his hands as to ask George of his thoughts on the deal.

"How do I know you're not lying?" George mutters "You say it like this would only hurt your image, what about me? And how do I know you're right about the man beside you saying nasty things about me? How do I know you're not thinking the same thing's huh?" he questions matter of

factly. And George knows the thing about the man beside Dream saying some bad stuff was probably true the way he could feel that mans gaze on him the entire day, but who was to say Dream wouldn't just keep him locked up in here no matter what?

"I do understand your cautiousness, I am the one with the most official power here. But believe me when I say I do not win in this situation if you call me out. If I end up lying and don't get you out, you'll have all the time in the world to bash me in social media and press. Look, I'll even get you a phone that you can hide anywhere you want in the case where I go bat shit and try to lock you up" he chuckles "and I promise you, that will not happen, I want to be in this situation just as little as you do" Dream finishes with, the eye contact a little too strong, it's almost making him dizzy.

George sighs, leans his head back and tries to stare Dream down. He thinks it's going quite well.

"Fine, I'll take the deal, what else to do in a situation like this i presume"

"Great"

"Great"

The tension between them grows unintentionally and George staring him down is making his throat close up. George can smell the fresh apple pheromones spread throughout the room and feel his cheeks start to heat.

"You want some breakfast?" Dream breathes out and stands from his spot on the couch, his ears a little red. He just laughs it off, it's fine. Fine.

"Sure" George exclaims happily, but decides quickly to throw a little shade in there "I guess this is my house too now that I think about it. I'll make sure to make myself comfortable" He states and stands up, walks past the rigid Dream and heads straight for the refrigerator. He hears Dream chuckle behind him and he wants to smile in victory but no way he lets the alpha have that satisfaction. Stone cold as he brings out eggs and bacon, milk and a leek. Starts opening cabinets looking for cooking utensils and plates.

"Yeah it says so in the contract, guess you're right" Dream smiles and walks into the open kitchen as well. It feels weird standing behind the omega, even though he's already had tea he decides to put the kettle on once more just to have something to do. Brings out a cup a tea-strainer and some lapsang souchong. Smokey tea. Good for the immune system. Tastes great.

"That shit smells like tar" George utters from his position in front of the stove, picking out extra virgin olive oil, salt and pepper from some sort of modern pieces of art or something like that. He doesn't really know how to explain it, everything too rich for him. He can see Dream in the corner of his eye looking fake upset.

"Wha - ey, this 'shit' is good for you, and tastes good too" He mutters.

"Sure sure I believe you" A pause

"You want some?" Dream asks after a few seconds, looking up from his own tea-strainer and searching for George's eyes. He catches them for a second before they disappear with a sorrow smile.

"No, I can make my own tea, and I'd much rather not end up in a dept that can only be paid with my freedom" he bites out with a chuckle. He knows that it's mean, that Dream had saved him, that Dream was hooking him up with a good opportunity considering the situation. But his own life was still in the hands of this man, and he was not going to trust something after just one day of knowing

it. He can see Dreams smile drop but he doesn't look mad, not at all, it's like he hadn't heard any word George had said. Was the alpha really okay with him talking like that?

Dream doesn't reply, instead a smooth smell of apple pie spreads through the air as he pours water into his cup. Is he trying to comfort him? What a fucking asshole, George thinks.

George puts down the spatula and turns to face Dream fully "Was there really nothing else you could've done? Like told the man I was a whore who slept around? Pay someone with your millions to tell him I was already mated?" He questions irritated. He expects Dream to get angry, to yell at him, ask him to stay in his place. He almost wants it to happen, so he can finally see the mans true colors, get something at least. No one could truly be this nonchalant, he must be hiding something, George needs to know.

But Dream doesn't do anything, he quits emitting comforting pheromones but that's it. He stirs his cup slightly and meets George's eyes. "Believe me, I tried. Sadly nothing comes forth when that sort of action would come between business deals and relations between companies. Everything for money" he blows on his beverage "and sadly I don't think calling you a whore would've driven this man away, and that probably tells you enough" he mumbles under his breath, not wanting to bring up any of the disgusting specifics. He takes his cup with a nod to his head and goes for the stairs. "I'll be in my office, need to make some calls, I'm thinking we go to your mothers place later today, when you feel ready just knock on my door" He shouts from the stairs before the closing of a door echoes through the flat.

George is dumbfounded, frustrated, entertained. The alpha was way too calm, shut off or simply guarded. George refuses to believe the way the man was acting was real, it must just be a show. George was telling him off right to his face, shuffling around in his kitchen unprovoked and all the alpha would do was laugh and let out happy pheromones. Bullshit. Something was wrong, he knew it was. He picks up the spatula and flips his egg.

Dream walks towards the windows of his office and let a sigh leave his body. Jeez, the pheromones? Did he really have to do that? Whatever it doesn't matter in the long run anyway. He looks out over the million cars driving on the million roads below his feet and picks up his phone from his pocket. Time to do this, what he's been dreading for this entire morning, but it had to be done.

A few rings and she picks up. "Hey mom. How are you doing?" Dream smiles into the phone, trying to convince himself he's not nervous.

"I'm good honey, me and your dad were all on work yesterday so today we're taking it a little easier and just enjoying the day. Tell me how are you?" she asks in retort. So she hasn't heard the news yet huh? He breathes in, decides to just jump head over heels.

"I - uhm - I have some news yes. Yesterday at the uhm, the event I" he pauses, pretends to be nervous for an entire different reason as to how it really is. That he's nervous about the wonderful life he is to have in front of him, and not the fact that he's gonna have to act out an entire relationship in front of his parents. "I chose an omega"

He hears a sharp intake of breath "you're kidding?" his mother exclaims excitedly.

"No nope, no kidding here. His name is George and he's in the house here with me"

"Oh my goodness. That's amazing sweetie! How did this come to be? And when do we get to meet him?" he hears her turn from the phone and yell out "Marcus! Our sons getting mated, he chose an omega!"

"Mom" Dream wheezes "no need to shout gosh. And you'll meet him sometime this week he just needs to get comfortable here first before I force him to meet the rest" he explains and gets hums in return.

"Yes of course, that sounds lovely Dream. You know me and your dad only wants the best for you and I know we can be pressuring and so forth and so on but you know" Dream can hear the smile through the phone "we love you more than anything and a mate could really make that life of yours a little more exciting" she finishes with.

Dream ignores the belittling of his current life happiness and simply goes to end the call. "I know mom, love you too, and I'll talk to you later"

"yes we'll see each other soon I hope"

"bye"

"goodbye"

He breathes out, thank god that was over, too bad only the worst was to come. The time when George and his family meets is going to be a difficult occurrence for everyone involved. Even now it was difficult, with that last passive aggressive comment that George had left out in the air to gather traction. Dream really hopes he doesn't fuck this up.

Just as George seats himself on the kitchen island the front door opens and a tall beta with a shaved head steps into the apartment and makes George jump slightly. The man puts something George can't identify on a shelf before turning and facing him. They catch eyes, George blinks stupidly.

The man smiles mildly and waves at George, not saying a word as he starts walking towards him. Who the hell was this guy? Was he supposed to know who he was because this man sure acted like it.

"Hello" George says, sounding more confused than anything. The man nods quietly and grabs a pen and tiny notebook from his pocket, brings them out and writes something down, then he hands it to George.

"Hi I'm Callahan, I can hear all you're saying but I can't talk, do you know sign?" He reads out loud as he gets the note, lowering his voice halfway through. So it was the man who'd written that note, on top of the clothes. George looks down on himself and is suddenly embarrassed he's not wearing them, but it probably doesn't matter too much.

"Sorry, I don't know sign language unfortunately" he answers quietly. Callahan grabs the pen and paper again and scribbles down something new before he hands it to George with kind eyes.

No problem. Since you're going to live here now I suggest you learn some basics so that we can communicate easily. Dream can help you with that. But of course that is only if you'd want to - it reads, and George looks up at Callahan from his position on the chair. What a kind guy, he thinks.

"Of course I'll try and learn some basics, that sounds great" He answers, to which he gets a thumbs up back, before Callahan opens one of the doors situated underneath the staircase.

George finishes up his meal and puts his plate in the dishwasher, grabs a glass from a high cabinet, steals some mango juice from the fridge and turns around to look out over the living situation he was stuck in. Leans back against the counter and stops thinking only for a second. He walks towards an exotic plant and pokes on a leaf. Towards the windows and looks out over the city. Goes back to the step from the living room to the kitchen and jogs up and down a few times.

Examines the bathroom on the first floor. Picks up magazines laying on the coffee table. 'Exotic' females. Fashion. Masculine men in dresses. Watches. Interior design. And for some reason some paper about E-sports. George doesn't really know how to connect that one.

He gives up on the first floor, walks up the stairs and into his room. He draws back the curtains and does a quick jumping jack to feel up his body. Walks over to the wide closet doors and slide them open. It's empty, not surprising but he somehow expected these rich bitches to fill up a closet with suits and lingerie just his size. He chuckles to himself and closes it up. He looks at the gray, soft clothes put down in a petite pile on the floor and wonders over it. Should he put it on? It would be comfortable to live the high life and pretend to be something you're not. Not yet, he thinks. His mother won't see him in anything but his own clothes. But if he's going to play the act of a rich alphas mate for a month or so then he sure as hell would enjoy his time. And yes this might still be bullshit and he might be getting lied to but as Dream said, if all of this was a lie he could sooner or later simply expose him no matter what.

George picks the clothes up and hang them in the closet, walks over to the bed and checks his phone.

A text from his mom. *Something to tell me? Well I'll be looking forward to getting that information. And I must say I'd appreciate it quick since your presence here at home has been missing for quite some time! Don't get lost in the whole wide world.*

He smiles a sad smile and suddenly feels very small. He thinks he did sort of get lost in the whole wide world unfortunately.

I'm fine! I'll come home later today and then I'll tell you in person :) no need to worry about me.

Packing

"Can I tell my mom about the whole - uhm - actual ordeal?" George asks Dream as they walk towards the uber together. George had gotten bored of exploring the house and desperately wanted to get back to his mother again, he missed her to death. And so he had gathered up the courage and knocked on the door to Dreams office. The alpha had opened it with a carefree expression and they were off. No questions asked.

"I don't think that'll be too good, then she's an information leak, for now at least. What we're doing here is not legal you know? And after we're done you can do whatever and tell your mom everything but" he opens the car door for George to step inside, Dream does so to keep up the good image, and then steps into the car on his own side. Lowers his voice "I think for now let's keep it under wraps since you're, as we speak, perched under my wing for the moment" he mumbles as to not let the driver hear.

George nods, understanding but disappointed. Irritation and distrust grows in his chest but he figures that's just anxiety trying to create itself out of nothing but his own stress. He does understand Dreams point of view, and if he wants the right consequences he should be careful and listen.

They drive through the city until the houses get smaller and smaller and George starts noticing the street names. Soon enough they pull up outside of George's - his mother's - home. It's bright but small, tiny but homey, content. Just enough.

"You want me to come in?" Dream asks after a few seconds of none of them doing anything. George opens door. "Not at first if you don't mind or I think she might slap you" she steps out "I'll knock on the window when you can come, sound good?" George feels apprehensive saying it, like he's breaking some unspoken rule talking like this to a rich alpha while in said rich alpha's car, but he keeps reminding himself it was to break the unfair norms. Dream nods with a white guy smile and retracts his hand from the door handle. George steps out and into the blinding sun. Goes towards the door and catches himself as he reaches to open it, it catches him off guard, should he knock? Of course not, what's wrong with him. He barges in.

"Mom?" He shouts out into the air, the house is quiet except for the dishwasher, smells like home. A short beta woman with long black hair in a bun walks out from the living room and meets George with a smile.

"Honey! Welcome home" She exclaims as she goes in for a hug, way too excited to notice something was different until she puts some distance between the two. "You smell different sweetie" she states quizzically, even she could smell a difference as a beta. George swallows, time to get it out.

He looks down on his feet and back up again. "Well, I - uh - I got chosen"

Dead silence.

She looks confused, she chuckles, and the tears come falling.

"Mom, mom, I'm fine I'm gonna be fine" He whispers as she hugs her again "He's nice, and I get to live the high life and everything, and he'll let us hang out just as much as he wants us to" he continuous, it seems his mother doesn't stop crying. "I know it's not what we wanted, like at all, but I'm still here and we're still the same" he mumbles.

“So really why I’m here is to - to pick up my things and then i’ll have to leave” he feels his mother shake slightly “but i’ll be back very soon, okay? He says I gotta be with him for at least a day or two to fucking make an image that we’re happy or some shit but then I’ll be back, in just a couple days I’ll visit” he mumbles. Just rip it off, like a bandage, it’s fine, he can cry when he gets back to the guest room.

She pushes back and looks at him. They go to the kitchen and George makes them tea, let's his mother sit by the table and calm down a little, he can see the stress collecting and disappearing over again. Maybe she won't get calmer than this, George thinks, and contemplates bringing Dream in. A time as good as any.

"Mom?" She hums as an answer "Can I bring him in? He's in the car" He says it so quietly it's like he doesn't want her to hear. She blinks. "He's here?" She asks with a terrified expression. "He is, and I think it would be better if you met him instead of sitting here imagining the absolute worse" He chuckles. Ignoring that no matter who it would've been it still would've been the worse. The fact that he didn't have a choice couldn't be erased because someone was better than expected. At least he sort of had a choice now. But only in secret so far.

She nods hesitantly. Good enough cue for George to get this over with. He stands and leaves the house to go knock on the window real quick. He really hopes no one could see him walking out to this black car and for a tall young gentleman to walk out, not the look he wanted after all these years of trying to spread a message gone like this.

“You can come in” he mumbles as Dream opens the door. “And hurry, I don’t want people to see you” he whispers out as they start walking, a little too fast to be comfortable.

“Mom this is - is Dream” He says and invites Dream to come into his mother’s view. Dream looks awkward but tries to cover it up with good posture and a kind smile. An act, obviously. How did people fall for this shit? George thinks and walks them both over to the table.

His mother clenches her jaw, staring the alpha down. “It's very nice to meet you Lauren, and I know this is an inconvenience, but I do hope we can get along" he says it seriously but with a charming smile, she doesn't answer "I'm Dream" he says and sits down on the chair beside George, knows better than to reach for her hand considering how her son had rejected his handshake.

It's awkward, George feels awkward. His mother is not letting anything out because he is sitting there, and Dream is just trying to start conversation out of nothing, whilst simultaneously looking as friendly as possible. George bites the inside of his cheek.

He slaps his two hands on the table and stands up, not aggressively but the other two place their eyes on him. "I'm here to pick up my stuff aren't I? I'll be right back" he wants to add 'you two talk it out' but doesn't. Feels that could fall flat and make them do the opposite and just sit in silence. He leaves the two stunned people be and walks up the stairs to the attic where he has his bedroom, closes up the door after him and makes sure to close it loudly so that they know he wont hear them. A little motivation.

He starts off by going through his wardrobe, puts everything in the bags he brought with him. It's not that much so it isn't hard to fit it all. Goes over to his table, pack up the pens and notebooks, his shitty laptop and charger, some old photos and drawings. He stops in his tracks and look around the room. He never noticed how empty it was. He never did things, not really, he'd always just went along well in school work, stood up for himself, had friends. He never really, did anything else. Never had time or money for sports, never got into it when he was younger, no arts and crafts, no singing or instruments, nothing really, he just sort of existed. For most of his life the only thing he was known for was standing up for equal rights, both loudly and quietly, what if he wouldn't be

able to do that anymore? Or maybe he should try and learn something new?

He sits down on his bed sheets and shuffle his only other pair of shoes into his bag. It would all work out in the end, he would reunite with his mother on the other side of this stupid state with a fake ID, it would be fine.

He walks down the stairs and is met with silence, first he thinks maybe his mother had gone out the room but when he enters the kitchen he is met with a sort of contentment, a comfortable silence.

His mother's face is sad but all the anger is gone, and Dream looks about the same. "Should we go? I don't want that car out there to gain traction any longer than necessary" George states and drops of the bags in the hallway to walk over to his mother. She stands to hug him and he folds his arms over her back. "I'll be back mom no worries" he mumbles. "I know, you'll have to come over soon" she mumbles back.

"It was very nice to meet you" Dream says with a nod in her direction as he stands from his seat. She nods back at him and crosses her arms sort of in defense. At least she nodded, that's something, George thinks.

They walk out the door with the bags, Dream carries half of them, and situate themselves in the back of the car.

"What did you say to her?" George asks as soon as they get in the car, turned towards him. Dream smiles "nothing you didn't already know" he answers playfully and looks out the window. George scoffs, but doesn't have the energy to push it further. Let's just get back to the house and take a nap to calm down.

When George left and shut the door behind him, Dream got hit like a brick in the face by the most disappointed stare he thinks he's ever seen. Like how his own mom looks at him when he does something out of her order, and suddenly he had one more mom looking at him like this? It was, to the say the least, uncomfortable.

"I want you to know first of all, I chose him because the man beside me had the intentions of choosing him, and he was saying some quite nasty things. And it does not make it better, but I will do my best to not enslave your son even though I know that will be impossible considering his lack of choice in the situation. Nonetheless, I don't intend on keeping you far away, I want to get to know you and I want George to come and go freely as he pleases, I do not intend on setting up any specific rules and I want him to feel free" Dream sputters it all at once, maybe something will stick.

"He'll never be free you know that, and couldn't you just have bribed the other man not to take my son? You with your money it wouldn't have been hard" She answers with.

He wasn't surprised. Son like mother, mother like son. "Believe me, I tried, it would've been too much of a business risk for everyone involved so they didn't take the money. And I do admire the fire in your son, it makes me... comforted, knowing someone fights for something, I've always had a hard time staying strong in my cause, I deal with things in less honorable ways. Hence why I didn't want someone strong stuck in some old man's basement" Dream answers honestly, it is what

he meant. "And don't tell your son I said that, as you can imagine we still don't know each other very well"

She swallows and eyes him up and down. "You are still foul you know that"

"I know" Dream answers knowingly and takes a sip from his cup. "Is this Ceylon tea perhaps?"

"We need to go buy you some clothes, today or tomorrow?" Dream proclaims. Way to ruin his dreams about taking a nap, George thinks. "Why do I need clothes? I have clothes" he retorts with. "For dinners and sightings outside and interviews... sadly that is the case" he clarifies and George wants to claw his eyes out at the thought of interviews, standing beside Dream saying nothing to just look cute like statue. The thought makes him wanna throw up. "Shit - okay fuck let's just do it now lets get it done" he issues, not even mad just sort of stressed. "Cool" Dream mumbles. And they drive down the street as Dream instructs the driver where to go.

Making the rounds

They get out the car by a huge concrete box beside all the other concrete boxes. Huge windows, screens and commercials cover the walls and scream in bright vibrant colors. George is not in the least excited, but at least he has Dream there to sort of protect him. And it hurts him to admit it, that Dream serves as protection, but it is true. The alpha was rich and knew about sizes and brands and 'fashion'. He was the be accompanied by to a place like this.

"Let's go get a suit first, that's the hardest part" Dream states as they walk through the sliding doors. George looks around the interior of the mall they'd walked into. He's been in similar ones before and felt uncomfortable because of how rich you were supposed to be walking into them, and this mall even seemed to be one step above that. He swallows.

"Take me there I guess" He mutters and tries to keep close as Dream starts walking. Not too close, no touching, just in his closest vicinity. They walk through the big open areas and into different stores scattered around. The one with suits is easily the worst one in George's opinion: quiet snobs walking around and muscular alphas getting their suits tailored whilst a cute omega sits beside and stares in awe. It freaks him out and he's happy to be out of there with a dark gray suit as soon as possible. What comforts him a little is it seems Dream was put off by the atmosphere as well, hidden under all that caked on professionalism was an irritated musk. But George was the only one to notice it, the tiniest shift in the alphas earlier state. In other luxurious shops they find more clothes for George, new shoes, a couple things in a cute boutique such as lotions and a perfume and what not. Much to George's dismay, he does not need these things, but Dream insists.

"What the hell am I gonna use this for? There was soap and shampoo at the house" George whispers to Dream as he holds up a fancy package with some sort of cream inside. Not wanting to make too much noise since there were other people around.

Dream leans in close and whispers back "It's good for your skin. You don't have to use it but my mom will need proof that I'm 'taking care of you', it's for the greater good" he answers and goes back to his normal stance, leaving George a little flushed after getting a little too close. He shakes it off, irritated he would react that way.

After around two hours they're finished, done, no more. George walks back to the car exhausted and seats himself in the backseat as Dream packs up the bags in the back. They don't talk on the way back, they actually hadn't talked that much at all, and in the beginning it had been really uncomfortable but now it had sort of transformed into being only a little stale. They walk back into Dreams apartment building silent, and it's quiet the whole way up. When they get in the hallway that's when Dream talks.

"Your mother was very kind, considering" he fades off mid sentence, not finishing it, looks to George. George is about to answer but suddenly he feels the same comforting apple pie smell come towards him, it's faint but it's there, and against all odds George doesn't think the alpha is aware of it. Against all odds he also doesn't mention it. Maybe he will if it gets stronger but it doesn't seem like it will. "Yeah, she tends to be too nice for her own good" he answers, looking away mid sentence. It's mean, he knows it is, it insinuates Dream is not deserving of nice treatment, but he does it to make sure of Dreams reaction, if this is when the other talks back at him. Maybe Dream was telling the truth about wholeheartedly wanting to help him considering how honest he seemed so far, but George wasn't sure just yet, he needs to provoke the other into his worst behavior to figure him out. Then he could be sure. He hangs up his jacket on a hook to show further dominance, this is supposed to be his house too now, no need to shy away so much

Dream thinks he's uncomfortable. Even if he was, you have to stick to an image. Even if it was rude, he had to figure out if Dream was honest with him. To figure out if this person Dream was, was all an act or not.

Dream doesn't react except for a small sympathetic smile. It makes George frustrated, he wants something to happen because he's convinced the other is hiding something. And he hates himself for giving up on what he's supposed to know is true by trusting this mans, alphas , judgment. What's wrong with him? Is he really starting to side with this person? Something must be wrong.

Dream keeps quiet and instead moves on to the next subject "Callahan made food for us, he texted me that it's in the fridge so eat whenever you want" he steps into the living room "I'm gonna eat now" he adds and walks over to the kitchen. George hesitates but decides quickly, he can eat later. Without a word he grabs the bags and bring them up to his room. He starts unpacking, pulling out clothes and bottles. He checks the etiquette of a few: lotion, skin care, moisturizer, some sort of acne cream and for eczema. It seems Dream had just put everything in the shopping cart without even asking George what he could possibly need. George chuckles. That is one way to deal with life, he thinks. He puts the bottles on a row in the bathroom, hangs up the suit in the wardrobe and picks up the gray clothes. He might not be eating dinner with the man but he was going to wear the clothes that were offered, only because it's what Dream wants, he is not taking a bribe for his own comfort, he's simply doing as he's supposed to, not being greedy.

The soft sweatpants fit good but the sweatshirt is a little oversized, the arms of it going over his knuckles, but it doesn't matter too much. He can still hear the other man in the house walking around downstairs and it bothers him, he's had enough socializing for the day, he doesn't need anymore. In protest he seats himself on the bed and waits, scrolls through twitter, grows tired of it and goes over to tiktok, stretches out his stale body and just lays there. Eventually, he can hear the footsteps outside of his door and another door opening and closing. He stands on his feet and hurries to the door, not the time to miss his chance, he was dying of hunger.

Just as he opens the door, slowly as to not make a sound, the door that just closed opens anew and suddenly George is making eye contact with a shirtless Dream, nothing but a towel loosely around his waist.

George doesn't think before opening his mouth and he regrets it the entire time he's saying it. "Do you not have a ensuit in your bedroom?" God, why would he ask that so carelessly, he wants to hit himself.

Dream looks dumbfounded and opens and closes his mouth a couple times before stuttering out an answer "I - I do, it's just that there is a bathtub in here" he points to the door opposite his own "and I... wanted to take a bath". There is just something about the way he says it that makes George want to laugh and cringe at the same time, like there are innuendos there that don't actually exist.

"Okay - well I'm gonna go eat some food" George chuckles "see you after your bath I guess" He raises his eyebrows as he says it and leaves Dream standing as he walks down the stairs, soon enough he can hear a door close once more. God, that was awkward, it shouldn't have been considering George didn't care, but this was just a one off. He speeds off to the kitchen and tries to ignore his brain going back to the shirtless body he'd just seen. Not particularly buff, but a smooth stomach and... big arms, strong ones.

George shakes it off and opens the fridge, finds the food and grabs himself a plate. Maybe it was time to try and own this house again, he can't show himself too weak. He picks up a fork and walks over to the sofa, puts down his plate and wonders over ways to entertain himself. He blushes slightly as he hears water running upstairs. What's wrong with him? He looks towards the big TV-

screen on one of the walls opposite of the sofa he's sitting in and reaches for a remote close by. It takes him a while to figure it out but soon enough he's scrolling through Netflix looking for something to watch. Maybe he should start a new season of American horror story? It does seem like the best of times considering he was just a stay-at-home-omega for the time being, and he never got around to watch asylum, maybe he should just put it on and on the highest volume. Yeah, maybe he should.

He puts his feet on the coffee table with the plate of food in his lap, raises the volume and enjoys his meal and show. After around forty minutes he's so captivated in the show he barely notices doors upstairs opening and closing, and before he knows it he hears someone shout from the top of the stairs to him.

"You know that's the best season right?" Dream yells over the volume. George gets caught of guard and reaches to turn down the volume out of reflex but keeps from doing so. "I wouldn't know, as you can see I haven't watched it yet" he retorts with.

In the corner of his eye he can see the alpha walk down the stairs and come towards him, George grabs the neckline of his hoodie and brings it up over his mouth, keeps his eyes on the show. He thinks maybe Dream will walk into the kitchen or turn down the volume, but he seats himself in the safe sofa beside him. On the other end of the couch, man-spreading, in contrast to George sitting with his knees up. It goes quiet for a second.

"Could you take out your phone? You need Callahan s number" Dream leans a little closer and tells him. George mumbles "sure" as he takes out his phone and adds a contact. Dream tells him the number and they go back to watching the show, until Dream opens his mouth again.

"Can I watch with you or? I could leave" He questions. George almost rolls his eyes at the statement it's so unsmooth, but he would be lying if he said the consideration wasn't appreciated, and he actually doesn't mind the alpha sitting beside him. To his own dismay, It didn't bother him.

Actually nothing really bothered him about the alpha it was just the situation of it all that made it... difficult, and untrustworthy. From what he knows so far, Dream didn't seem like a terrible person, but with the choosing system and the whole situation he just... still can't bring himself to trust this.

But it doesn't bother him, he feels he could handle Dream if he flipped. Of course he doesn't know that, but he feels like it.

"You can stay, Dream" he mumbles, and turns his focus fully to the show again as he hears the man beside him shift in his seat slightly. George can't see much but out of what he sees the man leans back and pushes his lower body forward so that he's sort of laying on his back instead of sitting on his ass. He puts his hands over his stomach and it goes quiet.

They watch one more episode after the first one ends, like a silent agreement as soon as the credits start running. By the time they've finished that episode the sun is almost down, and George yawns from his position on the couch, tired after a full day of keeping the stress of the situation off his conscious. The situation being: him still living in the aftermath of thinking his entire life is over.

Dream stretches before bringing his legs up on the couch and turning fully towards George. "Okay, before we fall asleep, we're gonna have to go over the plan for the next few days, I have some important things to say" he announces and clasps his hands together. George doesn't face him fully but looks towards him and nods. "Tomorrow I have to go back to work, I've been off now because the company was like 'two day honeymoon' or some shit like that, but two days is all you get, so I'm gonna leave the house tomorrow, Ima be gone from like eight to five" he chuckles "and I know that's probably more enjoyable for you but I thought I'd tell you either way" George tries to hide a

smile at that "but Callahan is still gonna be here and you can-" Dream pauses with a snap before starting anew "I forgot! The sign language, shit, wait, I uh have a book and I can send you a couple links - god I don't even have your number"

There's something about this situation that makes George both confused and entertained. Since he'd met Dream the man had been as stale as a petrified plank, and all the interviews he'd seen after searching up the mans name on his phone were always threatening, confident and professional. But here he was, watching the alpha walk around in gray sweats and swear and mix up his sentences, with a focused glare that could miss if a plane flew right past him. And that the young man would be able to miss anything didn't catch up with the character he portrayed everywhere else. George almost feels privileged to see the man be somewhat normal.

Dream walks off towards the grand bookshelf and picks out a dark green book reading 'sign language for beginners' on the front of it, and brings it over to the couch where he seats himself once more. "Here, and uh - can you recite your number real quick so I can send over a document with links?" he mumbles as he fishes out his phone from his pocket, the same zoned out focused glance that seems so different from the one he always wore otherwise. Maybe he was just too tired, George thinks as he reluctantly reads out his phone number.

"Thank you, I also have the other phone in case I would go bat shit upstairs but I'll give you that after I'm done telling you everything you need to know" he breathes out and looks towards George.

"What more do I need to know?" George questions after the man in front of him seems to short circuit. Dream snaps out of it with a sigh and talks again. "Well - I've been able to hold off my parents for a week at the argument of needing to get to know you, but a dinner has been booked in like one and a half weeks and, uhm" he pauses and bites his lip "they, want you to cook, for them" he finishes with. George rolls his eyes with a scold. "Of course they do" he mutters "can I like get a check on how conservative your parents are dude?" he continuous.

Dream squints and George can see how he tries to figure out how to phrase it. "My parents are both alphas, which is controversial, but it seems my mom doesn't really care about her own situation, she's more... reluctant of anything that isn't beta beta or omega alpha, no matter her own life" Dream mumbles, making George sigh. Internalized issues, he thinks to himself. "And my dad he sort of just - just follows after her, doesn't say that much himself. He likes to discuss art and movies for hours on end though so that's a tip!" Dream looks like he catches himself halfway through that sentence "unless you don't want to impress him that is, all you gotta do is just... convince them you-" his cheeks turn a little red and he trails off "want to be - uh - that you are interested in me" George can't fathom where the eloquently spoken young handsome alpha that gets cash and omegas swooning has disappeared to, but he's not complaining. He likes this one more.

"Yeah I can do that, no problem, I honestly think I'd have a better time discussing movies than talking about how in love I am with you though if you don't mind" George teases and Dream wheezes silently. "Yeah honestly go for that I think that would be better"

There is a silence before Dream stands "and don't worry about the cooking, I'll help you out" George is about to interject, that he doesn't need any help, that he doesn't need the favor, but Dream is one step ahead. "And I know that's not what you want, you don't want to be in dept to me I get that, but it is what *I* want, I love cooking. Could you let me have that?" Dream keeps his eyes locked and smiles innocently.

George gapes slightly, not really sure how to react. The man must've really understood the whole tea situation, and why George is being so passive towards him; Because he's under him in a

systematical way, not in a personal one. And it, sort of, means a lot to George, even though he doesn't want to admit it, it truly does. Was the alpha just trying to play some game with him or was it genuine? George didn't know, he really wishes for the later option. But he can't play weak. He scoffs. Doesn't matter. Same result no matter the reason behind it, no debt to pay.

He stands himself and reaches out his hand towards Dream, half a joke and half serious. "Good that we can agree on that. So to be clear, I let you cook okay, you owe me" He says with a sarcastic tone and raises his head as to come of threatening. Dream chuckles and grabs his hand, shakes it firmly. "Understood loud and clear captain" he states before letting go with a nod.

George smirks. The whole 'joking with the alpha' was just supposed to be an irritating tactic, to annoy the alpha, to make his life a living hell. But at this time it was actually starting to become quite genuinely fun. Comfortable. They were clicking a little too well for George's comfort.

"Right, the phone, be right back" Dream says quickly before jogging towards the stairs and disappearing into his room. George considers going after him since he should be going to sleep anyway, but instead he falls back on the couch and stretches out his body fully, waits for the other to come back.

Soon enough he's back with a phone in hand. "Okay so it's just a normal phone but just make sure I can't get into it and that I don't know where it is and it should be fine" he hands George the phone, who can't help but ask: "Is this another one of those things you just panic bought like all those bottles of different ointments?" George chuckles, and he can see the red color rise on Dream's cheeks.

"Hey! I tried to - I was just making sure everything would be available if you'd need it, I would consider that being nice" he snaps sarcastically "and no, this is an old phone of mine I just restarted it" he finishes with before rubbing the back of his neck with his hand and continuing in a quieter tone. "And since we didn't buy other things today I thought you could scroll around for like a computer and like a bicycle tomorrow and I'll provide the money when I get home" he states finally.

George laughs. "Yeah a bike and a computer are quite far apart money wise"

Dream smirks jokingly. "Huh? What was that? You're worried about money. *Tengo el dinero hombre*" he raises his eyebrows and shrugs his shoulders carefree.

They laugh a little until it goes stale, still a little awkward between them. Dream says he needs to go to his office and prepare for the day tomorrow, George turns off the TV and walk after him. They part ways at the top of the stairs and George smiles as soon as he closes the door behind himself. He can't control it, it sort of comes by itself. He hides the other phone in the wardrobe for now, he'll have to find a better place for it later, right now he's too tired.

He's just about to send a text to his mom when he gets a notification from an unknown number. *Hello neighbor :) here are a few videos and good-to-know signs that you could use.* George huffs and adds the stranger to his contacts.

News

Because of how early George had gone to bed the earlier day, he wakes up at seven thirty, as awake as you could possibly be. When he goes to take a shower he hears footsteps downstairs and wonders to himself. Maybe he should go down and eat breakfast with the man? No, he thinks, there's no need to do that, maybe Dream would think he woke up just for him and that was NOT the case here. They might've been joking around earlier but George does not want to seem at ease with the other, at least not until he knew the alpha a little better. George shakes his head and gets in the shower, relishing in the hot water before drying off and getting dressed.

He checks the door is locked before raising his mattress and grabbing the bottle of suppressants underneath it. Shit, he thinks, only a few left. He'd have to get new ones in like the span of a week or so or he'd be stranded, risking the chance of going into heat at any moment.

He shakes one pill into his hand and downs it with no water, puts the bottle back to where he got it from.

George does not want to go into heat again, ever really, especially not here, with an alpha that he's only known for two days that basically bought him against his will. Just the thought of it sends a shudder through his body.

He had his first heat at thirteen, and it was as painful and dreadful as he'd been taught since birth: no control and a week filled with shame and pain, dreaming of alphas in his class he was disgusted by. Diabolical biology. Yes, everyone got examined at birth and it was easy to figure out whether you were omega, beta or alpha early on, but you couldn't know when the first heat or rut would come unless you were constantly examined, and that was just an unnecessary money expense. Everyone had to go through that first pubertal happening to start up the body for real, if you didn't you wouldn't develop properly. It was a given, you had to do it. George had known before his first heat that he would hate it, and when it came he did, he absolutely loathed it. The pressure in school of when it would happen, the thoughts of alphas he hated in a weak state of mind, just pain and suffering. And always he was put into that box: weak, stupid omega. The heat being the prime jewelry of the entire constitution. After his second heat he told his mom he didn't want to do it anymore, that it was too inconvenient for him, too time-consuming, too painful. His mother had fixed something up that was supposed to be a temporary solution, but since then he never stopped taking the pills. Not a heat in ten years, George had no clue what would happen if he stopped taking them, but he hadn't really planned on having kids or really having penetrative sex at all so who gave a shit, not him. His mother had advised him to get off them, but didn't force him, he lied on medical checkups saying he didn't take them and his physical tests came out fine, no specific damage, and he never got called in for more in dept examinations so... he was fine. The only down was his way of getting the pills was... less legal than it should be, but he'd never been caught and he was doing good.

And he was not stopping now, besides - he blushes slightly - Dream and him were not gonna do *anything*, and the alpha had no business knowing about the pills either. It was gonna be fine.

Just ten minutes pass and he hears the front door close, he waits for five minutes in silence before going down the stairs and walking over to the kitchen. He greets Callahan and luckily enough he can now answer the question 'did you sleep well?' with just a few seconds of thinking time. Callahan smiles and walks off as George goes over to the fridge and picks out breakfast ingredients.

Dream sighs as he walks into the office. Another day another responsibility. Back to reality.

He greets everyone with a smile and friendly waves, walks through the hallways with a stable posture and a pristine clean black suit. He thinks back to the day before and shakes his head at himself, he'd slipped up maybe a bit too much. It was just so easy with the omega. Dream didn't even know if that was because of the power situation he held or not, but it sure felt like the opposite: he felt he didn't need to take any responsibility with the man, it was like George didn't need or want any of what he owned. It was like Dream could finally show some genuine interest because there was nothing else for George to gain from him. It felt nice, but the thought of George not trusting him was of course still present and made him cautious. Maybe that's why he feels he might've been a little too comfortable during the other nights conversations, maybe that's why he thinks back on it and gets embarrassed.

He shakes it off quickly, no need to be ashamed at work, no one here knows who he is or what he thinks, here they only know the charming son of Winters. The better version of himself, nothing but that is showed outside the friend circle.

He checks his swatch and bites his lip, a meeting with a few familiar people in just fifteen minutes. Wilbur, a tall calm alpha with a silly smile. Techno, deep voice, a little scary, but funny nonetheless. Dream smiles as he thinks back to their fake banter they used to have. Jonathan Schlatt, that was gonna be dangerous or just awkward, depending on how much the man knew. Minx, that was also gonna be awkward. Dream clenches his jaw and wonders once again why he would do this in the first place, worst business move ever, how dumb can you be.

He hurries to his office and picks up the documents needed for the meeting and mentally prepares himself for the small talk incoming. He already knows the fact that he chose an omega will come up as a talking subject, might as well just try to play it off as good as possible.

And he's not wrong, as soon as he walks through the door it starts up.

"Dream, my man, good to see you!" Wilbur walks up to him and grabs his hand as he says it. "Same to you, how's Tommy doing? Heard he got into a little trouble" Dream retorts with. Tommy, Wilbur's younger brother, an alpha with a loud mouth and a way of getting people annoyed with him.

"Ah no he's fine, that got cleared up" Wilbur answers dismissively before putting his arm around Dreams shoulder and lowering his voice "More interesting though: I heard from around that you chose an omega for yourself huh? Now let me tell you I did not expect that from you"

Dream laughs and looks towards Minx with a questionable stare. She scoffs and crosses her arms. "Don't look at me, company courtesy, I don't have the right to give out info" She chuckles. Dream shrugs and looks towards the other two. Schlatt steps forward and Dreams heart sinks: oh here goes nothing, time to meet the consequences of his actions.

"I admit it, I admit it! My father was there, which is embarrassing but what else to expect from that old bag of potatoes. He told me you'd found someone, which I also must say, I did not expect you to be one of those to chose omegas, but who am I to judge" Schlatt says it all with a smile on his face and shakes Dreams hand. Dream himself catches the eyes of Minx for about two seconds to try to convey his gratitude. He knows it's going to come forth sooner or later that there was a bit of a conflict, but it feels safe to not have that revealed in a business meeting.

"Why the hell was your dad there Schlatt?" Techno asks. Dream wants to hit him, why would you keep bringing it up dumbass?

"Because he's a fucking weirdo that's why, and he even called me about it all pissed saying someone had 'stolen his omega', that fucking idiot I swear. But I mean an old man is lonely I guess, maybe I'll turn out the same who knows" Schlatt answers with, and Dream laughs with all the others like he isn't the reason all of this happened. Even Schlatt might genuinely think his own dad is out of his mind, but there's still a father son relationship there that Dream doesn't really know what to do with, how to act about.

"Fair enough" Wilbur mumbles before they seat themselves down to get official.

The meeting goes fine, better than Dream expected. They part ways and Dream goes back to his office, he has one more meeting today but other than that it's just normal work. After his second meeting and one more hour he decides to throw in the towel, time to go home and breathe out, at least sort of. As he seats himself in the uber he picks up his phone and sends a text to Sap, one of his best friends.

We game tonight, I gotta breathe out, he sends of and looks out the window. He's known Sap since he was a kid, they'd met in the park one day and switched Pokemon cards and after that they met up every day, and sort of never stopped. Sap was a beta one year younger and comedic relief sort of ran through his blood, at least most of the time. Everyone gets down from time to time, and Dream has seen him at his worse, just as Sap has seen him at his worse. A balanced friendship, rare when you're rich.

You got news about that omega you forced into your home? Because I might need to tell you just one more time how actually dumb you are :D. The text is meant to shame him but Dream knows there's no ill will behind the words. Just banter. He chuckles and keeps the convo going as the car starts driving.

As soon as he walks through the door he wonders where the omega is situated, time to give the man all his money. The sofa is empty and so is the kitchen. Dream hangs up his coat and kicks off his shoes, walks up the stairs and carefully knocks on the omegas door. In just a second the door opens.

"What's up?" George asks and Dream takes a step back, not realizing he'd been standing so close to the door.

"You been searching up some shit you wanna buy?" He asks, but before George can even answer he quickly opens his mouth again "and watch some more asylum, it was a while ago that I watched that season" he says it without thinking too much. Idiot. George doesn't want to watch it with him, besides, what else would the omega do all day alone if not keep watching the show without him, there was no reason for him to wait for Dream to come home.

Dream opens his mouth to apologize but gets interrupted "sure, let's go downstairs we can watch it after I show you what you gotta pay for" George smirks and walks right past him.

They seat themselves in the sofa and George opens up his computer. Dream scrolls through the links and orders it all, no questions asked, or well, just a few. A new laptop, a mouse, some art supplies, an actual bicycle (he laughs at that one, but George doesn't notice) two spray cans and a bucket of peanut M&M's.

"What's with the spray cans?.. and the M&M's?" Dream asks quizzically. George chuckles and puts his hands behind his head. "The spray cans because I want to have the power, maybe I'll go out and

do something bad" Dream raises his eyebrows and George smirks.

"And the candy, just for good measure"

"Fair enough" Dream finishes with and fills in his bank info.

Dream finishes up and they start watching the third episode, the both of them being more comfortable to show distress or connection to certain scenes, at least in comparison to the day before's stale, quiet watching. Dream can't help but smile at the fact that George hadn't watched ahead. Halfway through Dream starts getting notifications, and after a minute he picks up his phone, annoyed with the sound. He is fully intending on putting his phone on silent, but gets distracted by what he reads.

Sap - *Hey man, so they seem to have found out what's going on.*

Mom - *Is that him? The omega? He's cute!*

Quackity - *since when do you date people bro? Has Dream become a flirt?!*

Minx - *I sincerely hope you're prepared for what happens when Adam Schlatt sees this.*

He clicks on the link that his mother sent, sighing as he sees what it is. He knew this would happen, just not so soon. On the front page of the article is a picture of him and George in the mall they went to. They weren't even that close to each other, Dream had just happened to lean over and probably whisper something too dangerous to say out loud and someone had happened to snap a picture of it.

"What's wrong?" George asks, still too occupied in the show to turn and look at Dream.

"They took a picture of us, in the mall, they wrote a bunch of articles" Dream mumbles and hands George his phone. An action he wouldn't have done if he'd thought it through more, he didn't just hand his phone to anyone, not enough trust. But at this moment he didn't bother to think before handing George the phone.

"Well shit" George states matter of factly "there are so many articles" he mumbles.

"I'm the son of the Winters and the Winters are the head of the company and in the rest of the world we don't really matter but in the US and in Florida we sort of become these reality TV stars without even doing anything" Dream mutters "we have money and so people want to know the people behind the money so they can judge us and say 'I would do better', you get what I'm saying" he continues with.

George blinks and thinks of what to say. On the one hand it is evident that Dream has real human emotions and that he works his hardest to hide them and that in media the man never shames people for criticizing him, which is good. But on the other, the only thing George has ever lived for is to criticize the ones hoarding the wealth. He pauses the episode and turns fully to Dream "I mean, I get it, it sucks, but I would want to know the morals of the ones owning a lot of money and basically controlling my life. I get it, many times the media overdoes things and hyper focuses but in the end of the day I think it's good they're keeping you on your toes" he grimaces, he's gotta rephrase that. "What I mean is: if I was actually captive with you and media gave me a chance to send that message, that's like safety precaution. But if media is turning you guys mad with

prejudice then yeah that's kinda counter-productive" yeah, that's a bit more neutral.

Dream chuckles, it does make him a little sad that George doesn't already know he's always thought of it like that. But who was he to blame, no one can read minds. "Why do you think I always smile and wave George? Some things I... can't tell people, like this plan we have here. Better not let them know anything" he smiles, and looks at George. He hopes it doesn't come off as malice, he really wants it to be kind.

George looks back into his eyes with a smirk and laughs slightly. "Yeah no wonder, how would the world react to the multiple sex dungeons spread throughout the house?" he jokes. Dream snorts and is about to respond when he gets an e-mail. "An invite to leave a statement on the couple situation, from none other than.. a random news reporter it seems" he reads out loud to George.

"What do you suggest we do with that?" George questions.

Dream sighs, worrying his bottom lip between his teeth. "We have to do it, before the internet starts making up even crazier rumors, and if you're not with me people are going to literally think you are captivated, or that you don't exist" he finally states, making George raise his eyebrows.

"Okay cool, awesome - what do we say?"

"The fact that I chose you is private document, no man other than Adam Schlatt would remember I was there and you were too, but if he'd come out and say that it would be very shameful for him" Dream looks towards George with a sort of begging facial expression. "We could say we just met and that we just started talking, that we're nothing serious yet. If I tell the world I chose an omega? Yeah, the company would lose sponsors. Even if my mother is okay with these conservative views, not everyone is" a pause "it is a little dangerous since the consequences of people finding out later that I lied would be twice as bad, for me, but I doubt Mr Schlatt will do anything. Besides, none of this would affect you in the slightest, you'll walk off scar free no matter what" Dream ends it with and looks towards George, asking the silent question.

He thinks about it. Portraying himself as dating Dream by choice was shameful, but being chosen and *still* wanting to date Dream? Yeah, that was out of the question. "Sure, yeah lets do that, that sounds good"

"Okay, great" Dream smiles "thank you, George"

"No problemo mister. You wanna continue the show?" George throws on a sarcastic tone, ignoring how nice that 'thank you' had sounded.

"Sure"

Interview

After finishing the episode of asylum Dream leaves to go to his office, proclaiming he had some work to do, when in reality he was just going to play some games with Sap. He tells Sap all about George as they play minecraft, Sap thinks he sounds nice and Dream can't help but nod along. George turns off the TV and goes for something to eat. He tells Dream it's because he can't handle one more episode for tonight because too much is happening, but really he just doesn't want to watch the season without the other. It's way more fun with someone else. The first episode they watched it was a little awkward. They had been sitting on opposite sides on the couch in silence, but now they were talking and joking the whole way through. No touching on the couch but at least a little closer than earlier. Before George goes to bed he puts his ear to the office door and hears Dream shout and wheeze from the inside, it puts surprised look on his face. That the man could have that much genuine fun makes George a little shocked, and without admitting it to himself, a little jealous that he hadn't gotten to fully see that side of the man himself. Not because he desperately wanted to, he just... was curious of the different sides of his personality

The next morning George wakes up a little later, but a lot more nervous. How was he going to go through with this? Could he do it at all? Of course he could he was fucking George Davidson, but so much happening in so few days really was taking its toll on him. He was tired and confused, his mind still not knowing how to deal with Dream. The alpha was an alpha, and rich and annoying and power hungry. But really he was kind and funny and respectful. And he listened to what George had to say, it was making him think a little too much.

He gets out of bed and puts on some clothes, and before he can think of it more he just opens door and goes downstairs, met with shirtless Dream standing by the fridge with a tank top in hand.

"Morning" George calls out from his spot on the top of the stairs and makes Dream jump before turning around.

"H-hey" he yells as he throws on the shirt in a hurry. George doesn't know if he's meant to laugh or be concerned that he'd made an intrusion on Dreams private life.

"Can't show your muscles to the world, I get it. It would be too powerful and not at all an option for a humble man like yourself" George jokes, and luckily enough the joke lands. Dream breathes out and smiles, pulling at the hem of his shirt.

"Yes what would they do with my twelve pack, that just wouldn't work out" He retorts with and turns back to the fridge. "You want breakfast?"

"Yes, I do, but I don't want this to be a favor to that you'll sooner or later want me to pay back in sexual actions" George contorts with, with a smile, and this joke does also land to his surprise, and it makes him just as happy as it makes him concerned the two of them are getting along to well.

"Do I need to remind you again? I like cooking, you'd be doing me a favor by letting me cook" Dream states with a smirk and turns towards George as he enters the kitchen. Just a day ago Dream would've accepted George's wishes no questions asked, now suddenly it's like he's not afraid for some childish banter, for kind confrontation. It's more genuine, George can sense it.

"Fine, I'll let it slide" George mumbles dramatically and walks to sit by the kitchen island.

As Dream starts cooking George starts asking questions about the statement they were supposed to be leaving. He breathes out when Dream tells him it's going to be held over video call and there

would be no leaving the house. Dream also tells him what they were going to say, more in depth and explanatory as he seasons the food. It seems easy enough George thinks, but he is a little nervous nonetheless. He doesn't want to fuck it up, and that thought is scary since he most of time has no issues with fucking things up.

"I'm the son of the Winters so I have been documented in the media since I was a kid, sometimes I get asked to do interviews, my social media is very looked over, and from time to time there are paparazzis at fancy parties" Dream summarizes, and George nods along. He hadn't recognized Dream the first time he saw him, but he can bet his ass he'd seen him in the news once and turned the TV off. There was something with rich alphas that the media just couldn't look away from.

They eat breakfast together in a comfortable silence with some jokes here and there and make themselves ready. They seat themselves on one of the big couches, the one with the least stuff in the background, no indications of where they are, and join the meeting room to wait for the one who was going to 'interview' them.

Just as Dream looks towards him to check if he was ready, a blonde woman joins the call and George alerts Dream discreetly of her presence before the man could say anything that would get them in trouble. Dream turns toward the screen and smiles. "Hello!"

"Hi you guys!" The woman exclaims, tone as high as the clouds. "My name's Emily and I'm just gonna ask some questions since it seems the two of you have gotten a little close, so you can start by just introducing yourselves and then we can work from there" George smiles as well. God he was not excited, at least the interviewer wasn't awkward.

"Well my name is Dream Winters and sitting beside me-" Dream turns his face towards George and sort of catches him off guard. It makes him blush that the alpha is so close for some reason, and it also makes giggles bubble out of him at the fact that Dream's smile and laugh is completely fake. He can't help it, a genuine smile spreads across his face without his intention.

"I'm George Davidson, and I am indeed sitting beside Dream" he answers and looks back towards the screen.

The woman smiles a tense smile and continues "great! Soooo - there's been some rumors" she clasps her hands together "as you know a picture was snapped with Dream besides a certain someone - was that you George?"

"it was, yes"

Dream sees money reflecting in her eyes, he just knows she'll get paid good for this one. "Oh it was - well how long has this been going on because, everyone really, can see you guys were quite close in that picture" she says in a sultry voice.

George looks to Dream and puts on an embarrassed face to play it up. Dream puts a comforting hand on his shoulder and takes the word. "Well we've been meeting for a little less than a month, and you know you try to keep some things private but eventually they come out" he doesn't say it threateningly, just like he's been caught "and I mean, on my end there was no problem letting it get out but you know when you're not really official yet - I would never force George into talking about it if he didn't want to" as he says this he turns to George and smiles.

"Oh I one hundred percent agree! It's sure to be difficult to expose something you barely know yourself is the right thing" but still you're over here reaching out for a statement, no right to say that, George thinks as he clenches his jaw in irritation. "So do we have an official? Are you a thing?" the woman continues.

Let's get it over with. "Well I'm not planning on ending this any time soon" George mumbles and looks to Dream who takes his hand. Make sure to get it on camera.

"Me neither" Dream almost whispers to him.

"Oh you guys are adorable! Well I'm not gonna be in you lovebirds way anymore, but thank you so much for this statement" she exclaims and the both of them can already see the smile faltering.

"Our pleasure, bye!"

"Goodbye!"

They click the red button and make sure to close the laptop before bursting out laughing. The both of them cramping up from entertainment.

"Did you see her fucking face when I put my hand on your shoulder" Dream wheezes as he holds himself over the stomach.

"I did I did! She was crying in money!" George laughs as he feels Dream's hand on his shoulder again, this time so the man can lean on him as he laughs. George notices it good and clear but it doesn't make him uncomfortable, mostly it feels safe the man can laugh in front of him.

"And the fucking 'it shouldn't be needed to expose your relationships' like WHY are you asking then?!?" George almost yells. "You don't have to pretend, we know you don't give a flying fuck about our relationship, like what do they pay you to look like you've plastically surged on a constant smile?" He exclaims and Dream dies beside him, sounding like the kettle in the kitchen when he makes tea.

Dream buries his head in George's shoulder for a short second in laughter before leaning back against the couch instead. There is something about that train of action, the laughter and the touching that makes George all jittery inside. It's like a confidence boost on a new level, and it doesn't feel... painful, at all. Just nice.

Soon enough the laughter dies down with Dream doing some fake breathing exercises whilst George looks at him, almost making the other laugh again. They sit close on the couch for a few more minutes, closer than ever before, until they hear the doorbell ring out through the apartment.

"Shit - I invited Sap over, I thought you should meet him, he's nice" Dream breathes out and gets up. If George is not mistaken he can sense some disappointment in the alpha's smell and voice as he leaves their spot on the couch. The man doesn't mention it but it catches George's attention nonetheless and it makes him both blush and despise himself.

Dream opens the door and immediately George can hear laughing and sarcastic flirting. Once again it's strange, to see the alpha in such a different way as to how he saw him the first two days, it's like something had loosened in him and this official side was slowly going away. George sits still on the couch and waits for the others to come in, no way he was making an effort. Soon enough they walk towards him.

"You must be George! I'm Sap, Dream's beta slave that he never lets out of the house" The man, Sap, says as he reaches out his hand towards George. George can smell the man is nothing but a beta and since he now knew Dream was quite calm, at least so far, he had no ill thoughts of the man and took his hand and shook it. "You are correct, that would be me" he starts fake whispering "and it seems we are in the same situation then, I am indeed also enslaved" he jokes

and Sap chuckles.

"You didn't tell me he was actually funny!" Sap calls out to Dream who had walked over to the kitchen to make them some tea.

"Yes I did you dumbass you just don't listen" Dream shouts back and Sap looks to George with raised eyebrows as he shrugs. George looks just as surprised, Dream spoke of him with this beta and said he was funny? Alright.

"You both want tea or not?" Dream yells over the kettle.

"How about a coke instead" Sap yells back.

George can hear Dream chuckle as he opens the fridge and walks over to them, the whole way there he mumbles "ungrateful, dishonest, spoiled, unhealthy" in an over dramatic tone to make Sap feel bad. Sap only laughs and opens his drink. "Thanks babe" he blows a kiss and Dream fake pukes.

"And you George?" Dream asks, and the smile on his face is so tiny and kind George almost feels it's weird Dream lets him see that smile in front of someone else. He shuffles in his seat.

"I could take some chai" he mumbles, too embarrassed to make a joke.

Dream smiles, happy with a response that wasn't 'I can make my own tea' and walks back to the kitchen. Now he was stuck on the couch with a man he didn't know, but a man that seemed friendly enough.

Sap was consistent with starting conversation and for the two hours that he was there they hit it off really well. Turned out Sap knew Skeppy who knew Bad which was a funny coincidence, Sap was studying computer science in college and living in a dorm at the moment, that he played minecraft with Dream during their free time and that he liked watching hockey. It came forth pretty quickly through general conversation that Dream trusted the beta very much, and that the beta wanted to be with Dream for everything but the money. They don't talk anything about a plan, and it seems Sap was either instructed by Dream to not bring up the entire situation or the beta did it on his own accord. Either way George is sort of thankful, it means he doesn't have to explain himself, they can just hang out as if everything is normal. And usually he wants to bring up what's wrong and fight against it but now he... he has Dream, kind of. He just hopes the alpha is honest with him and about the plan, and if he isn't George can just explain the kind behavior to Sap as him 'trying something new and being nice for once'. George appreciates the time spent very much and in the end plans are made to hang out, all of them including Bad and Skeppy and a few others they know. It makes George happy but split. He didn't know for how long he was going to stay here before leaving the state, maybe it was a bad idea to get into this friend group, maybe Dream was just enough. He couldn't think more of it before Sap was leaving, and Dream as well since the man had to go to work for at least a few hours. George is left alone in the house with nothing to do but sit around.

He decides to give Bad a call. Bad, an omega just like him, and just like him he stood for equal rights and went with George in his fight for it. The difference between them was Bad was nicer, to say the least, much more accepting of different views in practice than George was. Bad could hold discussions without simultaneously degrading the people he was talking to, whereas George thought they deserved to be degraded in every conversation. But Bad and George stayed close friends nonetheless, they'd started talking in ninth grade after walking past each other in the corridor for two years. George couldn't talk to him the way he spoke to Dream or Skeppy per say, but they bonded either way.

"Hey Bad, calling from the enclosure, how are you?" he mutters into the phone as soon as the other picks up.

"I'm good! I bought some chocolate because I felt today was the day for dessert, no specific reason, you want to see it? It's got hazelnuts in it"

George turns on his camera and puts the phone close to his face just to spite Bad.

"George, get away from the camera you look like a fish!"

"I am a fish. Blub"

"You are not a fish, mister - look here it is! I haven't opened it yet, I hope it tastes good" he turns the camera towards the candy bar in his hand before turning it back to his face and pushing up his glasses "now I do want to know about the enclosure you are in: how is this man, Dream? How are you doing? How is your mother doing?"

"Well as you know - he's a rich alpha"

Bad laughs "oh yes, that I have figured so far"

"But other than that" George pauses and thinks, how should he phrase it "he's really calm and collected, and nice and funny, and he like - knows about his privilege and stuff like that" he concludes.

Bad raises his eyebrows and nods "that sounds great - but why would such a nice guy choose an omega if he's like - not hiding something" Bad asks as he bites into his chocolate bar.

George bites his lip. He can't tell Bad about the fake ID plan, that he knows, so he doesn't know how he should explain Dream's kindness that is actually genuine. "I - that's what I need to figure out, I'm trying to push him and maybe he'll show his true self but I don't know yet Bad - he seems really reasonable" he observes and shrugs his shoulders.

"Hmm - cool! Will I meet him?"

"Yup, pretty soon, you're invited to come over over soon I don't know when but probably some time next week. We were talking and we both came to the conclusion it's good we get to know each others friends" George answers.

"Sounds good" Bad finishes with.

They talk a little more and Bad starts babbling about something funny Skeppy had done earlier that day. When the call ends he has to lean back and think about it; The situation he was in was unfair, and hellish, but Dream had saved him from getting stuck with another man and would help him get out of the situation as well. He doesn't know how much he can trust the man just yet but he seems so... calm, genuine, and funny, and enjoying life and stuff like that. And he had friends coming over who were smart, and he treated Callahan well, and could joke and respect in the right times. George was conflicted. Maybe this was all a plan and Dream was a manipulative freak who just wanted to play with him, or maybe there was a chance that maybe they could be... friends?

In a couple hours Dream comes home and they eat dinner together, prepared by Callahan. Afterwards George invites Dream to watch some asylum and they do, together. They sit closer now than before, no touching, but almost. George's explanation of it to himself is so that they can both reach the bowl of chips on the table.

Preparation

A few days pass where nothing really happens. George's stuff comes in and he sets up a little place on the table in his room where he can try out programming ideas, play games and occasionally draw whilst eating peanut M&M's. He decides one day to take his new bike out on a ride, going all the way to his mother's place and catching the bus, with the bike of course, on the way home. Not realizing how out of shape he was and how far it was to hers. It scares him to go biking in the town since a few people had probably seen his face now and it scares him even more to come around his old neighborhood, where everyone knew of him, where everyone knew how he really was. They probably thought of him as weak. It makes him mad but what to do. He doesn't go outside that much at all, it just feels too dangerous, and embarrassing, at least for now. All his energy going into dealing with this current situation still, at least Dream was becoming something positive in this conflict now, someone who helped.

He hangs out with Dream on the evenings, he even gets to join a game of minecraft with him and Sap one night, and he is surprised at how much he actually remembers from playing it as a kid.

He checks up on social media's and articles and things like 'Dream Winters dating?' and 'has the delinquent Dream finally settled down?' and things alike are pasted everywhere. His own face everywhere, but not his name nor his opinions. Classic. The media really shows that professional, charming young man that Dream seems to be everywhere else but when he's with George. He's described as a bachelor, who never dates anyone or at least not for long. An attractive young alpha with a striking smile, a confident business man at such a young age. It makes George wonder if he's even talking to the same person as the articles describe, the only time he's seen this Dream is when they joke with each other, and then it's sarcastic. He wonders over it for a short second before putting down his phone.

Other than that nothing really happens, except the family dinner is getting closer and closer as more time goes, and soon enough George knows they'll have to discuss how they'll go through with it. It's just two days before the dinner when Dream comes through the door at around five pm with news.

"George! I have important information so open your ears" he shouts in the hallway and George hears it all the way from his room and comes stomping out.

"Why the fuck are you yelling?" He mumbles and goes downstairs.

Dream smiles and seats himself by the dinner table, expecting George to sit on the chair opposite of him. George takes the invite despite himself and sits down. "I contacted a couple guys that I know and I think I've found someone now that can fix the ID for you" he says with a shining smile.

George's eyes light up. This is what he wanted, what he'd always wanted. He can't believe it's now actually landing in his lap. He can't believe it would happen so quickly. So fast. No, he can't think like that, he was still gonna have to do the dinner and a few interviews for Dream's sake, so that Dream's parents would believe they were actually couple, so that Dream can seem devastated after he leaves, so that Dream doesn't have to go looking for omegas again right away. He had to do that first. Then he could leave...

George doesn't answer, just gleams, so Dream continues. "I mean it's gonna take it's time still and you're gonna have to take a picture and do the dinner and a few more public outings and shit like that but, uuh.. yeah it's in the going now at least" he mumbles and smiles, eye contact with George who's also smiling. George doesn't notice but Dream can smell appreciating pheromones coming

from the omega and they make him happy.

“Sounds - sounds great” he pauses with a sigh before switching up the subject “speaking of the dinner, that’s like really soon and I have no clue what to expect, or what to say” George states and puts his hands on the table “I’m thinking proclaiming my undying love only takes you so far”

Dream chuckles and leans forward over the table. “Yes, the dinner” he clenches his jaw, avoiding George’s eyes. “Well, the best thing would be we laugh and smile together, but at quite boring jokes, of course, nothing actually funny” George smiles at that, makes him feel appreciated for some reason. “And you say it was hard in the beginning but that ‘Dream is nice and lovable’ and uhm - stuff like that” George can notice Dream getting slightly uncomfortable, and he can’t help but find it a little cute.

The next sentence makes him uncomfortable as well though.

“And then - and it’s bad I know but you need to be prepared nonetheless - my mom will ask about when we will mate and when we will have kids and she’ll probably ask about your... your heats and all of that so” he trails off, now they really aren’t keeping eye contact. Dream coughs awkwardly and sits up straighter in his seat.

George tries to lighten the mood a little at least. “Yeah no, I could’ve figured, is that when I bring her to your sex chamber and she’ll figure it out on her own?” George jokes. And Dream chuckles, but they quickly go back to this quiet shuffling. God this was suffocating.

“Sooooo - what do you suggest we answer to that?” George tries again, and Dream looks him in the eye for half a second before sighing.

“It depends on how much you’re comfortable with saying but I mean saying that we haven’t... had sex yet, and we’ll have kids at some point, and then your heat..” that last question is the real one. Dream doesn’t know anything about George’s heat or when it would come but mostly the fact that it wouldn’t come at all. They hadn’t talked at all about how a heat would’ve been dealt with yet, maybe Dream was just extremely nervous to talk about it, but considering the situation, the subject should’ve come up earlier.

“We’ll just say I haven’t had it yet, that should be enough right?” George asks.

“Yeah, yeah that.. sounds good” Dream answers and goes quiet. It is awkward. George looks at him and wonders. Does he want to ask about when George’s heat is, is that what he wants? That must be what he’s thinking about, George ponders. He doesn’t take his own initiative, doesn’t tell the alpha about his suppressants. He didn’t need to know, no right to either.

Dream looks to George and back down to his hands and thinks. George really was a good guy, someone who could make a joke out of the most terrible and still try to work through it and persevere. When talking about how they would act with his parents George was calm and even through the awkward but necessary parts he was accepting and understanding, no matter how much he disliked it. Dream could appreciate that discipline and he was truly impressed. When he thought of himself he saw more of a - well a coward - who worked in the shadows instead of being himself out to the world, and it worked for him, but sometime he wishes things were different. The only reason why he’d been himself with George from the start was because he didn’t care about consequences, and he figured it would be the best to make things work. And now, he’s really happy he hadn’t put on some fake persona with George, now he really enjoys the others company, and it’s freeing to be himself.

Dream breaks away from his thoughts and smile "Well, I hope I haven't completely terrified you! -

now" he stands and brings out his phone "we need to take some pictures that I can put on social media so that people know we are actually a thing" he announces and gestures for George to get up as well. Dream walks up to the kitchen island and sits down, George follows suit.

"Okay this is how we do it-" Dream mumbles "-god this is so dumb" he chuckles and George can't help but give an assertive hum. "Okay - you go stand by the stove and turn around so I can't see you - and I'll take a selfie with you in the background" Dream finishes with and brings up the phone to his face.

George walks over to the stove and starts pretend-cooking "ah I am a cooking a very meatball with a pasta" he exclaims in a fake Italian accent and pretends to flip a pancake. He can hear Dream wheeze behind him before it goes quiet, a few snaps are heard before Dream asks him to come check them out.

"God this is so fucking bad" George whispers.

"I know" Dream chuckles and points at himself and the strikingly clean kitchen "are you feeling the: 'I am a rich guy who participates in human trafficking but still have regular human problems and my boyfriend wears sweatpants' vibe?" Dream asks sarcastically and George smiles.

"Yeah - yeah no, I feel it, and I am in love with the concept" he laughs and looks at Dream's fake, charming smile. Anyone could notice that was fake, Dream didn't look like that when he was happy. He puts his hands in his pockets: no, people didn't know what Dream looked like happy, only he did.

"There we go, posted. Now people will know we have a fully functional relationship and the son of the Winters will continue to portray his persona - wanna play some games?" Dream utters and switches the subject. George feels a little sense of pride for getting to see what's behind the persona, but not that much, just a little. He nods as an answer to Dream's question.

George brings down his laptop from his room and takes the same chair he was just sitting in and logs into the world he, Dream and Sap had started a few days earlier. They play together in the same vicinity for quite a while, starting to build a house with crafting tables as a floor out on a lake. George says it's ugly but Dream doesn't care. They have a really good time until Dream starts getting notifications on his phone. He ignores it at first but soon enough he has to pick up his phone and actually check.

"Anything that concerns me?" George asks as he digs out a vein of iron.

Dream is quiet as he reads something before sighing and rubbing at his forehead. "Yeah I got a text from a friend it's uhm... Mr Schlatt has made a sort of statement" Dream mumbles as George demands more information.

"How do you mean?" he questions.

"He tweeted 'it truly is unprofessional when someone would lie just for personal gain, simply despicable'" he reads out loud and George both wants to panic and laugh at the same time. He chooses laugh as he searches up the tweet on his own.

"Because of the photo of us you posted?" George asks.

"Nah, it probably would've happened anyway, he must've read the articles after the interview as well"

"Brooo this guy is like fifty years old why is he out here sub tweeting" George chuckles and runs a

hand down his face as he goes through the guys profile. Retweets of different political opinions and advertising for different products.

"You tell me honestly. But why else would an old guy come to an omega choosing if he didn't still see himself as twenty years of age" Dream mumbles and closes down his phone, deciding not to do anything about it. Like, what could he do? If worse comes to worst and Schlatt makes a statement he'll just have to admit it all. Was it gonna hurt his career? Yeah. But it was too late now, he'd just be finishing what he started, and hopefully with a confident smile on his face.

"Yeah he would definitely go against his own character arc if he didn't subtweet" George mutters.

"Very true" Dream chuckles.

George wants to ask what this information does for them, but he chooses against it, it doesn't matter to him really, not in the long run. He would be gone by then, putting this behind him.

Dream sits up straighter and looks back to his screen "Wanna continue - you gotta help me build the house, I suck at building"

"Sure I'll help you - cause I'm so unbearable nice - but you should know I don't know how to build either"

The dinner

Today is the day, the evening of the dinner. George had been in the house for around a week and a half, having a much greater time than he had previously thought he would. Dream was not so bad, funny.. kind even, but it was these type of things that made George uncomfortable, *dinner with the parents* , and make him doubt how trustworthy the alpha was. Because so far the alpha seemed so genuinely nice, and reasonable, and smart. But maybe it was all an act to make him restless and unfocused, to trick him, to weaken him before trapping him. George figures he hasn't seen the man at his worst or best yet so he couldn't know for sure, but maybe today he will find out.

Dream comes home earlier that day and they go over the plan again. George can tell he's nervous, but none of that is blamed on him. Dream doesn't really say anything, he laughs and maybe talks a little less and simply feels and smells a little tenser than usual, but there's no anger. George smiles, it's comfortable, it's safe. They go over the plan once more and it feels more pedagogical than last time, it's not awkward, just informative, and George feels no pressure about suppressant or heat at all. Everything is just lying and it seems the both of them are fully and silently content with that.

They start cooking soon enough and sharing a kitchen with another person isn't new to George, he'd always been cooking with his mom, but it does surprise him how smooth Dream is when cooking. Not the big things, it seems he doesn't know that much about seasoning in general and he puts in way less salt than needed the first couple times but he knows other things. Like when he chops an onion. George glances over from the meat he'll soon put in the oven to see smooth hand movements moving a knife up and down in close proximity to knuckles, he looks up towards Dream's face and sees a confident smirk.

"How much have you practiced that?" George asks, putting the stake in the oven and starting to peel the potatoes.

"It's my only talent to nerd on things, let me have this" Dream chuckles and swiftly pushes the tiny, tiny pieces into a pan, lets them fry up in the oil before pouring cream and turning up the heat. George would be lying if he said the other man didn't look professional like this, even dressed in an apron because he had ' *insisted* ' on wearing it. Absolute dork.

It becomes a bit stressful when there's only twenty minutes until the two alpha parents would show up and Dream says they are usually ' *fashionably early* ' instead of late. They rush setting the table with fancy plates he'd never eaten on in all his time here. Not by his own choice, if he'd found them earlier he definitely would've taken them out just to spite Dream. They both rush up the stairs, George walking slower at the top of them to annoy the other.

"George moooove!" Dream shouts behind him as he puts his hands on his back and starts pushing him. It's the first time such physical contact has been made between them but George doesn't mind. But he does give it up and rushes towards his door.

"God hurry up Dream you're so slow!" He chuckles.

"HA HA HA you're hilarious George, anyone ever told you that?!" Dream raises his eyebrows at him.

"Many people - so what are you thinking? The suit or the - the other one" George asks while opening the door.

Dream bites his lip and thinks for a second, eye contact. "The feminine one, my mother will

appreciate it more" he answers before shutting the door behind him.

George sighs and closes the door behind himself as well. Now, he doesn't have anything against feminine clothes, but in situations like these he wonders how people will react and act about it. He knows Dreams mother will be a bit disrespecting, he knows that and is fully prepared. But - he doesn't want Dream to treat him differently because of how he's dressed. And if that happens, he doesn't know if he'll be able to trust the man as much anymore. So he is nervous, to say the least. And he shouldn't care, but he would be a fool to say he didn't.

He opens the closet and doesn't have enough time to think it over, he just puts it on. In the mirror he sees something he's only seen a few times around ten-fifteen years ago: himself in a skirt. It's a long one, tight, and a dark, dimmed blue color, almost black. It's tight around the waist and there to reinforce his curves, the very few ones he's got being a male omega. Tucked into it is a fitting gray turtleneck with short sleeves. It doesn't fit him, or well it fits him like glove but it doesn't suit him.

When he opens the door Dream is standing right outside with a tight fitted dark blue suit, matching him, and checking his watch. He looks up as George steps out and eyes him up and down.

"That skirt is pretty but can't be comfortable, can you even walk?" Dream asks with scrunched up eyebrows as he starts walking towards the stairs. No looking at his hips, no smirking, no unsettling pheromones. Just normal Dream, as he always acts.

"Barely, but who needs to walk when you're just eating" he retorts with.

"You're not wrong, but I'll get down first" Dream smirks and jogs down the stairs just to boast. George smiles and starts walking, no matter how slow it goes he feels the outfit isn't as bad anymore, he can almost find himself in it.

The food is on the table, the chairs are pulled out and candles lit, and there's five minutes to go. They stand in the hallway together, waiting in silence. George is nervous, but he tries not to show it. He looks to his left, Dream looks cohesive and, honestly, terrified. George can't help but laugh a little.

"What?" Dream asks seriously.

"I don't know you just look so.. scared"

Dream smiles "You would be too if you grew up with them"

"From what you told me it seems so - maybe they're nice"

It seems Dream hesitates for a few seconds. "They'll be nice to you" he says and turns towards George with a smile in his eyes.

Before George can say anything the door bell rings and both their faces snap towards the door. "Should I answer or..?" George whispers to Dream who he just shakes his head and puts on a charming smile. He walks up to the door and opens it.

"Mom, dad! Welcome in" he exclaims and invites his mom and then is dad to a hug, George can hear how they answer him with praise on his suit and a ruffle in his hair from his mother. They walk into the hallway and meet eyes with George, who tries his best to smile.

The tall blonde alpha woman walks toward him and reaches out her hand "And you must be George, it's very pleasant to meet you. You can call Linda"

George takes her hand and smiles "I am indeed George, and I can only say the same Linda" he nods and she lets go. Dreams dad, a man the same height as his son, walks up beside his wife and takes his hand as well. "Good to see you George, I'm Marcus, looking forward to getting to know you"

"Looking forward to getting to know you too - should we move over to the table?" He finishes with, he feels himself it is a bit abrupt and he can see Dream grimace behind the other two but shrugs his shoulders and walks past them to make a good example and go sit at the table.

"Sure sweetie" Linda says and follows suit.

They make sure the other two are seated before sitting themselves. You would think the most obvious way of seating yourselves would be George and Dream on one side and Dreams parents on the other, but the two alphas put themselves face to face on opposite sides, which makes it a little awkward for the two remaining. Before George can think too much he goes to sit beside Dreams father, his skirt a little tight as he lowers himself. Dream sits down opposite him with a condoning smile.

Before George can say anything Dream cuts in and saves him the trouble. "No serving! You can start any time you want" he states with a smile and pours himself and the table some wine as his mother starts putting food on her plate.

"Thank you for the wine darling" his mother squeaks.

"I must say this food smells delicious, who prepared it?" Marcus asks and George can't help but answer, only he answers with the truth.

"Oh me and Dream have been standing in the kitchen together all evening, having a very great time as well I must add" he exclaims happily and is met with a surprised face from Dreams mother. It looks like Dream is about to open his mouth but gets interrupted.

"Really? That sounds exquisite! To cook with your loved one, that truly is adorable" she smiles and leans over the table as to tell George a secret, he instinctively leans in as well. "You see this one over here doesn't like cooking, always burns toast" she whispers even though her husband can clearly hear it, he rolls his eyes and chuckle.

"We don't need to cook, we can enjoy music instead"

"You can enjoy music as you're cooking honey"

"We should've had music Dream! I could've showed you the good stuff" George cuts in to tell Dream, who raises his eyebrows and puts down his fork.

"Oh you would've shown me the good stuff? I don't think you know who you're talking to. My mom can tell you all about the dancing throughout my childhood" Dream cuts back with and George almost chokes on his wine. That has to be a lie. He turns towards Linda.

"You can't tell me he used to dance" He questions and she smiles.

"Oh believe me, he was dancing, jazz and rhythm & blues in the living room every day. Although you are right it is hard to imagine considering how stale he is nowadays" she bites sarcastically and chuckles as she looks up towards her son beside her, who just smile and fake laughs ironically in response.

Everything is going better than George had expected. Dream is amazing at talking and keeping the

conversation going no matter what, and it's not George's fault but he can't control the feeling of awe that falls over him because of it. Marcus is quiet and relaxed until they start talking music again and George feels he successfully bonds with him over Bob Marley's earlier stuff. Linda seems caring and loving and not even close to as bad as Dream described her, she doesn't disrespect him in the slightest and her feisty ironic humor works really well and compliments George great. She bonds with him well and soon he relaxes more. They have a great time, for the most part at least.

After around twenty minutes they start getting into the dangerous stuff, the stuff that Dream had warned him about. And no matter how sweet Linda was her opinions were shining through.

"You know George, I got so happy when I heard my son had chosen an omega, and I must say, you really are that shine that my son could use in his life" she says kindly, George answers it with a strained smile "at least so far, don't hurt my boy okay" she jokes and George laughs as well.

"There's absolutely no risk Linda, no need to worry, I really want to be good for him" it tastes moldy and stale in his mouth but it needs to be said, sprinkle trust into those hopeful mother like eyes.

"That reassures me George, thank you so much" she says and her eyes almost sparkle like disco balls the amount she's gleaming. She corrects her posture and puts on a more serious smile and George can almost feel Dreams stress radiating through him. Not just radiating, George can suddenly feel the gentle touch of Dreams foot touch his calf under the table, he looks at Dream who seems questionable but George shakes his head to tell him it's fine and he doesn't need to move his foot away. It's sort of comforting to know he isn't the only one nervous.

"And speaking of trusting you with my son: when are you to planning to get mated? And having kids - I know that Dream still needs to build a stronger career but these are important questions - have you even had your first heat together?" All of it falls out of her mouth fast and serious and George just blinks, wow okay what the hell was he supposed to answer? She steps in again "These are very personal questions of course and I don't mean to pressure, but, you must know these are things we need to ask" she tries to reassure him with a friendly smile like she understands, George can hear the rotten tone underneath that would be brought out full force if he answers the question wrong.

George looks to Dream who's sporting a slight blush. "Well we haven't... shared a heat together yet but it should come soon" he can feel Dreams foot move away from him as the alpha sits up more properly and breaks eye contact. These are things they didn't go over and something that just flies out of Georges mouth to sort of soften the fall for Dreams mother, but he really hopes the other man doesn't think he is actually genuine in his lies, that his heat will really come in short, since it won't. "And we're planning the official mating during the next heat" he finishes with, doesn't answer the baby question in hope that she'll be satisfied.

Thankfully, she looks satisfied with that and turns to look at Dream for a short second and the man quickly has to regret his slightly stressed facial expression.

"Oh sweetie, you have nothing to be embarrassed over! You've been having regular and healthy ruts since you were young, there's no shame and it's important to discuss" Linda tries to convince him. And, god, now it's really hard for George to look Dream in the eyes.

Dream shifts awkwardly and smiles, tries to play it off as a joke "yeah, okay mom we get it" he chuckles sarcastically, hiding his discomfort.

"No no don't talk like that, it is important you both have these conversations and it sounds like you

haven't" she insists.

"We've talked enough about it to be prepared" Dream answers and George almost laughs because it's so far from anything that they're doing. If only Dreams mom knew all they did together was joke around and criticize the power hungry.

Linda shakes her head and turns to George instead. Oh he was in for a ride. "Dream was fifteen when he got his first rut, he was a real late bloomer to say the least" George keeps a straight face but he wants to scream out of embarrassment and laugh so badly "it was a normal school day, and we as parents" she gestures to herself and Marcus "were prepared the day would come but quite a lot happened, it was quite funny actually" she continues and George can see Dream starting to fully slip, he's full on blushing and keeping a clenched fist beside his plate.

"What happened was: Dream was in school, he starts heating up and letting out pheromones as you do, and before he was even aware of what was happening himself, he has kick started a heat for an omega girl in his class and they are both immediately sent home" she says with a motherly smile before continuing "now I was convinced they would be a couple - wasn't I honey?" She turns to her husband who nods. "Sadly that never happened, you see my son here was such a gentleman and you said that - what did you say again?"

"That she wasn't interested in me and hadn't done it on purpose and so I shouldn't pursue her" Dream fills in with a monotone voice, chancing a glance at George before staring down into his wine glass again.

"Yes exactly! And oh it truly was adorable. You know this George, of course, and everyone can figure that this omega obviously had a crush on him, she was just too shy to admit it of course, and even though the evidence was right there my son wouldn't try being with her. It is a cute story isn't it?" She finishes with and George truly has to clench his fists underneath the table before answering with a smile. "That's adorable! Seems I've gotten a gentleman at heart"

It really was classic huh. Funny sarcastic woman hides her fucked up views underneath layers of jokingly sexism. 'That girl of course had a crush on him'. What a fucking idiot, George thinks. That girl must've felt so crap over something she couldn't control and here this woman was, putting words in her mouth and simultaneously shaming her. Disgusting.

"Oh you truly have, that's my Dream! Too kind for his own good sometimes, but you seem a little feisty, that will be good for him" she states like it's their little secret. Dreams foot comes back besides his lower leg and George breathes out, it calms him more than he'd like to admit, but in these situations you really had to prioritize the better choice. Bad would've handled this situation amazingly, he thinks as he catches Dreams eyes for a short second.

The rest of the dinner goes by fine, they enjoy themselves and George has a much greater time conversation with Dreams father about different cultural shifts throughout history, his discipline in history coming to show. After they've finished eating and a little while longer it's time for the Winters to leave. George and Dream walk them to the door and both him and Dream hug them goodbye.

"Goodbye George! It was very nice meeting you, I'm looking forward to us meeting more in the future"

"So am I, goodbye!"

The door closes in front of them and George breathes out just as Dreams drops himself down on one of the hallway's chairs with a sigh.

"Well, that was really something wasn't it" George chuckles.

"I'm so sorry you had to hear that rut story" Dream mumbles with his face in his hands, sounding genuinely upset. It catches George sort of out of surprise, and he seats himself besides the other and puts a hand around his shoulder, leaning back fully.

"It's okay - or well it's not okay, but it was manageable" he says with a smile.

"She has a way of just - swerving her opinions in there in a way that makes my blood boil - but I try to ignore it and focus on the good parts of her, that doesn't mean you should have to hear them" he pauses and continues even quieter this time "but then again I am the reason you even had to do this stupid dinner so I guess I am the one to blame"

He goes quiet for a while, and George doesn't really know what to do. He never consulted sadness, just anger. He just sits there with his head leaned back staring at the ceiling with a hand tapping softly on a shoulder.

Suddenly Dream takes his head out of his hands and leans back so he's face to face with George, and they end up really close to each other, really close, with George's hand still on his shoulder but stiff this time. "You wanna relive my childhood and dance to some jazz?" He asks George, who chuckles and nods. "Sure, I just have to switch to pants first though, I won't be able to do more than awkward hand gestures dancing in a skirt" he looks down at himself "the most I can do is probably very strict jumping" he adds.

Dream laughs and stands to go connect his phone to the audio system. Meanwhile George walks up to his room and slithers his way out of the skirt, not even picking it up to fold it, just letting it lay on the floor as he puts on a pair of lilac sweatpants. One of the items of clothing they'd bought for him. When he opens the door he can hear the soft thudding of a beat and smooth piano play downstairs, and as he walks to look over the fence he can already see Dream skipping back and forth as he puts the dishes in the dishwasher.

"You really listened to this when you were younger?" George questions in a doubtful voice.

"I thought you were supposed to recognize what the good stuff was George" he shouts back and George snorts.

"Yeah I can hear it is the good stuff indeed but if you listened to this when you were six maybe you've already figured out the formula for black holes now considering how intellectual you were back then" George jokes as he gets to the end of the stairs.

Dream turns towards him as he chews on a piece of chocolate and reaches out a hand towards George, inviting him out on the living room floor for some dancing. They both laugh at how ironically stupid it was to dance just two people. "No, I don't know the formula for black holes sadly. But I did acquire an appreciating taste for weird cheese at quite a young age" he retorts as they start dancing some sort of deformed waltz.

"Yeah that truly is a sign of adulthood isn't it" George chuckles. Dream laughs as well. "It is! You couldn't imagine the respect I get on business trips when I eat gruyère of the cheese platter. People think I must be thirty at least" he states and George smiles as they stumble around. It's quickly proven Dream has a great sense of rhythm, and that he can move smoothly.

"I know you don't want to hear this but I - I really appreciate you George - and no matter this precarious situation we are in I truly do consider you a - a friend" Dream utters, and George can tell he's tired but also honest. It surprises him.

"It doesn't take much to become your friend I hear" he jokes.

"I mean that depends on how you see it, it just - all I ever have is omegas hitting on me and alphas trying to joke with me because I'm rich and own a name, and you don't want me for anything and it's just - liberating" he gets out of him whilst ignoring George's eyes. They pause a little and stop dancing. "And I know you don't like that, the self pitying because I am rich and an alpha and can have everything - but I want you to know, you're really... kind, and accepting - hidden beneath all those layers of sarcasm and bluntness but nonetheless - you don't lie and you point out the flaws but you still - you still accept them" he says and flops down on the couch, making George follow suit. "And you don't have to think the same at all like you shouldn't be friends with me like at all but - I just want you to know - that I really like hanging out with you"

"Cool" George mumbles.

"It feels... genuine" Dream finishes with and turns to George, before leaning back and staring at the ceiling.

"I know that now I'm just rambling and being really unprofessional but I also hope the whole feet-leg situation was okay, it was honestly more for me than for you and I apologize for that as well" George looks at him with a smile. He feels like he should say something, not to comfort the other because of pressure, but because he himself also feels they are somewhat friends. Especially after today when Dream hadn't looked at him weird, he hadn't gotten angry or unreasonable he'd just been normal, even through a stressful situation. It was trustworthy.

That truly is the final conclusion that George has come to: Dream was trustworthy.

"The leg thing was okay, I didn't mind" he chuckles, and before he changes his mind he decides to be a little genuine as well. He sighs and turns to look at Dream fully. "I-" Dream turns to look at him as well and he continuous "I think of you as a friend as well". He ponders if he should just stop there, this was stupid, he should just joke it off, that's what always works best. But Dream doesn't interfere, just looks at him patiently. So George continuous. "And I know... that I - uhm - have been very mean, from the start really" Dream gives a small chuckle, but he's not laughing at George, just agreeing. "And I want to apologize because I - I didn't know if I could trust you, so I wanted to bring out the worst in you and it's" he feels his throat start to close up a little, he doesn't usually talk like this "it's hard for me to trust people, and you -" he shuffles around with his hands to find the right words, Dream waits willingly "you never showed your 'true self' and so I figured you were just really good at acting and soon you'd, fucking - I don't know - get really angry or disagree with me but you-" he sighs "never did, you're just a - a decent... nice, person"

Dream looks at him and smiles, looks down at his hands and back at George. "Yeah - I never imagined you would like me in the first place considering-" he gestures around him, referring to the entire situation they were in "-but I'm glad you... you want to be my friend" he finishes with.

George laughs a little "Yeah this situation isn't your fault - and don't take that lightly because you know I don't like going outside of the systems walls and you are a part of the system" Dream nods and George adds a tiny 'good' and smiles "but this situation isn't your fault - it just - takes time for me to figure out if someone is genuine about help or... not"

They catch eyes before Dream huffs "Yeah - I get that"

George feels it's a bit too serious, it's making his skin itch. "Come on! let's get out on the - completely packed and groovy - dance floor again" he announces and hits Dream on the shoulder before standing up and reaching out his hand for the other to grab. The other does grab it, and they walk out again. The mood lighter as they bicker with each other over who stepped on who's foot.

It's sort of surreal how the alpha was proclaiming his appreciation but George doesn't mind. It's not desperate or weird, just truthful. And he hopes Dream understands his motives for how he's been acting. And he shouldn't care about stuff like that, but now when they were... friends, he does care, and he wants to be a good friend, and he wants Dream to perceive him as one.

Suppressants

George had been so caught up in the thoughts of preparing and living through the dinner that he had completely forgotten about getting new suppressants. It had been such a regular in his life, with no issues of getting more if it was needed, that he hadn't thought of them with everything else going on. When he wakes up the morning after the dinner and goes to grab his daily pill, he stares it down and realizes he only has three left.

"*Shit* - fuck shit" a string of curses come out and he drags a hand through his hair. This was not happening, not just because he was a little careless, that can't be what costs him freedom and sends him into heat.

He grabs his phone from the bedside table and sends away a quick text to his usual 'dealer', wondering how long it will take for the pills to be in stock and when she can meet him. He doesn't say it's urgent because no one has that relationship with their dealer, but most of the time he's a little nicer in his messages. This time it's straight to the point, no making small talk.

Without thinking too much of it he pops a pill into his hand and leaves the bottle out on his nightstand, grabs some clothes and walks over to the bathroom to take a shower and wash off the day before's stress. The door was locked anyway so there would be no issues letting it stand there. He steps into the hot water and relishes in it, it softens his tense muscles and his shampoo makes him smell clean and fresh. He steps out soon enough and dries off, puts on some underwear and walks out.

At the point of where he walks over to his wardrobe to pick out a shirt and some pants, George has forgotten that the pill bottle is out and visible. He picks out a nice soft orange sweater and puts it on, easy on his skin.

He jumps as someone knocks on the door. "You up George? Can I come in?" It's Dream, talking through the door and wanting to enter. George looks down on himself in a panic and picks the first pair of sweatpants he can find and rushes to the door as he puts them on in a hurry. "Come in!" he shouts on his way there.

Dream opens the door - huh, so it wasn't locked, he must've forgotten the night before - and they make eye contact as George walks backwards and Dream follows, leaving the door open behind him. This is the first time he's ever been in his room fully, George thinks as he backs up against the bed frame and sits down on the sheets. He sees Dream opening his mouth to say something before it closes and his face turns confused and a little sour.

"Fully canceling" he mumbles to himself as he walks over towards the nightstand and grabs the pill bottle. George wants to hit himself in the head but what could he do now, the secret was out, and what was Dream going to do about it? Stop him? He had no such right. "How long have you been taking these?" Dream smiles quizzically and reads the bottles' information.

What point was there in lying, it didn't matter in the end. And they were... friends now, the least he could do was be honest. "About ten years" he deadpans and Dream turns to him so fast George might think he'd gotten whiplash, eyebrows up on his forehead and a slightly agape mouth.

"Ten years!?"

George changes his mind, maybe that wasn't the right answer. "...Yeah" he affirms and looks away. He even feels a bit ashamed of himself as Dream walks to sit beside him on the bed. But only a

little, there isn't too much pressure, and he can handle it.

Dream sighs with a strained laugh and leans back on his hands. "Those are blockers canceling out heats entirely right?" he asks. George nods and avoids his glance. "Okay" Dream sighs and sucks in air between his teeth.

"What about it?" George mutters, he can feel himself starting to become defensive, like he can hear Dreams judgement through his brain. But there are no disappointed pheromones and no shaming words coming.

"I get it, you don't want to deal with them because they're annoying and time-consuming, but-" he cuts off and stands up again to get easier access to George's avoiding eyes "as a friend, because I think that is what we are now, or at least I hope so, I hope you know the detrimental consequences of them" he continuous.

George is about to cut in with 'I don't care' and 'you can't control me', but Dream continuous even more. "I'm not gonna force you to stop taking them because that would be a shitty thing to do, and I'm not gonna respect you less for them, it's completely reasonable to want to take them - I mean I can't even imagine the suffering of a heat" he pauses and leans his head to the side "but what I AM gonna say is - here, you can be isolated and Callahan can bring you food and check up on you, with no other involvement at all" he finishes with a smile with a shrug to his shoulder.

George doesn't want to answer, he feels put off, but most of all he feels put off by himself because he sort of agrees and is persuaded by Dreams argument. He doesn't have to answer though, as Dreams actual errand comes forth. "I was wondering if you wanted some breakfast before I have to leave?"

"Sure - I'm starving"

Dream walks out before George and mentally hits himself in the head, what was wrong with him? This was none of his business. Of course he hides it well but really he feels ashamed. He cared about George and he didn't want him to hurt, but who was he to know what would hurt more or less, that wasn't for him to decide. He clenches his jaw on his way down the stairs but makes no fuzz about it, that would just make things worse.

They eat breakfast together and everything is calm. No weird pheromones from Dream, no awkward conversation, no issues at all, just funny and easygoing and normal. It makes George think more than he wants to about Dreams offer, it's like some reverse psychology shit and he hates it. But it also suddenly doesn't sound so bad... he would be alone and safe and afterwards he would be able to stop pushing down the guilt of being unhealthy. And he had gotten it proven to him the alpha was his friend, and never sexualized him so... would there really be an issue if he just stopped taking the pills? He inwardly shakes his head - it's about the principle of it all wasn't it? Or well, Bad had occasional heats to keep his body in check, and he still had a principle. Maybe he was just too stubborn, they should be normalizing their biology right? Not pushing it away? Maybe he should step away from the political and focus on the personal, for now at least, when he has the opportunity.

He thinks about it hard as he bites into his toast. He thinks about it hard the whole day when Dream is gone. He thinks about it very in dept when his dealer text him back and says it'll take around a week or so for him to get more. He thinks about it hard as Dream comes home and they watch asylum together, they're on the second to last episode, the whole season almost done. He thinks about it hard as he parts ways with Dream at the top of the stairs. And before he falls asleep the last thing he thinks about is how to deal with this situation.

When he wakes up the next morning he turns to his side and looks at the pill bottle, right where he left it on the table, didn't bother to put it away. He doesn't take the pill that morning, and the entire day he walks around telling himself he regrets it and he should've taken the pill and this was a stupid decision. Of course he could've taken the pill at any time during the day, but he tells himself that wouldn't have worked since he took the pills in the morning. Have to follow the principle.

When Dream comes home that evening he has a request.

"Hey you think we can have that hangout with Sap and some others tomorrow night? You can of course invite some friends of yours too, like that guy Bad and Skeppy if you'd want to" Dream asks as soon as he gets through the door and sees George in the plank position on the living room floor.

George breathes out and stands up, needing that work out to function properly. "Yeah that sounds cool, I'll make sure to invite some of my non-rich bitch people too so this gathering isn't all bad" he answers and Dream chuckles from the hallway. "Sounds good" he yells back.

George hasn't said anything about skipping out on the pill, of course, Dream doesn't need to know that, he could keep that for himself.

"Any reason why you're inviting a bunch of people over?" George continuous as he walks into the kitchen to grab a glass of water, smiling to Callahan as he walks by silently.

"More proof that we are a couple and that you love me - but also, I want you to meet my friends, I think you'd like them, and they'll like you" Dream retorts with and George can't help but smile. It's very sweet and very laughably bad at the same time.

"So, it's just us knowing about the plan or? -I just, it seemed Sap knew something but maybe I was wrong" George questions as he grabs a glass of water.

"I - yes, Sap does know some of it. Because he knows I wouldn't have just chosen an omega, I wouldn't have been able to lie to him, partly because I don't support it and partly because I just-" he pauses, George doesn't think much of it "-I don't really, you know this, don't really date or.. something like that" Dream sighs, he feels bad about not letting George tell others and then himself telling Sap, being a hypocrite. But he knew, and George knew, that it's people that George knows that would win the most out of exposing the truth for the rest of the world to see. "But he doesn't know the entire plan, he just knows I'm not intending on keeping you locked up or perusing you, he doesn't know to what extent we'll go"

George nods along. It almost makes him feel special that Dream didn't date, and they didn't date or anything but there's just something in him that feels satisfied with sort of, being one of the only ones close to Dream. And with Sap knowing. Sap was nice and trustful, and the people around George would get to know their plan soon enough, it didn't bother him. Before it was hard because he felt alone with the information, but now - he sort of has Dream to share it with, and that's good enough. "Fair enough man" he declares.

At the end of that day George doesn't think about the pill too much, it's just at the start of the next that it comes rushing back. Maybe he should just start again, he was going to go get the refill anyway and then he'd have enough for at least two months. He doesn't take the pill that morning either, instead spends his day biking around the park a little as well as coding a few things before the evening comes rolling in.

Before five, when people are supposed to come rolling in, there is a knock on the door and Bad is standing there with his arms stretched out, ready for a hug. They'd talked about him coming there earlier than the others.

"I've missed you so much George!" he squeaks in George's ear before letting go.

"I've missed you too Bad, it's been way too lonely in here without you" he breathes out as he lets go of the other, who quickly looks around with a stunned face.

"You might've missed me but gosh, you're living the high life up here!" he exclaims as he walks into the living room. George smirks and walks after him.

"Yeah, I mean losing your freedom and all but as you know already... Dream is a good guy compared with what could've been. And you know, not okay at all! But better than worse" George jokes and flops down on the couch. He'd told Bad about Mr Schlatt but of course the other didn't know about the fake ID and fleeing the state stuff, at least not yet. And George would be lying if he said it didn't feel fun to have a secret between just Dream and him.

"Yeah I guess you're right - so Skeppy and Fundy were gonna work until later right? So we can explore until then?" Bad switches subject and shrugs his shoulders carelessly at George, sort of inviting him to just make the best out of a luxurious house setting. George does not dismiss the offer.

He shows all of the rooms to Bad and they laugh over how rich and spoiled everything is, while admitting he enjoys the luxuries still. Or well, not every room. They go into Dream's office but don't touch too much. They walk into the bathroom with the big tub beside Dream's room, George still hasn't bathed in it yet but he looks forward to when the time comes, but they skip Dream's bedroom. George has never been in there himself. At first because it was too scary, but now he just had too much mutual respect for Dream's private life that going into his room seemed... off the table. He's a little scared of what he'd find in there, and what the concentrated smell of the alpha would be like, and how neat or dirty the room would be, and if there would be like... other stuff as well. He doesn't know what that other stuff is that he's imagining but he doesn't want to find out, at least not with Bad here.

In a while they just go downstairs and play some games, before short, Dream comes home.

"I'm home!" He yells before looking out towards the living room and finding them both looking at him. "Hey, you must be Bad right? Nice to meet you" he says as he walks over to them and reaches out his hand with a charming smile.

Bad takes it with a gleaming face "nice to meet you. Dream, is it?"

"Yes, you can call me Dream"

George mutters and stands to go to the kitchen "alright great with the courtesy now tell me, when are people coming and are there any special preparations?" George interrupts, not really though, both Bad and Dream appreciate how he starts up a new conversation so they don't end up stuck in endless small talk.

"I invited Sap and a few from work, Techno, Wilbur, Minx, Niki and Sam. Just put on something nice and we'll chill out. I'm not planning on drinking but I will be offering alcohol" he summarizes it quick and George nods along.

"Sounds good" he responds and goes upstairs to put on some new clothes. He doesn't bring Bad with him, maybe it would be better if the two could be alone together for a short second, and it won't be as stale as George's afraid it will be.

Dream sighs as he brings out the food Callahan had prepared and looks back slightly towards the

omega sitting on his couch. God, why was he so awkward, just start a conversation, this man was nice and friendly according what little George had told him.

"So, I know George has already talked to you about this but I want you to hear i from me too. It wasn't my original intention to do this and I know that doesn't matter now but - you can always come by and George can always visit you, I have no intentions of keeping him away from the outer world" he sputters and goes to sit beside the guy. It feels sort of off as he's walking over but when he's started he can't just turn back on it, so he sits down on the couch.

"Yup, he already told me - as long as he's happy I'm fine, and he tells me he's doing good" Bad answers, calm and collected. Wow, a better response than Dream had expected, and he can feel himself smile slightly at the thought of George telling others he's okay. He knows it's probably just for show right? So that Dream will be believable. But something tells him George at least would tell his closest friends the truth of the matter, so maybe it was true, maybe George was doing good.

"That - that sounds good. So, can I join the game you've got going here?" Dream asks and points to the TV.

"Yeah 'course" Bad smiles and hands him the other controller.

Soon enough more people start dropping in. Sap and George joke around for a bit and then it's time to introduce himself to the others. Techno seems monotone but friendly enough, Wilbur is easy to talk to and Minx is slightly terrifying. Fundy and Skeppy join in soon enough and George finally gets to talk a bit more to Skeppy than he'd done before. He'd only met the man on different parties or hang-outs before but now he gets to have some word to word. He finds the other slightly childish but when he sees the man talking to Bad he gets why the two of them get along so well, they really do complete each other, and he sees once more why his friend talks so well about Skeppy. It is only about half the people there that drink, and not too much, no one gets blackout drunk, just a little jittery. It seems Wilbur starts acting out dramatic scenes with a little alcohol in his blood, and George wholeheartedly enjoys the show. It's more of an official greeting than anything, at least in comparison to what college parties George is used to, but it's still fun. The only thing that distracts him a little is what he sees in the corner of his eye for a moment: Dream keeping a low and discreet tone with Minx in a corner of the room.

Other than that everything is fine. George doesn't talk much with Dream though, because that's the only thing he'd been doing for the past weeks, but he can feel the mans presence and sometimes catches his kind eyes, the smell of green apples comforting in this swarm of new people. He feels the invisible thread of safety between them and even when Bad leaves for the night - his friend who is supposed to be the safest of people - he doesn't feel alone or scared or isolated. He just feels how you normally do after coming home from a gathering: calm and safe. Even with Dream there. It doesn't make sense, but he feels he can be relaxed around him.

"God - I am really exited to go to bed" George stretches his arms after the last person leaves and closes the door behind them. Just him and Dream now.

"What do you mean? This is when the real party starts - I have coke and ecstasy on the kitchen table" Dream jokes over dramatically. George laughs and flips him off.

"You have fun with that, I'm getting my beauty sleep"

"Yeah yeah - me too" Dream mumbles with a smile and walks after George up the stairs. The smell of just the alpha and nothing else comforting and calm. But before they part ways George turns to Dream with a questioning look and ponders.

"Hey - that quiet conversation with Minx, what was that about?" He asks, feeling no shame in wanting to know.

Dream breathes out and thinks on how to phrase it "Yeah - uhm - she is the head of the company that deals with the choosings, she was the one that I talked to when... when choosing you" he explains and George feels a stone sort of drop in his chest. He'd thought of Minx as nice, a little scary but reasonable. But she was the head of the company? Okay.

George's silence speaks volumes and Dream tries to advocate for himself "I'm sorry for inviting her, but I need to make sure I keep a good relationship with her to not mess this thing up" a pause and a smile "I won't invite her into this house anymore if she makes you uncomfortable" he clarifies and George sighs.

"No... no it's fine - I don't support her but I'm not afraid to face her, or talk to her" he answers and Dream nods understandingly.

"Okay - well, goodnight"

"Night"

They part ways at their respective rooms, George falls asleep with a smile on his face.

The next week is the same as before. Dream works during the days and in the evenings they play games together, cook or just stay in each others vicinity in comfortable silence. They finish the season of asylum and decide the same night to start watching Roanoke, one that neither of them had watched earlier. The next day though, when Dream comes home from work he immediately seems off, at least to George. He doesn't say that much and declines watching another episode that night because apparently he had work to do, all while avoiding Georges eyes.

George doesn't think much of it, just more time for him to code some cool stuff. But before he even gets to start he gets unnaturally tired and decides to go to bed early. The next morning he wakes up in a pool of sweat with his blanket kicked off completely and his hair sticking to his forehead. It's hot, way too hot, for two seconds he doesn't even connect what's happening to him because it was so long ago, but soon enough it clicks.

Hey - could you tell Dream I won't be able to make it for breakfast. And could you maybe bring me some food? He texts Callahan before letting his fingers touch raw skin, it sort of burns and tingles and makes him sigh.

He can't believe it happened so fast. He guesses it's his body's immediate reaction after being suppressed for so long: instant relief, a heat as quick as possible.

Worst of all is he feels like himself still, but the drowsy arousal and numbness is coming at him quick, and he feels something he's tried to suppress before, something he doesn't want to come to terms with. He feels the need for Dreams presence. He doesn't know if it's just as platonic support or if the memory of Dreams smell is making him want the other near. Either way it makes him embarrassed as he slowly starts losing himself to arousal.

Heat

Chapter Notes

!!! WARNING MY MANS !!!

nsfw

George doesn't move out of the bed, but pulls the covers up when he starts shivering from the AC hitting his damp skin. It's just a little while until Callahan comes through his door and places some food and a water bottle on the nightstand, he thinks he says thanks but he can't recall. He thinks he can see Callahans sympathetic face but can't catch what he signs to him, he just turns on his side in the sheets and holds himself over his abdomen. It hurts.

As soon as the door closes George groans silently without being able to stop it from leaving his mouth. He really wasn't prepared for this, it had been such a long time, he had no clue what to expect, but here he was, writhing and thirsty and feverish and so, so... *horny*.

"...Fuck" he breathes out as he turns over to lay on his stomach. It's mostly to put pressure on said cramping stomach, but it results in the pain almost blacking out completely by the gentle pressure put on him and the resulting pleasure that surges through his body from his hard cock. He can feel it twitching against the soft sheets, just that small friction making him drool on his pillow. It seems he doesn't have any underwear on, he must've kicked them off without noticing.

It's like he can *feel* the pre-cum drip out of him but that's not the only thing making him so wet. He sighs softly as he slowly reaches back a hand to touch himself.

It isn't his intention but as soon as his fingers come in contact with his puckered hole it's like his body reacts on its own. He puts a hand over his mouth to silence the sound that comes out of him and he shuts his eyes tightly. It's so sensitive his head starts to spin and he can't help but put some pressure on it. As soon as he does his eyes roll back in his skull, his balls tighten, and he cums between the sheets and his stomach, his dick spurting and twitching through multiple cum shots as he shakes on the bed like he's having a seizure. It takes him way too fast and completely out of surprise, his mind blank with pleasure.

He grinds through the last of it and bites the palm of his hand, feeling his dick pulsing with the last few drops. But it's not over yet. A whine of despair exits his body as his dick pumps with blood once more. It's so sensitive he has to throw away the blanket and arch his back, heighten his lower body to not rub it raw, making slick run out of his hole and drip off of the head of his dick and onto the bed. Even that slightest bit of contact makes his dick twitch upwards towards his stomach and he groans into the pillow.

He wants to reach over and drink some water, it's like he's dying of thirst. He wants to get up and clean himself off he's so dirty. But he can barely move and the small amount he can muster he puts on quieting down the monster inside of him begging for pleasure.

The intelligent part of himself gritting his teeth in anger and despair. The monster that's begging to be fucked and filled and bred. Bred to the brim with seed.

“Aaah ngh - *shit*..“ he moans as he turns his head to the side, not being able to breathe with his head in the pillow, he doesn’t care who hears. He reaches behind him as fast as possible, although it is hard and he is shaking so it takes its time. He takes a handful of his ass and spreads it with a groan before letting that hand wander back to his hole and slowly dipping in. It makes a single tear run down his cheek it feels so good. Quickly, he inserts the finger and lets it sit there for a few seconds, his asshole twitching around it and sucking it in. It feels as though his prostate is begging to be pounded, slick pooling around his finger. Soon enough he puts in a second finger beside it with no issue at all, it just glides in and fits so perfectly.

He’d only ever been with someone sexually ones before, and they had just done some frotting with each other, nothing else. He’d let one of his own fingers wander back there once or twice but he’d never had anything big down there. If he was horny he just jerked off, nothing more than that.

But still nothing could feel so impossible good as pushing back and fucking himself against his own fingers, there’s three in him at this point. A bit of a stretch at first but the pain almost gets him going.

“..mmm - fuckhh, again! - cuh - cuhm again!” he moans loudly into the pillow as his cock starts spurting once more, completely untouched, cum painting his stomach instead of the sheets because he’s so unbearably hard. He didn’t even reach his prostate, it was like something just being inside of him was enough for his body to react. He shakes on his fingers and cries out into the air, literal tears streaming down his face because it feels so good.

“Moreee - *please*...” he whimpers to himself as a few aftershocks surge through him, a bodily reaction after he’d pushed his fingers even deeper, a few more ropes of cum pulsing out of him and the tingling sensation being impossible to describe. The over stimulation too much for his unconditioned body, his two choices are to let the noises out of him or to start shaking at the spot. His legs give out and he yelps as the sensitive head of his dick hits the mattress again, turns over on his side again to avoid the contact and arches for more reach as he plunges his fingers as deep as he can. It's not enough. He can't touch his cock anymore or he'll pass out, he swears on it, but he needs to cum. He has to satisfy this itch deep inside of him. This undying need making him cry and drool and quiver. The only choice he has is to be fully and utterly filled, he needs something bigger, thicker and longer.

"Drea-" even his heat infested self knows not to finish that name, that's not what to say in a situation like this. He turns his head and in his somewhat shocked clear state of mind screams into his pillow. He pushes the thoughts out of his brain pretty quickly and is taken over by general desperation once again.

A couple hours go by, he thinks so at least, he doesn't really know. He's only managed to drink a little bit of water, but no food has gone into his system.

It's not enough. His cock is rubbed raw and his ass unsatisfied, slick keeps leaking and his fingers aren't long or thick enough to bring any friction in such a wet and slick confinement. He started whining and almost yelling in frustration a long time ago. Going from writhing and shaking feverishly on the bed to being undoubtedly annoyed. It seems someone had heard his calls and suddenly Callahan knocks and walks in with a box. There is no explanation as he simply puts it down on the bed and leaves the room as quickly as he came in. The little power that George finds in curiosity makes him push himself up with a whine, enough to look into the box and cry out in relief.

In the box lies various sex toys, big and small, buttons on some insinuating there's a sort of vibration function on them. But George doesn't have the patience, he's been tired and crying over

how he doesn't have the right angle or anything big enough, so he reaches down and grabs the biggest thing he can find. A black dildo with a knot on the bottom of it. He drools at the sight of it and quickly lays down on his stomach, spreads his legs and tries his best to push it in. What comes is a frustrated whine when suddenly there is too much friction and he's barely able to get the head of the enormous dildo into himself, and when he does it hurts too much. And he wants it so badly to fit, in his heat infested mind it works out logically that he was stretched enough for it to fit perfectly and fill him up just right. He arches again with a cry but it doesn't go in, and it's like just the thought of it going in is enough to make him writhe in unexplainable pleasure but soon he grows tired and gives up, letting the dildo fall from his hand and land beside him.

Once again he reaches for the box, this time tipping it over and letting the toys roll out on the bed. A few roll over the edge and end up on the floor but he doesn't have the energy to care. He rummages through them and come across another dildo with a knot at the bottom, this one though, where the knot is about the width of the shaft of the other bigger dildo. He sighs in relief as he finds it and with shaky fingers brings it back to his ass.

George can't help but scream into his pillow as the head of the dildo enters him, and he keeps breathing hard and cursing loudly as the rest of it goes in. When he bottoms out and he feels the start of the knot stretching his hole he shoots his head up from the pillows with a moan so loud it's more like a scream, tears streaming down his face. His body doesn't know how to deal with this complete feeling of satisfaction after hours of just itching and aching, he starts shaking on the spot immediately and when he angles the dildo upwards and he hits his prostate he starts cumming again. And oh my does he cum. There's not much left in him but his dick doesn't stop for that, halfway through it goes over into a dry orgasm and his body gives up, he lets go of the dildo as his arms go limp and it glides out of him whilst mid-orgasm. He shakes and twitches for about forty seconds before completely passing out, his body finally satisfied with something bigger filling him up.

It's not until maybe an hour later that he wakes up, a little more collected this time, he'd probably hit some sort of break or pause before the next wave he guesses, and he takes the time to eat and drink some. It's hard to get the food down, but that's mostly because he hadn't eaten all day, he knows he needs the food. He's even able to go to the bathroom and get a short shower, his dick half hard the whole way through.

It is when he walks out of the bathroom that it hits him again though, the tingling in his stomach as new slick starts gushing out of him. And it isn't just for any reason. Outside of his door he can hear the footsteps of someone hastily walking by, but more importantly, he can smell the arousal of said person leaking through the door. And it smells so good, he doesn't know if any other smell has ever filled him with such need and fullness at the same time, it's like he can taste it in his mouth.

He hadn't actually thought of Dream too much during the whole ordeal, it was just that one time and then he couldn't remember any more occurrences, but as that smell of sweet, sweet apples and burnt wood walks by he can't help but be filled with thoughts of the other man. He can't even fight it, and it doesn't even disgust him. Those strong arms and that blonde hair and that soothing voice and - George almost trips on his way to the bed because his knees get so weak - that hard cock hiding underneath black suit pants. He can almost taste it in his mouth as he drools and he doesn't even get on the bed before his legs give out, standing on his knees with his upper body laying across the bed sheets. He reaches in desperation after his dildo and quickly shoves it up his ass to be filled, to feel the feeling of Dream fucking him, filling him, cumming in him, feeding him, breeding him.

"aAaah.. *Drream!*" He cries loudly and doesn't even care who hears, he just wants the man right there behind him, inside him. Wants him to pound him hard and fast. George starts shoving the

dildo in and out and soon gives up on using his hands, making use of the suction cup and putting it on the floor. This makes for a much easier usage and he sits up with his back straight and starts riding it up and down, letting it go halfway out before sinking down deep on it again.

"Harder Drea.. more please! - *alpha*" he can't help but moan such things as his eyes close and his fingers squeeze the fabric underneath him. It feels so good as it rubs against his prostate and all he can think of is the alpha, no matter how much he knows he shouldn't want to. He starts breathing harder and going less up and down and instead just rubbing back and forth and letting it slide across his inner walls. As he thinks of Dream groaning in his ear and spilling inside of him, George loosens up even more and finally, slowly, sinks down over the dildos knot and pushes his knees together as his cock starts squirting. There's a silent scream before he leans over the bed again and bites into the sheets, body quivering as his cock pulses out its last shots, the knot sitting tight and cozy at the entrance of his rectum.

It's not long before he slides the knot out and instead just lets the shaft stay inside him, that big of width too much to take post orgasm, then he just sits there and breathes. But as soon as you get a taste for something you immediately want more. He's quickly starting to miss the smell of an aroused Dream and if he'd had the energy he would've crawled to the door to maybe get some of it, but he doesn't have it in him. He wants, needs the alpha near him, his eyes watering from sorrow of the alpha being gone. Once again he passes out from exhaustion and satisfaction, dreams of a certain someone fucking him hard from behind.

Dream hadn't thought too much about the situation with George, hadn't thought of the pill discussion with the other at all, but when he comes home that evening, planning on just having a normal chill hang out with the other, he quickly notices George had followed his advice. The entire place smelt different: more, hotter, heavier. It was making it hard for him to breathe. George was oblivious to it but Dream couldn't ignore it, and he felt it would've been too much for him to bear, to sit in that smell all night. He doesn't think it would be possible for him to pretend nothing was different.

Dream quickly excuses himself at the promise that he has to work to do and goes into his office to finally breathe out. It hadn't hit him earlier, not really, what he would feel like and what would happen if George was gonna go into heat. He'd always felt a connection to George even from the start, he wouldn't have vouched for the omega unless he'd at least liked his spirit. And yes, that was a shitty thing to admit but he wasn't as good a person as he wanted to believe, and he sure as hell wouldn't be lying to himself. And it sucks because this isn't what he had intended on. Sure, yes, George was.. he was pretty, and funny and stuff, he could admit that much. But he hadn't thought he'd react this fast and this hard to the other's pheromones this quick.

Like, the omega hadn't even gone into full heat yet and Dream was already flustered.

That evening he barely talks to George, just when George knocks on his door to say goodnight before going to sleep early, does Dream come out of his office and walks down to the kitchen to eat something. He even opens a window to air the scent out.

When he wakes up the next morning it's even worse, he doesn't feel it in his own room of course, but even in the corridor outside he can smell the brutal arousal and desire, and when he walks past the omega's door he has to cover his nose.

He had to get to work.

On his way down the stairs he sends a text to Callahan, telling him to come quick and make sure to check up on George, not telling him the omegas heat had come, but he guesses the beta would figure it out quickly enough. He walks out the apartment and off to work without breakfast, he'll just grab some on the way.

All day he's shaky, distracted. He just can't seem to forget that scent and just the clear concept of George in heat. It was making his blood rush, making him having to read every email at least three times over before he can understand them. He hates that this is how he reacts but he can't ignore it, there's just something deep and primal that comes forth inside him.

Callahan texts him at around one pm. *Hey - so I've brought him food and water but he has started to sound more frustrated than anything else, what can I do?*

The text is brief and summarized but Dream knows he's standing in front of a clear choice, one that would cost him consequences in the future. If he made sure George had something to help him... deal with the pain, it was probably going to be more appreciated now than it would be later on. Dream can already picture the omega getting mad at him for assuming he wanted something from him during such a sensitive time.

He shakes his head and bites his lip. *There's some useful stuff in a box in my closet, give him the box* - Dream texts back and fiddles with the end of his shirt. The box was more a safety measure than anything, if someone somehow ended up in heat in his proximity he wanted to be able to help. Besides, a few of them he just wanted to experiment with on his own.

He doesn't get an answer back so he guesses nothing goes wrong. It is when he gets home that evening, a little later than usual, that he realizes this whole ordeal would be too much to handle. He had to leave the house.

Dream is ashamed of himself but it is true, he'd gone around the entire day thinking of George. And otherwise he would've been able to blame it on the pheromones but at work his mind was clear, and he'd been thinking of the other anyway. He'd been buzzing with a strange low arousal the entire day, and he was disgusted with himself. And it doesn't get better when he finally comes home. As he opens the door he's hit with the smell and he feels his pants getting a little tighter as he breathes it in. Most importantly he knows the other is awake, he can hear, faintly in the background, a shower running, it's very quiet but he hears it.

Dream clears his throat and hangs up his jacket. He needs to get away from the smell, it's making him let out pheromones without his meaning, he can't control it like he usually can. He freaks himself out even more when he ponders the possibility of the other kick-starting his rut and he rushes to get to his room. As soon as he gets to the top of the stairs the sweet lovely vanilla scent seeps through the door and he can't help but stop and breathe it in, his cock straining at this point. He catches himself though, when he hears the bathroom door opening in the room he's standing outside of, he backs away and desperately covers his nose with his hand and almost runs to his room. Quickly closing the door behind him and turning to lean his back against it.

Fuck, he can't with this. The smell in his room is clear and familiar, stable. But the heat has already infested his clothes with its sweet scent. He doesn't want to, but he can't help but put the collar of his shirt to his nose and breathe in, deeply, fully. He closes his eyes with a tiny groan and lets his other hand squeeze his erection through his pants. It's hot and heavy between his legs. He unbuckles his belt but can't even bother pushing down his pants before forcing his hand down under the hem of his briefs and palming himself, hard. His head hits the back of the door with a small thud as he grips his member and tries to wrap around it as fully as possible. He bites the

inside of his cheek at the frustration of not being fully wrapped in wet, pressuring heat. He wants it so bad. He wants to pop a knot in someone and just grind until he cums deep and hard. He wants it so bad he almost moans at just the thought of it.

As he stands there grabbing and squeezing himself, thumb over the head of his cock and dripping and twitching, he stops himself for a second at the sound of something in the background. He goes down and grabs at his balls as he hears its George moaning and screaming with pleasure from the other room. He tries to squeeze his shaft to stop it, but the orgasm has already started. He groans a heavy groan as rope after rope of cum shoots out of him and wets his underwear obscenely. He feels as it pulses out of him, his balls letting out electric shocks over and over and his cock twitching with satisfaction.

He can't help but relish in the warmth from his own cum before coming back to reality and the shame of what he'd just done. Cumming in his pants while thinking of the omega that wanted nothing to do with him while also having power over said omega. What the hell was wrong with him?

He hurries to the bathroom and gets out of his clothes, he wants to keep the shirt and the smell in it but he acts against it and throws it in the washer before getting other ideas. He takes a quick shower and packs his things, ignoring the sounds coming from the other room, and says goodbye to Callahan when he meets him downstairs. He had a small flat where he could hide out, one of the many facilities his family owned. If he just made sure his parents didn't know he'd spent some time there everything would be fine. He'd be back when this was over with.

Rut

Chapter Notes

more nsfw

It isn't until a couple days later that Dream starts feeling funny, something with George must've kick started his rut because the morning that he gets a text from George that it seemed to be getting better, Dream is hot and heavy both in his body and his mind. He keeps walking around the apartment grabbing things hard and sort of clawing on them, keeps checking his phone for texts from George but there are none, he tries to work out to clear his mind but soon enough the itching takes over. He ponders opening his windows to air out the heat, but he can't risk anyone catching his scent.

There's something deep and primal in him that makes him give in and walk over to grind on the couch armrest. He just keeps thinking of fucking someone, and doing it hard, just wants to feel so good and cum fast. He's still a little conscious and feels ashamed over it, but when he gives in and starts humping and cumming inside of his underwear it's like the dam has been breached. He just wanted to rub himself raw.

Soon enough Georges heat calms down, it takes a little longer than normal heats are supposed to, but other than that it seems nothing has gone wrong and nothing is off. Surprisingly enough he feels fine, sort of. He's embarrassed and ashamed of the memories, of being loud and getting heard, and it still feels icky to not really have control... but, most of his heat is forgotten and, he was safe and isolated, and... it sort of felt good sometimes. Like the arousal and fulfillment was worth it, like the orgasms were worth it all. Like maybe it wasn't his fault that he hated his heats, maybe it was just everything around it, maybe this time there was nothing that could hurt him, and that was okay. He gets it, a 100%, that heats suck and that a lot of people genuinely hate them, and he thought he was one of those people... but now he's not so sure anymore. He cleans up his bedroom, airs out his own sweet scent and cleans off the toys he'd used. It's embarrassing to look at the box of toys, and he keeps wondering who was behind him getting them. He keeps imagining Dream picking them out and giving them to Callahan. It's embarrassing to think about... but weirdly enough, it doesn't make him uncomfortable.

He expects Dream to come home that day, he wants them to drink Lapsang Souchong and watch Roanoke together, and he wants to thank him for not doing anything to him. Even though, and George knows this, he shouldn't have to thank the man for doing the normal and obvious choice but... he feels grateful nonetheless, he really does.

And also, he blushes where he sits on the side of his bed, he can't ignore how the feelings during the heat regarding Dream hadn't really gone away. And he doesn't really get it himself either, why the thoughts are still there. The alphas dirty blonde hair and careful manner around him and charming smile and carefree jokes. And his pheromones.

"What the hell is wrong with me..." George sighs to himself and puts his face in his hands. He couldn't do anything about it now anyway, couldn't figure out how he'd feel around Dream until he gets back. And since he'd just received a text from the man saying he wasn't coming back for like a week, figuring out his feelings was gonna have to wait for later. No information on why, but George doesn't want to push it, just finds himself in relaxing. Except he can't relax as previously stated. Maybe this was the time to take a bath.

He drags his feet to the room right beside Dreams, stretches his sore neck on the way there, stands and watches Dreams door for a second before scoffing at himself. Was he gonna be the one to take it one step too far and breach the others' privacy? Definitely not, he's not going into that room, he's just not. No matter how tempted he is. He opens the door to the bathroom and breathes in.

A soft and fresh smell hits him, and he finds himself searching for the undertones of Dream in it, can sense them. He's stale and sore but at least he's at full consciousness, that he knows. That's also why it's so weird that Dream stays in his thoughts and why he keeps searching for the other despite himself. He wishes he could blame it on the fact that the omega side of him had basically woken up after a ten year sleep, but he would be lying if he said he hadn't felt... something between them before, before he stopped taking his suppressants. Whenever they sit close on the couch or they cook together and that time they danced together... George feels safe and entertained at the same time. And they have fun together, and Dream wants the best for him, and he doesn't get aggressive or too demanding, and he wants to help him.

George blushes slightly as he gets undressed, seats himself in the warm water he'd prepared.

And the alpha didn't sexualize him. He could see a difference in a George that wanted to be seductive and one that didn't want to, no matter what clothes he wore or how he joked. And yes, George was aware he'd never tried to be seductive in front of Dream, but the man hadn't ever thought he was so it was obviously working how it should. He sighs - it hurt a little that he doesn't know how Dream would react if he ever would try to be seductive, maybe the other wouldn't react at all, or maybe he didn't like George like that.

Nonetheless, with this, George felt comfortable, and so...

He puffs out some air and lowers his head under the surface before breaching it again and slicking back his hair. Maybe it'll be fine, he can just ignore this unresolved and unexplainable feeling, get his ID and get out of this god forbidden state. He had plans, studies he wanted to do and the ideal living space, on his own in his own apartment with friends he chose himself and a job that could support it. He would persevere out of this.

Soon enough he gets out of the tub and dries off, walks back to his room with only a towel and starts searching through those lotions and creams Dream had bought him. Maybe some of them are good, who knows. He takes off the cap on one of them and smells it with a serious face. A little hesitant, he puts some on his face and massages it in. Feels weird, he'd tried this once before in high school, products and stuff, but never got into it. He isn't planning on now either, but it feels nice.

He dresses himself casually and yawns before doing twenty five push-ups and five different stretch practices, his body needing the extra energy. He shakes off and opens his door to walk downstairs.

"Hey Callahan!" he shouts to the man cleaning up the table-top downstairs. The beta turns and waves with a smile.

"Could I talk to you for a second?" George asks before cutting himself off "and you'll might have to write if I don't understand" he adds and sits by the table, insinuating Callahan to sit down as

well. He seats himself opposite of George and places his hands on the table.

"Thank you, *so much*, for checking up on me and bringing me food and washing my clothes" he doesn't mention the... other parts, like what was in that box, but he hopes the message gets across nonetheless.

Callahan is about to start signing something but chooses against it and instead grabs his notebook, George guesses he has something a little longer to say. When he gets the notebook he checks it up and down and feels a little sheepish. *No worries, just doing my work at Dreams instructions, but I appreciate the appreciation*. God. George already figured that Dream was the one behind it of course, but now it was really confirmed. The alpha really was the one behind the sex toys too? God why was this making him so embarrassed, stop caring George!

"Dream might be the one behind it but you executed the work" he states with a kind smile before leaning back and switching subjects. "So, I have basically seen every nook and cranny of this place and I found a chess board the other week, care to join me for a game"

Callahan furrows his eyebrows. 'I don't know if that's a good idea since I work here' he signs and puts empathize on work. It takes some time for George to figure it out but soon enough he catches onto the hand movements coming his way. He feels a little ashamed but why should he? The beta can answer whatever he wants.

He puts up his hands in resilience and smirks. "Fine fine your choice. But I will say: what Dream doesn't know won't hurt him" he states and stands up, waiting for an answer.

Callahan bites his lip before nodding in defeat, straightening in his chair as George goes to grab the board from the cabinet. They play three games, even though Callahan only promised one, before George gets tired of loosing. He'd won the first one but then it just goes downhill.

"Okay okay big guy I see how it is, well I'll go dwell in my sorrow upstairs" George exclaims after seeing his king get knocked again. Callahan smiles his way and shrugs his shoulders carelessly, George huffs and packs up the board.

"See you later!" He shouts as he walks up the stairs and into his room. But before he can even close it behind him his phone starts buzzing. When he picks it up from his pocket and reads what it says he hesitates. Dream, calling him. He bites his lip and closes the door, looks around him like someone might be watching. It shouldn't be weird that Dream is calling him, they'd talked on the phone before, about plans for the evening or if George wanted something while Dream was out, it was... normal. But Dream disappeared during George's heat and the text earlier had been cold with no jokes or explanations. George has no idea what to expect as he answers the call.

He at least expects some words, but on the other side of the line is just heavy breathing, slow and shallow. "Hello? Dream?" he questions in a low voice and walks over to the bed. The breathing stops for a slow second and there's a gulp. "Hey - you good Dream?"

"I'm... hm *fine* " the alpha on the other end groans, and George can feel his skin burn as he fidgets with his fingers.

"What's going on Dream?" He asks and it's like the dam has been breached.

He can hear Dream shuffle on the other end before he starts talking. "I went into rut because of your pheromones and now I can't stop fucking thinking about you and I'm so fucking horny and I - I, shit I'm so fucking sorry for calling you I should just hang up I-" Dream rambles so fast George can barely catch up.

"Hey hey calm down!" George exclaims but nothing more than that, waits for the other to end the call but nothing happens. George had heard him, the man was in rut and in no control of his body or thoughts. George is the one who should shut down the call, but he doesn't.

"I can't force you to talk to me and soon I'll just lose it again I - fuck it hurts so bad - shit! fuck I'm sorry" it's all just rambles from the other man and George can hear him struggling, he doesn't want to hang up, he doesn't want the other to think he's giving up on him. It seems the other was just anxious and maybe he could help him calm down if he just talked to him.

"I can just stay in the call - we don't have to hang up" he really said that huh, what's wrong with him? Is he fully out of his mind? Maybe that would be for the best, he'll just try to calm Dream down and then end it, make sure the other one doesn't feel rejected in such a precarious situation. "Unless you want to, you don't have to talk to me" he adds and bites his lip. There's a distressed groan from the other side and George hates himself, it's making butterflies erupt in his stomach.

"I want to-" a break to breathe, and George can hear something else too, the distant sound of some sort of wet slapping "-hear your voice so bad George you don't understand" he mumbles "and I want to smell you - fuck I want you to breathe me in, and I want-" a whine breaks loose and George's face flushes bright pink "-I want to fuck you so fucking hard right now" Dream moans. George sighs and shuffles slightly, he could not be in this call, Dream was obviously too far gone, and he would not be taking advantage of someone in a weak state of mind.

"Okay that's - that's fine, you want me to talk?"

The monotone sound of Dream jerking off gets slower as the alphas breaths get more ragged. If George didn't know any better it seemed the man was trying to stop himself from cumming already. "Yes pl - *please* " Dream whispers closely to the microphone and George's breath hitches.

He couldn't do this, this was way over the edge, stepping over a line, doing something that went above and beyond his morals. George sighs and tells Dream how he'll do it. "Okay I'm - I'm going to put the phone down Dream, because I am not supposed to be in this call right now, but I'll talk okay?"

"Hmg - okay"

"Good" George mumbles and puts down the phone so that he can't hear anything of what the other is saying or doing.

He doesn't know what to say now that he's finally supposed to talk. In the short second that he's quiet he just listens to the quiet of his room, not aware of Dreams ragged breathing. It's weird and odd, but not scary. "Hmghr - uhm - I'm in bed right now and I" what was he gonna say? What he ate for breakfast? He could be a little more creative than that. "Everything... is so soft around me right now" he pauses for effect, not hearing the sound of the other speeding up slightly "I'm wearing soft clothes, sweatpants, an oversized sweatshirt"

"I want to *cum* inside you" Dream groans on the other line, but George only sits in silence as he thinks of what more to say.

"Are you finding this helpful?" He asks, a rhetorical question since he can't hear the distressed, painful groan from the other end, not caring enough to keep talking of other things. George plays with the hem of his shirt, feigning innocence.

"I am" Dream whines without the other knowing, and he keeps rambling to himself "I'd knot you

so good - I wan - fuckh George I wanna cum so bad" he rambles on incoherently.

"My bed is warm and I - I hope you're doing good Dream"

On the other side there is a moan cut off short before there's some sort of primal and breathy groan with a string of babbling words. George wallows in silence as there are squishing noises of skin hitting skin. "*Fhuck!* Geo - I'm still - still cumming!" Dreams voice breaks as he continuous to whine for a little while longer before calming down. Something in the way George had said his name bringing him over the edge.

George can't deny how his body is reacting, an erection outlining his pants. Just knowing how far gone Dream is making him blush. He keeps saying words but very quickly the call is ended and he looks down at his normal home screen and breathes out.

George is left alone with a dead signal and a boner. Fuck, maybe he fucked up big time now, he should've just not answered. Dream was helping him and leaving him be during his heat and being his friend. For him to almost ruin that completely? He thought maybe Dream would've been conscious enough for George to talk some sense and leave the call on a good note, instead, he stayed and got a thrill out of it. He had wanted to stay in the call, he had wanted Dream to hear his voice, that was the problem.

George sighs and shakes his head. He'll have to genuinely apologize later, when Dream comes home, and hopefully he could fix it enough, at least until he was out of the house and Dream wouldn't have to deal with him anymore. He curses himself for thinking that way, it feels weak, but he does feel guilty when he looks down at his pants and feel how turned on he is. It's not his fault for being turned on by someone, but it is his fault that he stayed in the call.

George doesn't jerk off, instead he lets it calm down on his own and he just has to deal with the blue balls. But what he does notice is he doesn't slick. Like at all. There's no self-lubrication what so ever. And he'd never had that before but he figured it was just because of the suppressants and that he hadn't ever wanted to be fully fucked before. But now... he was off suppressants and, if he's being honest with himself, had just thought of Dream fucking him. Wasn't he supposed to slick?

George shakes his head and goes to pick up his laptop. He's sure it'll work out fine.

Reunion

Chapter Notes

After this I haven't really written chapters ahead - I have them planned of course but I still have to write them, which means it's gonna be a little longer between uploads

Secondly - I made an Instagram! Because I want to share my art and I will NEVER post nsfw or fanart or even digital art at all on my normal account so I made a new one

Keep a check on @Isaacdoesoh if you are interested

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

George goes to visit his mother the next day, the heat completely gone and his mind clear. Except for the Dream-issue stuck in his mind of course, but he doesn't have to focus on that right now. They do some gardening together and just talk, like they usually do. George doesn't say anything about the heat, but of course they talk about his living situation either way, just how Dream is and his friends and everything else. His mother cuts his hair, like she always does, and they drink some lemonade before George goes back home. His mother seems calmer, not happier, but settled in the situation. Not at peace, but more solemnly accepting. She trusts what George tells her about how good he's having it, but George can sense there is much she wants to say but doesn't. Motherly caring, he sums it up to in his brain with a smile.

He's calm when he gets home and enjoys some minecraft with Sap. He's never played without Dream and it feels a little awkward at first, but Sap and him get along well and after twenty minutes they're laughing and joking around. He even goes to get the suppressants from his dealer. He didn't know yet if he would start taking them again, but he wants them available in case he chooses the heats weren't for him.

It takes a few more days before Dream comes back home. George is sitting on the couch with his laptop in his lap and his feet on the coffee table when the front door opens and closes quietly. The sound makes him snap his head towards the door and bite his bottom lip eyeing Dream up and down. The man looks the same as always, same clothes and posture, and calm, collected manner. But still he's completely different, at least that's how George perceive him at this very moment.

"Hey" Dream mumbles as he walks towards him, doesn't sit beside George but instead on the other couch. It brings George back to the first day he was there, when they kept their distance. He has nothing against it, but he can't ignore that voice nagging at him in his head, saying he wants to sit closer. It feels strange, like they're strangers. And they're not, they're friends.

"Sup" George replies carelessly, trying to keep the mood light. He doesn't want to feel like something is wrong but, this was embarrassing, really embarrassing. And he should thank Dream, and apologize at the same time.

He doesn't get the opportunity though, as Dream is already putting on his serious face and opening his mouth. "I have... vague memories of - uh - of calling you" a pause, it looks like he's cringing "and I want to apologize for showing that side of myself and asking you - god - asking you to do those things with me" he continuous, and meets George's eyes to make sure the omega gets it. "I hope you can forgive me and I hope you know it was my rut talking, it meant nothing, I

would never force myself on you, and if we still live together during my next rut I'll leave the building and block your number so I can't call you"

George feels... happy, and safe. It's great Dream can talk about things like a normal person and it's amazing that he's aware of how problematic everything is. But the fact that Dream confidently states he's not interested in George? George doesn't know how he feels about it. He smiles despite the unreasonable side of himself, of course that's good news, means Dream is a good person, means his respect is still present.

George doesn't know how to bring up the fact that he stayed in the call though, but he wants to apologize, this situation truly wasn't just on Dream. "It's fine, really - it is" he has to add it because of Dream's concerned facial expression "I - you know I stayed in the call right?" George asks and Dream nods apprehensively, like he wasn't really sure. "Well, I need to clarify that I put down the phone so that I wouldn't - uhm - hear anything of what you said, because that is your private business and it wasn't your fault that you called me, that was your rut" George states and Dream nods along. He clenches his jaw and ponders if he should make sure no flirtatious message was sent across. Dream can't think he's interested, the normal George would've put down the phone immediately, so why didn't he? He needs to come up with an excuse.

"Nonetheless - I was still sort of in my heat I guess and that's why I still stayed in the call, and if - if I'd been uncomfortable I would've just put down the phone so you definitely don't have to feel bad, that wasn't your fault" he ends it with and looks to Dream, who seems to breathe out.

He sighs "And like - I shouldn't even have stayed in that call at all, even if I could hear you or not - so I should be the one apologizing" he clarifies "I'm sorry for doing that - I thought we could've had a normal conversation, but I should've known that was off the table considering your state of mind - so I am sorry".

Dream sighs. "...I mean, I made sure you got some - uh - *help* as well with that box, and you couldn't" a pause "hear me, in the call - so I don't blame you at all, you just wanted to help -and it's absolutely fine with me, I am okay. I hope - I hope you are as well" he says it sort of like a question and George chuckles. The box and the help isn't mentioned, but it's swiftly ignored as George goes back to joking.

"Dude - I've been living my best life chilling the fuck out in this rich-bitch apartment - I'm doing great!" he gleams and Dream gives a smile, but maybe he needs to really make sure nothings going on, make sure it doesn't get awkward, they don't... have feelings for each other. Yeah. "And now that this heat-rut thing is done with, we can go back to watching Roanoke and play games - me and Sap missed you on the world - and we can-" he stands up and puts down his laptop "-put this whole ordeal behind us"

Dream leans back and smiles. It looks a little strained, George guesses it's just because of the entire thing they'd just gone through but... he's not sure. He walks over to the kitchen and puts the kettle on. "I'm guessing you would like some tea considering you would be quite... worn out" he hears the other man choke on his own breath by his words, but instead of waiting for Dream's response he instead tells him some more important information. "And when you were gone I got more suppressants - just in case, you know - but I don't know if I'll take 'em... we'll see" he mumbles the last part, unsure of how Dream would react.

He can hear Dream's sharp intake of air before there's an answer. "That sounds reasonable. And yea - I mean - yes, I'd like some tea" he responds with and doesn't say more than that. George smiles to himself and feels a little jittery. It feels... weird that they can't talk about it because - George ponders - he considers them friends and friends could usually talk about stuff that

happens and joke around. He doesn't know if he wants it to be a joke or not, but it would probably be for the best if it was.

"I need to catch up on some work after this week of being gone but - uh - wanna watch some Roanoke later?" Dream asks as he walks into the kitchen, for that short second that he stands behind him, Georges breath catches.

"Sounds good, I've been holding out on watching and I hope you know you've been a pain in the ass by holding me from continuing it!" he jokes as a response. It was just meant to be funny but the 'pain in the ass' saying makes him want to kick himself. God, he couldn't have said anything else?

It seems Dream doesn't react though as he huffs out air and fakes a sad expression. "I'm soooowweeey" he pleads as he places one hand on George's shoulder and the other on the counter to feign dramatic sorrow. The psychical contact feels more than usual but George ignores it, just chuckles and pours the hot water in the cups.

"No worries, you're here now" he smiles and it feels a bit more genuine than he first set it out to be, but Dream doesn't seem to ponder it, so it's fine.

Dream grabs the cup and gives George an appreciative smile before walking off, he wants to like - hit him on the shoulder, or give him a fist bump or a pat or whatever, but he feels maybe it's too much. Before the heat they had started touching more, as in just simple stuff, because they were friends, like just platonic friendliness. No hugs - but a pat on the back or a comforting hand on the others shoulder - and it felt normal, domestic and comfortable. At least that's how Dream saw it, and it seemed George was cool with it too. They were friends, that was established, but now - Dream doesn't know how to act.

He walks up the stairs with his cup and issues George goodbye before closing the door behind him in the office and immediately cringing to himself. He wants to scream, he can feel himself letting all the feelings out in embarrassing and appreciating pheromones and he's so thankful George isn't there to see him become a mess. Sometimes it hurts him that he's so good at hiding his emotions but most of the time it is very helpful.

" *For fucks sake* " Dream swears to himself as he opens discord on the computer and messages Sap to call him on the spot. He needs to vent and he needs to now.

He seats himself in his chair and waits steadily for a message or a call. As soon as the familiar sound starts ringing through his speakers he answers and before Sap can even say anything he just makes a frustrated sound and bangs his hands on the table.

"What the hell dude?" Sap sighs and blinks, trying to recollect his thoughts after such a introduction from Dream.

"George went into heat and I just - my body ,fucking, went crazy so I bolted the fuck out of here to the apartment on the west side and my rut got fucking started and I called George and jerked off to his voice and now I'm home and I - I don't know what to do"

Sap bursts out laughing and Dream whines at the other mans joyfulness. "Come on Sap, please just help me out It's so awkward" he murmurs into his hands that have covered his face.

"What the hell am I supposed to do?! You're the only one there - besides, it's probably fine unless he like yelled at you or something" Sap chuckles and Dream snorts.

"No he didn't yell at me - of course not - it's just" a pause and a frustrated sigh "he said he only

stayed in the call because he was still in heat - the call where I jerked off - and he was like so cool and collected just now and I just - fuck Sap I've made such a fool out of myself" he finishes it off with a frustrated groan, ears red from embarrassment.

"Hey hey - no - no you're a cool cat Dream, come on" Sap tries to cheer him up "You said you were friends now, so this is no issue, you guys will joke around and persevere, and from you it sounds like that's already happening" he convinces Dream of, who just sighs and whines.

"I know - I'll have to play it cool - nothing matters, everything is in order, everything is cool"

There is a pause where Dream calms down before Sap opens his mouth to silently ask the million-dollar question. "So - you uh - you called him.. do you" a smirk forms on the beta's lips "you like him?" he finally asks.

Dream lets his head fall to the table with a soft thud and stares down on the floor. "I - I think so - but I don't know, it's not like that, and it definitely won't be like that considering the situation" he mumbles and sits back up again. He had thought about it, after his rut and after the call. It hadn't just been the rut, even now he thinks back on everything he thought about George in those moments and he... doesn't get uncomfortable at all, he even feels the same.

Sap has a telling expression and shrugs his shoulder. "That's fine - stuff happens, and at least now I get to know all the information, which is very entertaining for me" Sap jokes and Dream huffs with a smile.

"Just because you don't have a relationship of your own"

"Ey-" Sap retorts "-uncalled for bro, damn"

"Sorry sorry"

"No but - for real" Sap takes a sip from a glass of water he has standing beside him "just be like 'hey George? We cool' and joke about it and you'll be fine, just say the two of you are friends again" he brings it back to.

Dream breathes out and nods quietly. "Yeah - yup - you're right" he sits and wallows in his own thoughts for a few seconds before coming to terms with the fact that he couldn't just sit with this and pretend on his own. His leg is bouncing up and down and he is filled with adrenaline, it feels he'd lied to George, he had to set this straight and not just shuffle around like nothing was wrong.

"I need to go talk to George - I'll talk to you later Sap, thanks for being an absolute king" he mutters.

Sap smiles and salutes him "No problem dude - talk to you later, bye"

"Bye" and the call ends.

Dream stands and grabs his cup of tea, breathes out before opening the door in one swift movement and standing in its opening before calling out. "George!" he shouts "we need to talk!"

George stirs his tea where he's sitting as the slamming of a door is heard, right before shouting from Dream. He chuckles, a little stressed over what they could possibly need to talk about, but answers nonetheless. "What the hell are you yelling about! Come down instead" he retorts with and stands from his seat on the couch and looks up towards the cause of the sound.

From behind the wall on the second floor, Dream steps forth and looks down on George with a

serious stare before walking down the stairs and going straight towards him. George feels a little tense as the man is nearing him with a fast pace and focused eyes, keeping eye contact. He has no idea what to expect as the alpha stops a couple inches away from his face and stares him down. His breath catches but he plays it off well, he feels the scent of a confident Dream and it works its way through his system more prominently than before. It's quiet for only a second before Dream grabs both of his upper arms and George feels the blood rush to his cheeks without any control of his body, butterflies flutter. Those green eyes look focused and confident, making George's skin crawl.

"I was only pretending to work, it felt awkward between us and I fled - to be alone - but we shouldn't be ashamed, this wasn't our fault - this was biology, and natural, and I want to be your friend, and I don't want this to be awkward" Dream states confidently and lets go of George's arms to reach his hand forward and place it steadily in between them, waiting for a handshake.

George gulps, both surprised and happy at the response, but a little stressed over the domination from the other. He takes Dream's hand and looks up towards the other's eyes again. "A handshake?" He chuckles teasingly to which Dream raises his eyebrows as to test him and lets his hand stay reached out. George shrugs his shoulders "You are right - this shouldn't stay between our friendship" he declares and shakes the other's hand with a firm grip.

"Great - wanna watch Roanoke and eat pringles?" Dream asks and looks over at the TV, currently turned off.

"Absolutely" George agrees with a nod "but you get the chips" he finishes with and seats himself back down in the couch, waiting as the other goes to bring out the chips, a silly smile making its way onto his face.

Dream seats himself beside him - even closer to him than how they would usually sit before George's heat had even happened. It was probably to really put emphasis on the fact that they were just friends and friends had no issue with platonic touching. George's character breaks and he laughs, Dream wheezes beside him as well, finding the situation just as comedic.

"Bro you fucking - when you came down the stairs like that? What the hell was your plan - to murder me?!" George questions with a kind tone and pokes Dream on his shoulder.

Dream laughs and stretches his arm over the couches back and behind George. George can't feel the other's arm around him, it doesn't touch him, but he knows it's there. It makes him freeze before relaxing into the couch a little more. "I was trying to be like, assertive in my demeanor and like - sure of my thing" Dream mumbles and shrugs his shoulders, scrolling through Netflix in search for the show.

George huffs and grabs a chip "yeah - you really succeeded with that one, I was positively shaking in my timbers" George retorts sarcastically.

"You can laugh all you want mister - I got the message across didn't I?" Dream challenges and turns to face George. Their faces are way closer than George had assumed at first and that smug smirk on Dream's face is making him want to wipe it all off him. His eyes flicker and he turns back towards the TV-screen before poking Dream in the side to elicit an alerted noise.

"No tickling allowed!" Dream laughs as he instinctively moves his upper body away from George for a second or two.

"Who said that?" George smirks, but doesn't go any further with the tickling.

"Pfft - breaking the rules.." Dream mutters into the quiet before finding the right episode and putting it on, his hand ghostly over the couches back, almost over Georges shoulder. Almost there.

Chapter End Notes

Check the notes at the beginning for info B)

Professional party

Everything goes back to normal, at least as normal as it could be. George is used to living with Dream now, and it had gone from two strangers in the same building to a frat house or a commune really fast. A no brainer really, when you think of how well they got along and how much they agreed on. There are new rules between them now that weren't there before, now you tried your best to be nice to the other, and you did it because you wanted to. Their life was a domestic bliss, and George had fun, enjoyed his time.

Not too long after Dreams return home from his rut, Dream gives the omega some news. That there is to be an official party they need to attend as well as progress being made in the fake ID process. George nods along where he stands by the window.

"So, party - tomorrow? Suit? What to do?" George questions and looks out over the city.

Dream walks up beside him and taps him on the shoulder to tease him a little before crossing his arms. "Yes, tomorrow, I'll come home and we'll leave at like six thirty, wear the suit" he pauses and turns to George with a smile "and bring a happy face and some really *reaaaally* big 'I love Dream' eyes and we'll be set" Dream summarizes and George chuckles.

"I just gotta act dumb and hold onto your arm right?" George questions.

There's something with that sentence that makes Dream lag a little in his demeanor, but he just clears his throat and shakes it off. "I mean - you don't have to hold onto my arm - if you really don't want to it's fine- but it would help" Dream mumbles.

"I can make an exception" George smirks. He pretends it would be an exception, and it's meant as a joke, that plays on his and Dreams earlier difficulties and walls between them. But.. he honestly and wholeheartedly wouldn't mind holding onto Dreams arm for a night. It seems peaceful enough - and they'd have a lot to laugh about later.

George sighs as he corrects the tie in the mirror. He doesn't usually wear suits, no wonder why, he never had a reason for it. It looks good on him though, that much he'll admit. He picks up his phone and sends a text to Bad. *We're going to a rich people party tonight - take care of my mother if I die.*

He quickly gets an answer that makes him smile - *Make sure to steal a souvenir for me <3.*

Suddenly, he jumps at the loud noise coming from downstairs. His door is open wide so there're no issues for the sound of the front door slamming shut and Dream running up the stairs in a hurry to reach him loud and clear.

"Why the fuck are you stressing?!" George questions in his startled state and runs towards his doorway to look out. Dream comes jogging up the stairs and smiles towards George, his breath stuck in his throat.

"No - nothing! I just, need the time to shower and dress before we leave" he huffs out, looking

exhausted.

"Did you take the stairs?" George chuckles.

Dream blushes a little and scratches the back of his neck. "Uh... yeah - it was - the elevator was full and I just - was in a hurry" he breathes and smiles again. The eye contact is intense, they can both feel it, it's a bit too much and Dream averts his eyes awkwardly.

"Well - fucking - go shower, hurry up" George swallows and looks to the floor. There's something about Dream being out of breath that makes him feel funny, he can't put his finger on it.

Dream nods along and swiftly walks towards his bedroom door, successively shedding his jacket off his shoulder as he grabs for the door handle, the action a lot for George's eyes to take in. George turns and grabs his phone from his bed again and checks the time, yup, they'll have to leave in about ten minutes, it'll probably end up being fifteen in the end. He walks over to the mirror again and looks at his attire. This is the first, real, public event where he'll be seen with Dream and they'll be viewed as an official couple. Everything before was just two pictures on social media, that one interview on zoom as well as a few questions answered in writing. Of course there was the gathering with Dreams business partners at the apartment, but there everyone had known George had been chosen, they knew it could be a little stale between them. But now he needs to truly pretend like he's with George out of free will. George had made his Instagram private quickly, couldn't let all the corporations seeing him post activism stuff, couldn't risk it. He bites his lip and corrects his suit jacket. He'll be seen as Dreams partner for tonight, for real this time, he'll have to really keep up an act and keep it up for long.

In fourteen minutes Dream comes rushing down the stairs and meets with George seated in the hallway waiting for him. He's dressed in a deep, red, matte suit that goes well with George's gray one. It fits him nicely, George thinks. Hugs his body just right. The way the alpha looks makes George think of how many people had probably fallen in love with Dream by just watching his interviews. And here he was, with the alpha in person. Dream reaches out a hand for George to grab - it's not romantic, just like a friend thing, like Dream drags him up from his seat, but George still feel it means something more than just guys being dudes.

"Ready to go? It'll just be mingle and talk fake private life to create business relations in the future - we basically look nice and you admire everything I do" Dream summarizes once more and George nods as he grabs the others hand and stands from the chair.

"Yes - because we do still plan on building a greenhouse and own a white picket fence and paint paintings together right?" George jokes.

Dream nods dramatically "yeah of course! - that's a given"

"Good - let's go"

They don't take the stairs down, the elevator being free this time around, and hurry to their cab. During the car ride there it's quiet, they have nothing to say and it doesn't feel right for neither of them to fully expose their quite brutal inside jokes in front of an innocent driver. The only thing they do is slightly poke and annoy one another the entire ride there, just for easy laughs. After around ten minutes they roll up on the front yard of a big, spacious house, situated a little higher than the rest of the city, with lights lit up and bodyguards. No paparazzi George concludes from the inside of the car and breathes out.

The modern building's white walls reflect yellow and orange in the sunsets light, and the water from two smaller fountains glimmer and glister in the sunshine. He waits in the car for Dream to

come open the door for him, knowing that's courtesy and necessary for a good look. "M'lady" Dream smirks teasingly as he carefully opens the door and reaches out his arm for George to grab.

'Die' George mouths in his direction and grabs onto the alphas arm and stands beside him, Dream chuckling slightly. They're really close as George looks around and plasters on a smile, they're sides touching slightly with George's arm wrapped around Dreams elbow. He feels his breath getting stuck in his throat as the man beside him breathes in and out, and George relishes in the warmth for just a second before they start walking.

They walk on a luxurious stone path towards the big, open, glass front door, George looking around and Dream staring straight ahead, putting on his persona of young bachelor. In front of them is an entrance filled with dressed up people in suits and dresses with glasses of champagne in their hands as they babble around with different people, some smooth jazz quietly playing from speakers all around. It's sparsely filled but George can see there are a lot of people still, looking through the big windows on either side of the entrance and seeing people all the way back at the buildings end.

"Hey, who's house is this?" George whispers quietly as they get closer, leaning in to make sure only Dream hears, closely.

"One of Technos many residences - but it's used more like a convention premise for parties and such" Dream mumbles, looking down at George, face to face real close. George can feel Dreams breath on him for only a second, catches his green beautiful eyes, before swiftly turning his head down to focus on the scene in front of them, nodding to answer Dreams confirmation.

As soon as they get through the doors George holds on tighter to Dreams arm, even though the other switches into someone George hasn't seen too much of. As he looks towards Dreams face to feign being smitten by him for others to see, all George finds is a slick smile and the look and jokes of a frat boy. Not the Dream he knows. George sighs - at least the man still breathed the same, and smelled the same, he thinks. At least for George.

"Dream! Welcome welcome - I'm so glad you could come" Techno exclaims as he shuffles his way forward towards Dream and gives the man a one-hand hug. He turns to George and reaches out a hand. "George - it's so good to see you again, I'm really glad you could make it" he smiles kindly as George takes the alphas hand. They'd met before at the gathering in Dreams apartment, and there they'd been able to talk pretty freely of course, since everyone there had known George was chosen. But here, they had to keep up a facade, and even Techno now needed to know George was deeply in love and nothing else. It was different now. Dream had apparently told everyone who'd been at the gathering, or hinted at, that they couldn't talk about the choosing part of the whole ordeal, and he trusted the word wouldn't spread to a media outlet, but you could never be completely sure. It's tense and high stakes. Everyone at this party needed to know they were madly in love, despite the fact that everyone could smell they weren't mated yet. It was needed to make sure it came across that George was there for a reason. To be Dreams lover.

"I can only say the same" George smiles at Techno and quickly grabs back onto Dream and pushes in real close to the alpha. He ignores the way it actually makes him feel, the way it spreads a warmth throughout his chest, and focuses on smiling and making a good appearance.

It's weird, he feels a little breathless by Dream, and he needs to pretend that he feels breathless by Dream - but he also wants Dream to think it doesn't affect him. Because they were friends, all is jokes.

Soon enough they start walking through the party and greet people on their way. As Dream grabs a

glass of champagne for the both of them the alpha leans in and whispers in his ear, so close George shivers. "How you holding up?" Dream questions in a low husky voice and George sighs. It's just supposed to be friends supporting friends, but it makes his skin crawl nonetheless.

"I'm good - let's greet some more people, make sure they know how close we are" he answers discretely, without looking up towards Dream, not knowing what would happen if he got that close to the other mans face. He blushes as the alpha slightly brushes the back of his hand with his thumb.

"Yeah -" someone starts walking towards them and it cuts Dream off "laugh like I told you a joke" he mumbles hastily and brings his head up to smile at the one coming their way.

"Hahahe! - are you serious? You did that?" George fake laughs as he looks up towards Dream with gleaming eyes, like he's so preoccupied he can't even see the other person. Eventually he turns his head, met with the sight of a young man dressed in a waiter, or servant, outfit. He looks like he works here.

"Dream - right?" The brown haired guy asks.

"Well yes - you've found the correct one" Dream smirks and pulls George a little closer. George doesn't know why, this young man was a beta, and definitely no threat what so ever. Maybe it was just... instinct. George shakes it off and smiles at the other.

The young mans smile widens and he reaches forward his hand with shining eyes. "I'm Karl - Karl Jacobs, I know Sap" he utters, a little too loud for Dreams liking, and it shows. Dream grabs the others hand a little harder than necessary and drags him slightly towards him.

"Nice to meet you Karl, but I would really appreciate if you kept your voice down - it isn't... pretty, for business alphas to hang around people like Sap" Dream hushes out fast and carelessly before letting go of the others hand. It makes George frown, it's a bad sentence, badly worded, and off-putting. He doesn't want to but he can't stop himself from opening his mouth.

"Rude Dream - don't talk like that" he states, turning to meet Dreams eyes, holding on tight to others arm. He says it loudly enough for Karl to hear it and Dream looks conflicted for a second, mouth agape, before swallowing and turning towards Karl again. George feels the others grip on him falter for only second before coming back, squeezing him reassuringly.

"Sorry that was - carelessly worded" he tells Karl, with more serious eyes "I feel no shame in being close to Sap, but it isn't very business friendly - I would appreciate if you kept your voice down" he finishes with and looks to the other for an answer. George smiles to himself.

Karl looks a little taken aback but not mad in the slightest. "Sorry-! But no problem dude I totally get it - this is a threatening environment" Karl mumbles quietly and looks around.

Dream clenches his jaw and stands a little taller. This is making him react way more than he's comfortable with, to be this careless and criticizing with a servant in this environment was dangerous, it was making him nervous. The side of him that knew Sap and joked around with George couldn't meet the side that was a bachelor who liked surfing, was good at business and unaware of his own privilege. Or could they? He ponders. It wasn't... safe, it was showing too much, it was too genuine. It already felt a little too open for his liking with the way George had told him off for his words and made him correct himself. But should it be considered too open? George was right, it was unnecessary, Dream knew that. His own words had been rude and shameful, but that's how it always sounded in these social settings, how you got your way, how you acted dumb and successful. Maybe it... wasn't necessary, could he still be safe and show a... a little

more of his genuine thoughts? He doesn't know - but it didn't feel too bad to be a little vulnerable in front of this stranger, it felt okay. Especially since he had George there beside him, supporting him.

He takes too long to answer and Karl butts in with a slightly stressed tone. "Well I - uh - I guess this wouldn't be the best time to tell you I snuck Sap into the kitchen" he spits in one breath and avoids Dream's eyes.

Surprisingly, Dream only chuckles slightly, George doesn't even smell any stress in his scent even though it's what he expected. "What else could I expect of him" Dream smiles "that's no issue - Sap knows how to act when he's out with me" he mumbles before leaning in a little closer to Karl. "Just don't announce to the world that we know each other" he whispers with a biting smirk and George blushes slightly. That smirk would've looked awful on any other alpha in the world, but when it's on Dream it's just something else. Hilarious and careless and... attractive.

"No problem" Karl smiles with two thumbs up and walks off, leaving them be.

"I'm so sorry for correcting you it really wasn't my intention, but thank you for changing your words - I really... appreciate it" George whispers, leaning in close to make sure no one hears. If they hadn't been friends that would've been unacceptable, for a chosen omega to tell an alpha what to do.

"No worries - you were correct in your wishes" Dream smiles and lowers his voice even more. "And it looks believable too - 'omega is so comfortable with alpha they have petty arguments and alpha follows what omega says'" Dream whispers sarcastically and George laughs.

"You're absolutely right on that one"

They walk around the party a little more, always side by side. By now it has started becoming normal for them and George finds himself calm in the position they're in. At first it was a little stale - they were friends, they were pretending, but pretending was still gonna take a toll on you, and it was hard to keep from laughing. But now it comes natural to George that he's holding on to the others arm, feels platonic and nice, like a long hug. It's a little awkward when people ask them about their relationship, but of course it is understandable they do, considering Dream had never been one to settle down and George seemed a little feisty. They answer with their planned story - they'd met through mutual friends, hit it off, hung out more often, weren't mated yet because they wanted to take it slow. But oh, did they love each other, head over heels for each other. With every person they meet Dream squeezes George's hand and George looks to the other like he's never seen someone so beautiful.

A few times over Dream catches the eyes of Sap, the beta standing with Karl in the shadows, having a chat and laughing occasionally. Dream smiles and they continue walking to the bigger living room. He'd heard Sap talk about someone he knew before - only a few times, but he remembers descriptions of brown fluffy hair and maybe a name was told once or twice. Sap was most often a little careful talking about someone he really liked, platonically or not, mostly to keep Dream from teasing him, but Dream could tell this was one of those moments. One of those moments when Sap was truly smitten with someone.

George catches the eyes of a young blonde woman, her hair in a short bob, dressed in a white suit with sharp red lipstick. She looks threatening, and even more so when she strides over to them.

"So - Dream, you've found someone new huh?" she smiles all the while staring into George's eyes, before looking up towards Dream quietly, waiting for a response. She's omega. George wants to laugh at her because she thought they were a real thing, that's hilarious - but he can't deny the

feeling jealousy making him move in closer to Dream.

"I have - remind me again why that's any of your business Naomi?" Dream tilts his head and asks, a tiny smile playing on his lips as well. George's breath gets caught in his throat when he feels Dream's hand discretely move into his own, clasping them together. They'd never truly held hands before, it feels warm and soft as George tries to act normal about it.

She looks away from Dream and back to George instead "I hope this works out well for you" she whispers sarcastically and walks away.

"One of your exes?" George whispers as their arms reconnect like how they were before and they start walking out towards the veranda out back. It isn't unusual that someone would come up to him and tell him what to do or how to feel, insinuating that something would go wrong, and it shouldn't bother him too much. But George really wants to hear what went down between them - he wouldn't simply disregard another omega, a person who's probably went through just as much as him because of society. He needs to hear Dream's side of the story before he can decide how to feel about the omega walking away from them at the moment.

Dream chuckles and looks forward "barely".

It looks like he's going to say something more but it is quickly cut off as they are quickly approached by another person. They stand there looking out over the city in front of them, enjoying the fresh evening air, when a sickening, irritated smell comes straight for them. Before it has even reached them fully, George turns to his side and Dream follows suit, shivering as he meets eyes with no other than Adam Schlatt.

"Mr Schlatt" Dream tries to smile, but it looks forced, stale. George pushes in close to Dream without noticing himself, relishing in the small amount of protective pheromones being emitted close to him. Normally he would never do such a thing - lean into the protection of an alpha? Pffft - never. But Dream was safe, and George's self-worth was just as strong no matter what. He wishes the pheromones were stronger, wishes they would wrap all around him and keep him close, but there were people around and they shouldn't start a scene. And George didn't need to be protected, he truly didn't... but with Schlatt in front of him, it felt really nice to have Dream there.

"You know I wanted him - aren't you ashamed of yourself?" Schlatt mutters under his breath and scolds, addressing only Dream and not the one whose life was actually being discussed. It makes George want to yell, but he keeps it stuffed inside. Squeezes Dream's arm a little harder.

"You should be the one ashamed - going to a choosing at your age, dishonoring your previous marriage just like that? Especially at this time of age - choosings are going out of fashion" Dream answers, putting pressure on the word dishonoring, keeping strong eye contact with the other alpha. He doesn't bring up George's say in this - but George knows why, this isn't the time to be righteous, this is the time to make sure Mr Schlatt doesn't reveal the truth for the world to see.

Schlatt huffs and frowns "Oh, you are one to talk, son of Winters - don't pretend to be all high and mighty like you weren't there yourself" he scolds. His angry stench is getting stronger, and it seems a few people around them are starting to notice something is wrong. George slightly burrows his nose in Dream's shoulder. Mostly to block out the unsettling smell of the other - but also because he feels he needs the comforting scent of Dream at this moment more than ever.

"Doesn't matter now why I chose him - we're past this" Dream mumbles and starts walking, going past Schlatt to bump his shoulder as a slight threat on their way out, but is abruptly stopped by the

other grabbing his elbow. "You haven't even mated him - he isn't even yours, if it wasn't for that contract this situation would be a lot different" he switches from Dreams eyes to Georges "you would be mine".

Dream turns his eyes towards the other alpha and stares daggers into him, wants to put him down with the conviction of not caring, like the other couldn't hurt them, wants to kill his confidence with his eyes. But he was also getting mad - who could say that to another living person? He's growing tired of this restless, old man - was it really that hard for this idiot to just give up? And now he was threatening George - Dream doesn't know how much of his angered scent is leaking.

"Watch your tone" he spits through gritted teeth.

"You watch your tone - I can say whatever and ruin you" Schlatt threatens.

Dream chuckles "I don't doubt it - but you know my threats weigh heavier, you don't want your sponsors to figure out what you've been saying huh?" Dream retorts and shrugs the others hand off of him aggressively. "Now if you excuse us - I think we're ready to leave" he finishes with before clutching tightly to George's arm and dragging them out of there. They walk slower once they get inside, the people there not knowing what had happened outside, no need to cause unnecessary ruckus. They stop in front Wilbur, meeting him on their way out.

"You guys are leaving?" Wilbur asks with a confused face and checks his watch.

"Sadly, yes - but we'll see each other at work, no worries" Dream answers vaguely and smiles, trying to calm down his own scent "and tell Techno I loved the appetizers, will you? They did a great job on those" he ends with and smirks before giving Wilbur a pat on the shoulder and walking past him, out the door and into the humid air once more, missing the house's ventilation. George closes his eyes for a short second and just follows wherever Dream takes him, breathes out and opens his eyes again. He would be lying if he said those cold eyes from Schlatt looking at him had shaken him a little, and he's never felt so happy he has Dream.

"Do you think we're good?" he asks in a slightly stressed tone as they walk towards a cab, letting go slightly of each other, but not fully.

"There's not a chance in a million years that he says anything - with the words that he told me on the day of the choosing, he would lose every ounce of respect that he owns" Dream mumbles as he opens the backdoor for George to step in, then walking around to the other side to step into the car himself. George looks at the other for a second, feels the adrenaline oozing off him.

"Could you drive us to the west side's *Better days*? the bar with the yellow sign and purple text" Dream asks the driver who gives a monotone nod and starts up the engine.

"Why are we going to a bar?" George questions and looks to Dream, who's undoing his tie and unbuttoning the top of his shirt.

"I felt like having a drink" Dream answers carelessly, but after sensing George's confusion he turns off his passive character fully and turns towards him with a smile. "Sorry - I just... that was a little stressful in there, I can ask him to driver you home after dropping me off instead if that's what you want" he continues, before skipping in again with one more change to his statement "unless you like - I don't know, felt you'd want me home for silent distraction or support or something - I mean - I don't wanna leave a homie in pain, we can like - play chess" he finishes with and scratches the back of his neck.

George smiles, the old Dream was back. "No - I could use a drink as well" he chuckles.

"Cool" Dream blurts "mind if I invite Sap and that Karl dude? I want to apologize for real to him" he asks, already bringing out his phone.

"Yeah that sounds reasonable - should I text Bad?"

"Sure"

They get there in about fifteen minutes, step out into the humid Florida air that persisted throughout the city's packed streets. They don't have to hold onto each other anymore, they can be a little calmer, more friends than anything else. Dream finds it securing - holding onto George for such a long time had been making him dizzy. He can finally breathe out. As they open the door their faces are hit with dim orange light and their eyes with pictures of mellow groups of people sitting around tables with beers or other alcoholic drinks. A few lost souls in dark corners. It smells of old wood and laid off pheromones, itches a little in George's nose.

"Could I get one whiskey please? If you have any Japanese that would be preferred" Dream calls out to the bartender as he goes to sit by the bar, the woman at the bar nodding in his direction and bringing out a bottle. "What do you want?" he asks George.

"Same as you" he answers. Dream turns to the bartender with a raised finger.

"Make that two whiskey" he gets another nod as a response.

When they are placed in front of them George downs his drink in two gulps while Dream takes it a little slower. The fear of Schlatt has faded and transformed into irritation and anger. What a fucking coward - George thinks as he chuckles to himself.

"You good - like after that shit that happened? I hope you know you can always like - like vent and shit because that man is fucked up" Dream mumbles as he sips slowly.

"I - yeah" George sighs and leans back in his seat "he's such a fucking senile old man, and yeah he's like scary and weird but - fuck him dude, he doesn't know me, and he'll be gone - when I'm gone" a pause and a smile "I'm safe you know". He means to imply he's safe because he has Dream's support, but he keeps from saying it out loud, lets the words hang in the air, like maybe he just meant he was strong and safe on his own. Which he was - but he was even safer with Dream.

"Correct" Dream mumbles "should we get drunk?" he asks and turns to George with a quizzical look. He looks like an innocent teenager and George appreciates it, as to contrast the alpha part of Dream, the part that is strong emotionally and physically and charming. It feels more real.

"We should" George blurts and drags his finger against the ring of his empty glass.

Next, Dream downs his glass of whiskey as well, before asking the bartender for a refill. George sheds his suit jacket and enjoys the start of the tingling effects of alcohol. Sap and Karl show up in about twenty minutes, surprised but not loathing as they walk in and find the friends laughing in drunk states of mind. Bad doesn't answer his text, George presumes the other was fast asleep. Dream lets loose, apologizes to Karl as best as he can, with laughs and paying for drinks. George simply sits back and relaxes, enjoys the low dim of simply existing.

In an hour, maybe two - George doesn't know - they get into a cab and are sent on their way. He knows Dream didn't book a cab so he guesses it was Sap but at that moment he can't really care, just enjoys sitting close to Dream. Even in his drunk state he appreciates Dream's self-control and

respectful manners, the alpha truly was a godsend. They stumble their way into the elevator, struggle to open up the door to the apartment but eventually enter into the white walls they both call home.

"Water Dream - *watheeer*" George whines and walks them both over to the kitchen to grab a glass. He gulps out of it before it's stolen out of his hands, the alpha beside him filling it up anew and drinking from it himself.

"Rude" George splutters and gives the other a weak hit on the shoulder.

Dream doesn't answer, just puts the glass down and walks over to the couch to lay down. George guesses the other would simply relax a second before getting up, but when he walks over and looks down on him he finds him fast asleep.

"Shit" He sighs before laying down beside the alpha, not for any particular reason, he just felt in his bones he wouldn't be able to make it up the stairs no matter how much he tried. It's only a short second before he too slumbers off and falls asleep. His head tucked in nice on the taller mans chest. Comfortable and warm.

Spray cans

His eyes feel heavy as they blur around the edges, sunlight beaming through the windows and reflecting too brightly upon the white walls. It stings. His head is banging and the decision to keep his eyes shut for just a second longer is easy to make, just a second, enough time to take it all in. God, they drank too much yesterday, him and... and...

Dreams breath stutters as he becomes hyper aware of the weight pushing on his side and slightly from above, laying on him, warm and soft. It's breathing, tucked into his chest, there's an arm around his waist, tucked in nice in between him and the sofa. Dream opens his eyes carefully and leans his head down slightly, glancing down on the brown head of hair right below his chin. He leans his head back on the cushions and just stares straight up onto the ceiling. Okay. So George was sleeping on him, in his lap, the omegas smell was all on him - mixed with alcohol, yes - but very present nonetheless. And... pleasant, as well. But Dream already knew that, he thinks and smiles slightly to himself. The ceiling is white and gray and very - very white and - and gray. He sighs slowly, wiggles his toes and carefully moves his thumb to slightly caress the others forearm, feeling the skin shiver slightly underneath him.

Dream scoffs quietly at himself - what the hell was he doing? This wasn't - this wasn't appropriate, not when someone's sleeping. He coughs apprehensively and carefully shakes the others shoulder, his body tensing slightly when George groans in uncomfot and stirs awake slowly.

"Morning" Dream mumbles quietly and smiles, letting his hand rest on his stomach. George squints and sits up slightly to lean on his arm, moving his legs in closer to Dream to make sure he wouldn't fall off the couch.

"Holy shit my head hurts" George announces as he rubs his eyes and drags a hand through his hair. It goes quiet for a second before the omega freezes up slightly and looks down on Dream, catching his eyes. Dream tries to keep a neutral facial expression but he can't deny how his heart stops.

"Did we like - uh - sleep here... like this?" George mutters questionably and squints, looking slightly confused and - if Dream isn't mistaken - a little embarrassed.

"Yeah - yeah I think so" he pauses, thinking of how to phrase it "but cuddling is comfortable - I mean - I had a good sleep" he jokes and prays to god it comes off as casual. He doesn't want George to think he's nervous or hesitant - when in reality that was exactly what he was.

George grunts a word Dream doesn't hear and sheds of his suit jacket, throwing it on the coffee table. Dream looks down on himself and wonders where his own jacket went, he must've taken it off the night before. "Yeah - no you're right - I" George sighs "had a good sleep as well". George stays still for a second and Dream feels his own body stiffen. He can feel the omegas legs against his own, the soft warmth of the others body against his own.

Dream doesn't move, neither does George. "You wanna... cuddle and watch Roanoke?" George asks and audibly swallows. The dry taste of laid off alcohol stuck in his throat. Dream can feel his face heating but he tries to laugh it off.

"Yeah, sure" he swallows as well, before smirking "you'll have to put it on though - I'm stuck here" he chuckles and stretches his arms above his head.

"Bitch" George grunts and leans forward to pick up the remote, clicking buttons until he ends up

where he's supposed to be. Dream looks towards the ceiling and tries to keep as still as possible as George hesitantly leans back into their original position, except now he has his back against Dream. Dream has to close his eyes for a short second to not - he doesn't even know what he would do, everything just feels too much. With his head banging, his body relaxed from sleep and his hips so close to George's: it's hard to keep his scent from changing into something more... erotic. He has to turn slightly on his side to be comfortable, not wanting to crane his neck too much, he has to scoot back towards the back of the couch to make sure their lower halves aren't touching, the only problem is that George scoots back with him. It's just the intro to the show and Dream can already feel his walls breaking, he knows he's blushing like mad and letting out some sort of comforting pheromone. Nothing sexual, just more of his scent than usual.

He doesn't know if George notices or if he just asks anyway: "you wanna cuddle for real or what?" George jokes and looks back slightly towards Dream, as much as he can considering his position. Dream swallows and gives a small hum of affirmation, before coughing awkwardly as George grabs at his arm and brings it over his own stomach to let it rest there. Dream bites his lip and gives in, pulls George slightly towards him with said arm and lets his chin rest on the other's head. Easily done since George's head was still situated lower down than his own. There's only a small distance between George's ass and Dream's pelvis, a small distance keeping Dream safe. If the omega was to push up against him Dream doesn't know how he would feel, what would happen. What he would reveal to the one laying beside him.

Dream can't figure out where George gets the confidence from, it genuinely confuses him. The omega wasn't into him, yet he still insisted on them being this close. Maybe there was just something off in Dream's mind - this was just platonic and there was nothing wrong or weird with that, it was nice and everyone enjoys a simple cuddle, it was just - just so much for Dream to take in.

He clears his throat and tries to ignore the itching in his body. "I was thinking we could - uhm - go to the park today, take a walk, eat some food" a pause and a snicker "take some pictures and be all lovey dovey" he finishes with and feels the vibrations of George's laugh through his own body. God, he's on the edge of angling down his head and just relishing in the scent from George's gland. It's right there, so close.

"Sure - I could use some fresh air and water, my body's pretty much dead" George answers all the while carefully caressing Dream's lower leg with his own, intertwining them slightly.

Dream's breath hitches "same" he sighs.

"Hey - if you're uncomfortable with the physical contact just say so - I don't want you to feel like, pressured" George mumbles and lets his leg return to its original position.

Dream hides his surprise before answering, not expecting George to suddenly turn it down a few levels, but not against asking for his feelings. "No - it's nice" Dream almost whispers and puts his own leg back over George's.

It goes quiet as they watch the rest of the episode - occasional laughs or comments on how the characters on screen act. Dream's arm feels nice around George's chest, warm and securing and comforting, and he can't help but smile throughout the entire episode. The fact that Dream was comfortable and up for cuddling with him was amazing - made him want to be submissive but not small - made him want to push up against the other and let the other smell him - scent him even.

At the same time it was just friends cuddling, which was... good enough. And that's what it was in reality - just friends. But George can't stop himself from hoping for more.

As the credits roll George leans over and grabs the remote, the switch in position making him scoot back the lower parts of his body against Dream to keep himself from falling off the couch. He thinks he hears a slightly sharper intake of air from the man behind him, but he isn't sure. Just his imagination probably. He acts nonchalantly about like - like nothing happened, even though he can't help but bite his lip.

"We can eat breakfast first right? I'm fucking dying of hunger" George expresses and slowly sits up, feeling as Dreams arm attentively moves away, how it stops at his hip for a second before moving over and dragging through the owner's hair.

"Yes please - but my body can't take more than, like, yogurt though" Dream mumbles and waits for George to stand before sitting up himself.

"I would call you weak - but same honestly" George mumbles and stretches his arms above his head, the hem of his shirt sliding up and uncovering his soft skin underneath. He doesn't notice Dreams eyes on him. He walks over to the kitchen and starts preparing breakfast for himself and Dream, bringing out two glasses and filling them with water, a sharp intake of breath when the other grips his sides from behind with the intention of scaring him.

"Dumbass" George sighs and turns to hit the other on the shoulder. Dream just smiles.

They eat breakfast in comfortable silence, pop an aspirin each and go into their respective rooms to get a shower and dress appropriately before going out. Suits stained with the smell of whiskey maybe not being the best choice. George dresses himself in a white t-shirt and some jeans shorts, meeting Dream dressed in gray sweats and a baby blue shirt in the hallway.

"You're gonna get that girl Naomi swooning on Instagram" George jokes, hoping the alpha can't hear the spite in his voice. He doesn't mean for it to be there, but he knows it is.

"Oh yeah that - we can talk about that when we get there, I'm guessing you're wondering what that was really about" Dream mutters and starts walking down the stairs in a fast pace. George swallows nervously and goes after him. Was it really that serious? It seemed Dream truly cared about the subject. Or maybe George was the one who cared too much.

"I mean - you don't have to if you don't want to - it's not really my business - not really" George tries to explain but Dream turns towards him with a smile.

"No it doesn't bother me George - it's all good - and I feel like I want to tell you so you don't like - I don't know - see me as a bad person or something"

Before he can stop it, it comes out "I think it would be very hard for you to make me see you as a bad person" George laughs and immediately regrets it. It wasn't a lie but it was a bit much.

Dream raises an eyebrow with a sly smile and slows his pace "really?"

George walks past him and pokes him in the side on his way "no - you're the worst person in the world and I hate you" he claims sarcastically and goes to put on his shoes.

"Okay okay suuuuuure George - I believe you" Dream smirks and grabs his own shoes.

They don't take a cab this morning, enjoy the air that luckily enough was quite fresh for the occasion, not as humid as usual. George can feel a couple glances their way but nothing serious, wonders if maybe they should hold hands. But he doesn't say anything about it, just makes sure to keep close to the alpha. After about ten minutes Dreams phone starts buzzing.

"Hello you're talking to Dream Winters" Dream smiles confidently as he puts the phone to his ear. George looks to the other as his face distorts from a neutral expression into one with raised eyebrows and surprised eyes.

"Yes - yes that will be possible, where are you located?" Dream questions hastily as they keep walking down the street, the green trees of the big park appearing one street further after a sharp turn to the right, around a corner. George looks around and tries to think of who Dream could possibly be talking to. Huge signs with store information, tall buildings, stretched out windows displaying his reflection.

"What time can we be there? - okay, okay good - see you then" Dream finishes with and exits the call, puts the phone in his pocket and waits until they pass the people in front of them before walking in close to George and lowering his voice.

"An alter of plans - we'll chill in the park for a while - then they're ready for you to take a picture" Dream mumbles and George has to think a second before understanding what Dream was talking about. For the first week and a half, the only thing that had kept George going had been the knowledge that he was going to get out of there, that he would get the ID eventually. Then, Dream had also become something that kept him staid. And now... lets just say he hadn't thought much of their actual - actual - plan that much. The only things he thought of was their pretend relationship - not that much about why it was pretend. Much more thinking about their... well, their relationship.

"Cool - good that I chose a plain shirt then" George remarks with a smile. It feels a little strained, he hopes Dream doesn't notice.

"Yes - very" Dream states with his eyes straight ahead, not a single emotion on his face.

As they step foot in the park the mood instantly gets lighter. They start predicting the next actions of people situated far away from them as they walk down their path. As George correctly predicts a baby dropping their ice cream Dream pushes him jokingly and they laugh as said baby picks it up and desperately starts to remove the grass stuck to it.

"We should get ice cream" Dream states as the sight of the ice cream stand comes into view from behind a couple trees "and I can push you over so you drop yours" he snickers and George huffs.

"Not if I push you first"

"Good luck with that"

Dream gets an ice cream cone with vanilla flavor and chocolate coating. George gets a popsicle. As they seat themselves on the grass by the parks small lake, Dream unwraps his ice cream, puts the plastic in his pocket, and turns to George with a serious face. George simply raises his eyebrows in question.

"So - the situation with Naomi - the woman that came up to us at the party - I thought I should tell you why she was so aggressive" Dream starts with and George nods.

"We went to the same school, she's the daughter of another rich alpha and his company kind of deal" he gestures with his hands and George nods affirmatively "we got along well - we were friends - and as you know" a slight pause "I - I tend to" Dream looks away, scratching his hair and looking slightly embarrassed. It makes George smile. "I usually play myself up a little more - you know - try to be... more like, charming and stuff" he says, blushing at his own words.

"Yes - I know - continue" George smiles.

Dream bites his bottom lip, frustrated, and turns to George. "You have to promise to not bully me for this okay? I'm telling you this in trust all right?" he declares.

"Yes Dream - I won't tell anyone, do you want me to swear on my life or are we good?" George chuckles, licking his popsicle.

"Okay - so" a sigh "I guess she thought I was flirting with her and she asked me to go out and eat with her, and I thought we were just gonna eat and that would be good, like friends do you know? You go eat that's normal!" He exclaims, all flustered. George can't help but laugh slightly.

"Don't laugh!" Dream complains and turns to George.

"Sorry - I can't help it! It's funny that you're telling the story so seriously" George snickers.

Dream grunts "anyway" he continues "she tried to kiss me at the end of that night and I pushed her away - and I'm bad at talking - or well bad at talking like I'm not in a business meeting - so I came off as a complete asshole player when I told her I wasn't interested" he takes a bite of his ice cream "and after that I guess she hasn't let it go - completely understandable - I mean - I bet it was kinda off-putting when someone had seemed to be flirting with you and then just tried to laugh it off when confronted about it" he finishes with, that same pout on his face as the kid who'd dropped their ice cream.

George nods along and smirks "Yeah you're... how do you even fuck up that badly bro?" George chuckles.

"I don't - don't ask me dude I don't have the answer, clearly"

George furrows his eyebrows, pondering on questions but talking before thinking about if he should ask them or not. "Like - have you ever been smooth? Ever? Can you even read when someone likes you? Bro - how do you even act with someone you like if being extra charming - with sprinkles on top - is your normal state?" George lets the questions pour out of him as he looks to Dream with fascination. Not thinking twice about how the answers the other would give would affect him.

Dream goes quiet before shrugging his shoulders. He was really going to answers these questions huh? He couldn't reveal too much, or George would figure out he sort of... liked him, right? Maybe that wouldn't be too bad? Besides, George would never fully know, the omega could just guess and if he asked, Dream could just say no. Dream could always pretend he didn't feel anything for the other.

"I guess I - I'm so used to being overly friendly that I think everyone else does that too - and they do, I think, I don't know - and so I don't understand if anyone is interested or not" he caresses the back of his neck "and I haven't liked that many people in my life but I think I just - I don't know - act just like a usual friend with them - like I have nothing to prove and nothing to live up to so I just-" he stops for a second, sees George's stare in the corner of his eye, swallows "-I just joke around like normal - a relationship is just a friendship plus... attraction".

Dream looks out over the lake and takes another bite out of his ice cream, feels the hot stare of the omega before it disappears again.

"You don't have to answer but - how many relationships have you had?" George asks.

Dream bites his lip "Never anything serious - occasional hookups" he answers, a short second of

hesitation. "And you?"

"Same" George mutters and lets his eyes wander.

It goes quiet, Dream doesn't know if it's awkward or not, it's too hard to tell. Was he supposed to say anything else? Ask further questions? Friends asked questions about hookups - like 'were they hot' or 'what's your body count'. That was normal.

He scoffs at himself - they had other things to attend to.

"Lets create an alibi-" he announces as he grabs his phone from his pocket and opens up the camera "a picture for Instagram - make sure people know we are at a park and nowhere else" he clarifies, insinuating that 'nowhere else' was the place where George would be taking his ID photograph.

"Should I look the happiest in the world?" George asks, turning his face towards the camera and holding up his popsicle next to his face.

"I'm putting on a smile - you're putting on a smile" Dream mutters and gives a sly smirk.

He starts taking pictures, but it isn't long before George quickly finds his opportunity to distract the other when he's so occupied. He lets his arm go behind the other and poke him in the ribs.

"George!" Dream exclaims and turns to the omega with tense eyes. George fakes looking guilty. "Focus" Dream threatens jokingly before turning back into position.

"Yeah look at us - we're eating ice cream and you have no clue that we aren't a couple - get owned" George whispers towards his own reflection in the camera and Dream chuckles.

"Don't say that George - you're scaring them and their perfect picture of us" Dream whispers back.

"Fuck their perfect picture of us"

"GEORGE" Dream gasps dramatically, before retracting his hand and going to scroll through the pictures "yeah, fuck their perfect picture of us" he mumbles under his breath and leans over to George to show him the pictures.

The first few are basic, George looks happy - but strained - Dream just looks plastic. After a few basic ones comes a shaky picture where you can only see the back of Dreams head and Georges laugh, after that there are a few with Dreams normal, happy smile. George snickers, a few of them weren't too bad.

"Post the one most qualified for the job I say" George conveys with a swallow, knowing which pictures would best show their... *'relationship'*.

Dream nods along and fiddles with his phone until it's done with, putting it back in his pocket and checking his watch. They sit for about fifteen more minutes before standing to walk. They would have to go there by foot to not raise suspicion, and it would take a little while. They simply enjoy the park for the time being. George had been there before, what else to do when stuck in an apartment at the 21 floor than to go outside - occasionally at least. The walk is quiet but not awkward, just content. They move out of the park and into a more industrial part of the town, the residences become lower and the sparse greenery more present. It's looking more like George's usual setting.

Suddenly Dream turns to him with his phone. "If the contract doesn't look like this - don't sign" he

mumbles and gives George the phone, to which George looks it over and nods in understanding.

After about ten more minutes they walk into a narrow ally with what looks like a run down candy shop - like it's been there for the past twenty years and the family had refused to sell. Dream directs them into the store as he looks around - no people around, no one could see them, and no one would think anything of two men walking into a candy store.

As the bell above the door rings and it closes behind them George looks around and takes in the room. Old style, homemade candy in turquoise-pink dusty bags. Behind the counter stands a friendly looking beta, short pink hair, growing at the roots, innocent enough.

"Hello! How can I help you?" the beta gleams.

George smiles a peaceful smile as he looks up towards Dream, his eyes trying to emit the feeling of: *what the hell do we do now?* This wasn't exactly legal, at all. But he could just stand still and wait for an action from the other right? Just smile and wave?

Dream clears his throat and smiles. "Hello - my omega here really needs to use the toilet, I would appreciate it if he could borrow yours" Dream responds and places a hand on George's shoulder. of course - George thinks as he resists rolling his eyes - because omegas can't answer for themselves. Good play on Dreams part but - god - does it remind George of how some people actually live their lives.

"Oh yes, of course - no problem! -Follow me please" the pink haired person insists and waves for George to come with. George looks back to Dream as if to ask if that was the plan, to which he gets a tiny nod as an answer. He turns back to the other person and follows suit as another door is opened, and he walks through into a storage room. Plain and cold with concrete floor and some, mostly empty, floor-to-ceiling shelves. There sits two omegas and one beta by a table, instantly raising their eyes towards him as he gets in.

"An order of Dream Winters?" one of the omegas asks, to which George nods. "Good, your new name will be Geoffrey Cornwall, twenty-six years old, male, and originally from South Carolina - this will get you out of the state and you'll be intertwined in the system" a pause as the beta walks over to the camera on a tripod by a white wall. "Go stand by the wall" the omega instructs.

George's heart moves into his throat. Getting a new name and a new identity was expected and he didn't have a problem with it - it was just such a big contrast to the comfort he was used to nowadays.

Would he let it show though? Of course not - he goes to stand in front of the white wall and straightens his posture. The beta clicks a few pictures of him before its done with, the omega calling him over to the table.

"Sign here and here - and make it quick - we don't want any suspicions with you being behind here too long" the other omega mumbles as George grabs the pen, reads it through quickly, and signs - his actual name, then his new one. Before he can say anything else he's escorted to the door of which he came through and walks back out into the sweet and warm candy shop again. The person behind the counter is chatting with Dream - George must have missed when they walked out of the storage and returned to their place.

"Hey honey - you feeling better now?" Dream asks with a sultry tone and George almost laughs, but manages to hold it in. This wasn't the place and time to have fun. He nods in Dreams direction and walks over to grab the alphas arm as they go to walk out of there.

"Thank you so much!" Dream exclaims in the betas direction as he opens the door and lets it close behind them. He walks down the other way of the ally and they exit calmly, trying to look as unsuspecting as possible - just a couple, walking out on the town.

"Sorry about that - there were cameras there, couldn't say anything too suspicious" Dream whispers.

"It was fine - but I don't know if they'll care too much about cameras when I've literally signed a contract" George chuckles.

"Oh they don't give a shit - but I don't know where those cameras connect up - rather safe than sorry"

"Yeah you're right - I'm just hoping you paid them cash and nothing else" George retorts.

Dream chuckles "yes of course - could you imagine I pull up with my credit card and it's put on record that I paid a thousand for one candy bar? Would've been hilarious"

"I would've never forgiven you for being that dumb" George snickers as they continue walking. It feels weird, that he's so close now, so close to being able to leave. Now these people they'd just visited only had to put it all together and then he'd be free to go - passport and ID card - a new name and a new future. It really was that simple? To leave it all behind... George can't deny the quiet feeling of mellow surging through his stomach and staying there. He just - it just felt weird that this would all end. Because it would end right? He and Dream couldn't stay in touch after this right? It would be too risqué for the both of them and - and they'd just become friends because of the circumstances anyway? Right? Dream didn't care - Dream had chosen him because he pitied him - he was a burden.

George stops in his steps and catches Dream a little off guard in the process, just stands there with a solemn face.

"What's wrong George?" Dream asks, worry in his voice. George almost wants to laugh, of course there was worry in the others voice, because he cared so much, all the time, always, about everything. Must be painful to *care* so much.

"Later tonight - I'm gonna put some good use to those spray cans - you wanna join?" George asks, holding eye contact.

Dream looks a little dumbfounded before shrugging his shoulders and nodding "sure... but we'll have to wear masks" he adds.

"Yeah yeah - course" George mumbles, before starting to walk again, dismissing Dream's serious expression until it disappears and morphs into its normal careless state.

The decision to nap when they get home is double-sided, both tired and quickly figuring they should do their deed early in the morning rather than late at night, to minimize the risk of getting caught. George misses the warmth and closeness of Dream's body that he'd felt that morning, but proposing sleeping on the couch again was definitely off the table. They go into their respective rooms, set their timers for three am, and sleep through the rest of the day. At least George

does - but considering the both of them had been blackout drunk the night before, it would've been weird if Dream hadn't slept as well.

When George's timer rings his headache is mostly gone - the only thing making him feel a little disoriented is the darkness behind his shut blinds. He gets dressed quickly - black, oversized hoodie, hard for anyone to pinpoint and put a face on. He grabs the spray cans from his wardrobe and stuff them into his backpack. He doesn't hear anything from Dreams room - maybe there was just too many layers of walls in between them for any sound to come through. Nonetheless, he checks himself in the mirror before walking out into the hallway and ponders as he looks down towards Dreams door. Maybe he should knock?

He walks down his path, corrects his backpack and knocks on the door. Not violently, just to make himself heard.

"On my way!" George hears from the inside before the door is swung open so fast it wafts air in his face.

"Jeez - you almost gave me a heart attack dude" George mumbles as he lets his eyes wander. The first time he's got a good glimpse at Dreams room with the way the door is wide open. Cleaner than he thought - or well not really, he didn't expect it to be super dirty, but you never know what you'll get. But it's clean, black bed sheets a little disheveled considering Dream just got up, but the floor clean of clothes, the only thing filling up the wooden surface a rectangular carpet at the foot of the bed, a table in the corner and two modern armchairs in front of the big windows. White walls except for one in dark gray, white curtains dragged to the side. In the short second before Dream walks out and closes the door behind him George stares and ponders over what could be hiding in the wardrobe, and what things the alpha kept in his bedside table's drawers. One could only wonder.

"You got gloves and masks?" George asks as his eyes refocus on Dreams face, ignoring the tiny stir in the bottom of his stomach.

Dream sighs and nods "yeah - well bandannas, downstairs, lets go" he answers and shuffles past George to jog downstairs, higher paced to wake his body up.

George follows suit, stretches his arms behind his back and goes to stare out the windows whilst Dream shuffle around somewhere behind him.

"Where do you wanna go?" Dream asks as he walks up behind George and hands him a black bandanna and a pair of black gloves.

"I don't know - I was thinking one of the old industrial building sites, maybe on an old roof" George mumbles "or just an apartment building" a pause "some place abandoned a long time ago"

George doesn't know why, but Dream seems more quiet than usual, like he's waiting for George to do something, like he's just a pawn in his game, like he's just passing by in George's life. George doesn't really get himself either - he just feels a little off. And maybe Dream was just confused on how to act about it. What does it matter though - the alpha was in fact just someone passing by in his life anyway.

There's no further answer from Dream so George continuous "I know a place - maybe twenty minutes away or so, if that doesn't work we'll find an industrial sight" he observes and turns to put on his shoes. Dream stays by the window for a second longer before joining him. They put on their shoes and pull their hoods over their heads in silence and go out the door. The walk is silent, at first

they pass by drunk groups of youngsters and occasional cops, as they get to the more rural areas Dream appreciates that they're wearing hoods and staying low key - feels safe that no one could recognize him. George tells Dream to pull up his bandanna before he leads them up to the front door of a tall apartment building - worn down brick - and punches in the code.

"How do you know this code?" Dream mumbles quietly, but not hesitating when following the other inside, the lights turning on by themselves.

"I've been to some parties throughout my life you know? I'm just happy they ain't change the code yet" George chuckles and starts walking up the stairs "there's a door to the roof upstairs - there should be a key in a hole in the wall" he tells Dream as they climb. Once they get to the door George moves a loose brick to the side and grabs a key, unlocks the door, looks back at Dream and smirks devilishly. Dream just stares.

"You excited?" George jokes as they step out into the fresh air. But it doesn't come off care free or funny at all, even George himself can feel the sour taste as he says it. He hears Dream hum from behind him as they walk over to the giant placard standing on the edge of the roof, an advertisement for Rolex looking out over the city. He breathes in the fresh air free from the city's laid of pollution and pulls his backpack from his back and leans it against the concrete box supporting the placard.

"Joining or not-" George starts as he picks up the red spray can "-I'm gonna have a good time" he asserts with dead eyes and opens up the cap, shakes his creative freedom a little and sprays a line.

George can't understand why Dream keeps hesitating, even when the alpha goes to grab the blue spray can he looks up to George with those... eyes. Like somethings wrong or somethings about to happen. Nothing was wrong! They were just having fun - doing funny rebellious stuff together. Was there something wrong with him? What else could they do before he leaves forever? Forever.

Doesn't matter - George thinks as he bites the inside of his cheek and shakes the can.

Soon enough the finished piece is up. George had obviously taken the lead: the aggressive lines in red splattered across the wall with blue ones formed around them as a contour. A shadow behind, supporting the red with a strong presence, but still only coloring within the lines. They stand and stare.

"Lets sit down" Dream verbalizes, voice stern in George's ears. What was his problem?

"Whatever you say - *alpha*" George mutters and sits down in front of his masterpiece, smiling out over the city. Dream sits beside him and sighs. George knew saying stuff like that was mean - but that was the point. It goes quiet and George can't help but scoff. What was Dream doing? He was so... off, and weird. George knew this wasn't permanent - he knew this would have an end and he was fine with that. Why did Dream have to act like it actually mattered? Like sabotaging an old sign actually made any difference. It didn't.

"What's wrong with you? Why do you look so fucking mopey - *this* isn't a big deal - what's wrong with fucking up this old advertisement?" George spits and turns to Dream with spiteful eyes.

Dream stays calm, which almost pisses George off even more. Was the guy just a psychopath? Was that it?

"I don't have a problem with the spray cans George" Dream utters and turns to George as well, lets his own solemn eyes meet George's frustrated ones.

"Then what do you have a problem with?"

"I-"

"Something's up with you - just say it!"

"No George - somethings up with you, ever since we went to the candy store you've been off all day"

"No! you've been walking around with a sour face"

"I've been worried!" It's like something snaps in Dream, his face retorting into some sort of unexplainable grief and George doesn't know if he's supposed to cry or laugh.

"Why?! Why are you worried! This doesn't matter! We don't matter! I will be gone!" George shouts as he stands from his feet.

"Is that why you're like this - because of the ID? Why are you so enticed with idea of us falling apart?! Nothing has to end!" Dream raises his voice as he stands as well, their faces close to one another.

"Because it will happen! That was always the plan!"

"Then lets make a new plan!" Dream fumbles, grabs the sides of Georges arms and looks him dead in the eyes "lets make a new plan - I don't want to stop being around you George" Dream retorts in a much softer tone, not letting go of the others arms.

George doesn't answer, only fumbles for breath as he squeezes and unsqueezes his hands. Maybe he was just too tired or too riled up, he doesn't know, but Dreams eyes are caring and collected, they look at him and they stay in place, they don't leave and they don't abandon.

"Come here" Dream wallows as he moves his arms over the others back instead and slowly pulls him into a hug. It's a close and crushing one, where Georges arms get trapped in between them until he slowly comes back to himself and wraps them around Dreams back. It's warm and comforting and he can't stop himself from leaning into Dreams chest and taking in the comforting scent now wrapping around him. It's strong and meaningful - like Dream had been holding back a flood all day trying to not let them out. It makes George smile - knowing that Dream tried to keep his alpha at bay and instead focused on being there for him with just his words or his presence.

"The plan was that I would go" George whispers, almost so low that Dream can't hear.

"*We* make the plan - and the plan has been compromised - you can stay as long as you want, nothing happens in my life anyway" Dream mumbles into the omega's hair, breathing him in.

"You're too much fun for me to force you away against your will - you can do whatever you want George"

"I don't want to leave yet"

"Then don't"

"Then I won't"

"Good"

It's quiet for a while as they just stand there, taking each other in, George grips tightly to Dream's shirt and after a minute Dream starts swaying them back and forth jokingly, making George chuckle.

"Dumbass" George smiles and lets go of the other, sitting back down and looking out over the world below them. A little more at ease at least.

"You too" Dream mutters and sits beside him, putting an arm around his shoulder. The sun was starting to rise in the distance - far, far away, a very small patch of purple making itself known.

"You did a hell of an artwork at least" Dream mumbles and turns slightly to look at what was behind them, making George turn as well.

"Yeah I'm quite proud honestly - but don't underestimate yourself, you did work as well" George smiles.

"Don't overestimate me either - but I guess you're right"

First kiss

Chapter Notes

sorry that this took so long
(*>人<) too busy enjoying a vacation B)

George still can't believe how he had acted: yelling like that, and saying such vile things, what had gotten into him? It isn't like him to care enough about just a single person to get this riled up. He usually never gets close enough to people to lash out like this - to try and push them away. He's always angry at something he doesn't support or agree with, he doesn't get mad because he's sad about someone not liking him. *What the hell was up with him?*

It was over now anyway. They'd walked home in comfortable silence and George had had to stop himself one time to not reach out and grab Dreams hand when they bumped into each other while walking close. It sort of itched in his body to stay close to the other, even now - when they parted ways at George's door and held a soft eye contact - George wants to just reach out and hug him. He stops himself, thinking - knowing - that it would come off as weird or too clingy since he'd almost been crying into Dreams shoulder just a half an hour earlier. He bids the other goodnight and gets into his bed - falls asleep with a smile on his face, happy with the knowledge that he could stay at least a little longer than what was originally planned.

The days that follow are a little tense, not in an aggressive way - like the cloud of irritation that had been hanging over them for the first week - but in an awkward, jittery sort of way. Like every arm around the others shoulder suddenly feels too much for the both of them. At least that's how George perceives it - of course he can't know what Dream thinks of it all. They're just friends as usual of course... it's just that... something seems to be building, slowly, between them.

In only a few days Dream gets an e-mail while they're seated by the dinner table, enjoying a meal that Callahan had prepared for them. Dreams face goes into a confused, focused expression and George can't help but ask.

"What you got there?" he mumbles and takes another bite of his food, trying to look unbothered over what could be written in said mail.

Dream furrows his eyebrows with a sigh "a business trip". That's the only answer George gets.

"Elaborate maybe?" George suggests, a little sarcastic but mostly just curious.

Dream looks cohesive as he glances up towards George for a short second, letting their eyes meet before looking away again. George can sense the other was tense - why?

"What's wrong dude?" George snickers.

"Do you wanna join on the trip?" Dream spits in one breath, facial expression like he's been caught red-handed stealing candy. "Just like two days - I just figured it could be boring alone over here and - and there'll be a party we could go to" a pause "I mean I could go to the party myself that's no issue I just - be fun if you joined - if you want to"

George blinks a few times and chuckles. "Sure - why not" he mumbles and tries to play off his smile as a sly smirk. He doesn't know if it succeeds.

Dream breathes out and looks down towards his phone again - his hand laying relaxed over the table, so close for George to look at and ponder over. "Cool - we leave tomorrow afternoon, we can drive there alone - I mean - I'll drive" a cough as he scrolls further down "Okay so the party is tomorrow night - then the day after I have to go to a couple meetings and you can do whatever you want-"

"What do you mean whatever I want?" George interrupts.

Dream blinks and scratches the back of his head "I don't know - I could fix a guard for you if you want to go out on the town - Callahan gets the days off so he won't be coming - otherwise you can just" he gestures with his hands "do whatever outside of or inside the hotel room".

George taps his foot against the floor and stops with a sudden thought at those words. Right. How would they sleep? If they went to hotel in connection to a business trip, that meant it wouldn't exactly be private matter how they slept. "Uhm - so is the hotel connected to - like - the business trip, or are they separate?" George asks carefully, wondering if Dream understands what he's getting at.

"Yeah, it's the same hotel for everyone involved" Dream answers.

"Which means that we'll be..." George starts and looks towards Dream.

"We'll have to be in the same room, yes. And since we're registered as a couple.. it'll be a queen as well" he explains and George nods with understanding. That was fine - he would just sleep on the floor, or like in an armchair, everything would work out.

"You don't have to come with - I don't want to force you" Dream clarifies but George only shakes his head.

"No, of course I'll come - it sounds a lot more refreshing than staying here all alone" he chuckles. In reality there was a bunch of things he could do here at home - he could go visit his mother, hang out with Bad, code some stuff, play Minecraft with Sap - but the truth was, he wanted to go with Dream. So he refrains from bringing up examples of what other activities he could do, just pretends he has no better choice than waiting for Dream an entire day in their shared hotel room, refrains from talking about how he wants to spend all the time he has left in Florida with Dream.

"Cool - pack a suit"

Dream advises him to not pack too much - they would only sleep there for two nights - only that he bring the most necessary: a toothbrush, some clothes to chill in, phone and charger, and of course a suit. They'd ordered a new one from the store they'd bought the first one from since they had George's exact size. A black one with embroidered details in silver - he folds it nicely as he packs it up. It fits him nicely and he would be lying if he said he couldn't wait to wear it. Makes him feel powerful... and pretty.

They get in the car at the planned time - even with the obstacle of Dream running around the

apartment in a panic on the mission for his car keys.

"You have a check up on your stuff Dream - how the hell do you not know where your car keys are at?" George chuckles as he closes the passenger seat door and looks over at Dream. Of course he could lose track of his own keys as well - but he likes to tease.

Dream huffs out a breath and turns to George with dead eyes. "Bro don't even" he sighs and turns the key, starts up the car and they were on their way. The engine hums comfortably around them and George smirks as he opens his window and lets his hand rest there. The sun feels hot on them as soon as the car leaves the garage, but the wind wafts them softly and he closes his eyes for a short second. One hour and they'd arrive at their destination, for now George could enjoy the view of the city in reflecting sunshine. He smiles to himself - he hated this city, even now he can't bring himself to like it that much. No matter how objectively pretty it was - it would never stop being subjectively ugly in his eyes. At least with Dream here - he could laugh at its ugliness, he could find himself in it, and he could calm down a little.

The drive is easygoing and fun. George soon closes the window as to let the AC work full force, they turn on the radio and listen to some Kanye before switching over to one of Wilbur's songs that Dream had on a USB that he plugs in. George can't help but laugh along at how fitting it was for Wilbur to make a song - at least judging from the two times he'd met the man drunk. As they eventually enter the new city George opens the window again to take in the smell and sounds of everything around them. He'd been there once when he was little but that was a long time ago. Sadly but not surprising, the view was pretty boring.

"Did they like copy paste this city or what - it looks the exact fucking same I swear" George laughs and points to all the tall apartment buildings as they stop at a red light.

"Tell me about it - with all these cities looking the same I barely know where I am half the time" Dream responds and makes a right turn. "But they... have their charm"

George turns to a Dream focused on the road for a short second before looking forward once more and rolling up his window. Maybe they did have their charm. He doesn't really know - it's hard with things that you've been so sure of your entire life and suddenly someone reasonable, respectable, doesn't really agree. "I guess you're right" George smiles and ponders over the millions of miles of sidewalks and cars and traffic lights in front of them.

"...Here we are" Dream mumbles on a breath and turns the car towards a garage door, rolling down his window and punching in a code.

"Special parking for the hotel?" George questions.

"Rich people, George - rich people" Dream responds as the door closes behind them and the alpha drives around in the search for a parking spot.

They get out and grab their stuff from the back, lock up the car and walk up to the hotel lobby from the parking house's stairs. Dream checks them in and grabs them both a card to their room. George feels a little bare where he stands beside the other like the quiet omega he was supposed to be. Usually it would make him uncomfortable - now he's just on the verge of laughing.

After a short elevator ride they arrive at their designated room and unlock the door. George swallows as he looks inside. The room is spacious and has a cute sofa area in front of the bed. Queen size. For two people. On the opposite of the bed stands a white door to the bathroom, and beside that a big potted plant. The room is picture perfect - modern, not too dull, and fresh and clean with big windows. The bed looks soft and welcoming. Just one blanket.

"So.. whose sleeping on the couch?" George mumbles and tries to hide the uncertainty in his voice, hides his hands in his pockets.

"I'll offer myself" Dream answers within a second of throwing his bag on the sofa, making George's eyebrows furrow.

"You're literally not gonna fit in it"

"Neither will you"

George shrugs his shoulders and throws himself on the bed sheets and picks up his phone.

"Whatever - we'll figure it out when we come back" he quickly changes the subject as to stop Dream from protesting "when was that party? And what do I need to know?" George asks after checking the time on the screen.

Dream looks conflicted over the whole bed situation but decides to answer the question instead.

"The party is in like thirty minutes so we'll have to hurry a little" he explains as he sheds off his shirt, forcing George to look away "What both you and I need to take into consideration is that - I don't know these people - like I know a few of course but far from all of them, I'll have to introduce myself as new to a lot of them so you'll really have to pull of the 'I don't know what I'm doing here I just love my mans' kinda vibe" he continues and starts buttoning his white shirt. George stares and tries to ignore how his mind seems to go on its own at the view in front of him.

"I can do that" George mumbles.

"I know you can" Dream smirks, and George swallows. A compliment he wasn't ready for.

They both get dressed quickly and head off to the hotel's venue, Dream in a black, sleek suit and George in his new one. It fits him like a glove - just how he knew it did already - and the silver details really make him stand out and shimmer in comparison - or more like in combination - with the alpha. People sure as hell would remember how good he looks after this night at least. George puts his hand over Dream's shoulder as they walk in through the open doors, feels a shiver run over his spine as an arm sneaks its way around his waist, fitting nicely. A small gasp makes its way out and George prays it isn't audible. The big hall is sparsely packed with people - this time in even fancier clothes than the last party they attended. High ceiling, dimmed lights, the pleasant sound of small talk echoing back and forth. George doesn't want to admit it, but he feels a little nervous. He also doesn't want to admit that he knows why he's nervous: because Dream seems nervous. Tense and serious. It's like not even the normal frat boy can come and go as he pleases in this environment.

The hand on his lower back slowly pushes him forward towards a table with glasses of champagne. "Is this okay?" George hears whispered close to his ear and he nods discretely and swallows down the shallow feelings of... affection. He couldn't feel like this right now - not when it was this tense of a situation. But it wasn't weird that he was reacting more than usual at Dream's touch: the entire room was filled with strong, powerful, suffocating pheromones. So many alphas and omegas stuffed together in such close proximity, and much less ventilation than at the previous party since this one wasn't half inside half outside. It was like, beside the business things, there was another plain field being explored: everyone picking up the scents of new or old people no matter if they wanted to or not. And George couldn't help but feel it - Dream's comforting scent like an oasis in a desert: he just can't get enough of it.

And it's not because he was feeling more for Dream. That wasn't it... At least he can't make that conclusion right now since they were under quite special circumstances. Yeah - it was just the circumstances.

"Schlatt isn't here right?" George asks, trying to find something to glad him in all the tenseness.

"No, he's not" Dream sighs and George takes in a sharp breath of air. God - he was so nervous, how could he let himself be so nervous? This didn't matter to him, it only mattered because of Dream... Dream.

He picks up a glass of champagne and puts on a smile - time to mingle. Dream hesitates for a short second before walking over to a mixed group of omegas and alphas discussing something next to the bar. They looked friendly enough, probably two couples and two stray alphas accompanying them, smiles on their faces, they were laughing along quietly at each others jokes. George can feel Dream's tense hand on his back as they move slowly in the group's vicinity, he waits for the perfect moment of silence falling over them and he leads them into the open space next to one of the alphas.

"Mind if we join this lovely conversation?" Dream verbalizes with a pleasant smile - it's so far from any frat boy George has ever seen but it still not genuine. Far from it. It reeks of manipulation and hollow greed for power. At least he can feel it's still Dream, at least he knows it's still the person he laughs along with in the late hours of the night with a cup of dark chai in his hands.

"No - absolutely not" the alpha beside them chirps and reaches out his hand "Phil Watson". George has no idea who the man was - only that he was big and stoic, but his scent much more tame in comparison to the other ones around them.

"Dream Winters" Dream retorts with and grabs the other with a tight grip for two ups and downs before letting go and doing the same with the other alphas around the circle. No need for the three omegas to get acquainted - no time for such things. George catches the eyes of one of them, a short woman with blonde hair and kind eyes standing beside a bearded white man, looking slightly Scandinavian in George's eyes. She gives him an empathetic smile and he gives her a sarcastic shrug of his shoulders. The other omega is too busy staring at her wife to care about his presence.

George wonders if those feelings of absolute admiration that shimmers in said omegas eyes are genuine feelings, and he wonders if he looks like that when he looks to Dream. God, he hopes not for his own pride's sake. But then again - he couldn't figure out if that omegas feelings were genuine in the first place anyway.

Dream can't help but hold the man next to him tight, it itches in his skin and the nervousness in him from the general situation gets doubled by the various scents spread across the room. George and him weren't mated - yes, everyone could smell on the omega that he'd only been with Dream for the past month and a half but everyone could also smell that George was "up for grabs". God - what the hell was wrong with his brain to where he would think like that? Disgusting thoughts. He just couldn't help it with the way he felt about the other, there was something there which he could not fully explain. Ever since the others' heat, ever since his rut... ever since that sweet smell and those brown honey eyes. But most importantly - the sarcastic teasing and the passion over bad acting and the stupid memes they would quote and games they would play. And the compassion and passion and pure heart and soul. Fuck. He wanted George all to himself. Dream lets his hand softly caress across the omegas lower back and it feels like every alpha in the room's eyes are on George, his George.

They stand around with the group for a little while - George gets more comfortable the longer time goes on, the alphas seeming nice and reasonable, considering the occasion at least. But Dream doesn't seem to settle down, it's almost - and George knows it's just his imagination - it's almost like the alpha was pulling him in closer, like the alphas' scent was trying to pull him in. Maybe

George wasn't the one reacting too much to Dream's normal pheromones because of their surroundings - maybe Dream was letting out more pheromones than normal, just for him, and touching him more than ever. It's making him blush and sweat. His black suit feels too small. Not like he was heat or anything he was just... getting butterflies. It's like the alpha was trying to scent him right then and there.

"It was a pleasure meeting you all - we'll be on our way" Dream declares to the company and bids them goodbye, keeps George close as he walks them over to a group of sofas. Taps his fingers against his waist and seats them on one of the sofas. Even on their way over there George can figure out where the main problem is situated: right there, that's where all the serious, big alphas were seated, creating an odor spreading through the entire space. No partners on their sides, no matter if they had them or not they weren't there. The group of alphas in suits and sour faces remind George of mafias in movies - it's just as much laughable as it is terrifying. He sits down beside a tense Dream, feels the others' arm sneak its way around his back and waist again and scoot him in real close. George knows it's just for the look of things - but it feels so real. He can't see much of Dream's face but he senses an even bigger shift in the man's demeanor with all these alphas around.

It seems everyone around can sense it as well though, and George swallows audibly as the black haired, senior alpha opposite them leans forward with his elbows on his knees and stares daggers into Dream's eyes, a strong scent of aggression rolling off of him. "Dream Winters" he mumbles and clenches his jaw "you are one son of a bitch to come in here and start spreading your possessive smell like you own the place" he spits and the alphas around him in agreement "no one is interested in your property" he finishes with and leans back again.

George's blood boils but he ignores it - this wasn't the time.

Dream sighs and unclenches his fists, he hadn't even noticed they were strained in the first place, barely aware of how poorly his body was reacting. In the back of his mind he prays George doesn't connect this back to himself and just thinks it's all a big coincidence. "My sincerest apologies, we aren't officially mated as you can tell - I am unused to... contact like this" he says it loud and clear, no hesitation, it comes of genuine and George believes him - which makes him blush - but the aggression rolling off of Dream doesn't balance out, it stays as firm as before. George wills with all of his heart that Dream would calm down - he wouldn't go anywhere, why would George go sit by these dumb alphas?

"I accept your apology but the both of you are stinking up the place - could you please ask you're pretty little thing to go up to your room and wait for you there so we can have a normal discussion" the alpha opposite them proposes with unbothered eyes and George feels Dream's veins jump underneath his hand but the man stays calm "I'm too old for teenage pheromones - make a decision" the senior grunts and wags with his hand, signaling for either one or the both of them to leave.

Without warning Dream pulls him in close and puts his lips to George's ear, hot air wafting against sensitive skin and the alphas' protective scent once again moving in close. George thinks of his scent gland being so close to the other man's teeth and blinks hard, before feigning an unbothered look for the people around.

"I'm so sorry about this, this wasn't my intention - you, go upstairs and wait there, but before that - " there's an audible swallow in his ear " - kiss me, prove that you love me".

George can't ignore the way that his heart skips a beat - and he can't ignore how he just can't wait to kiss this man. He doesn't know if it's because the pheromones or the situation or the stress or not

but he also knows - deep in his heart he knows - it's none of that. He just really wants to kiss Dream. His eyes blow wide before calming down, it all goes so fast but moves through slow motion nonetheless. In less than a second he turns his head towards Dream - Dream who's already so close - and leans in. It isn't slow per say, but not hasty either. It's meant to be carefree, it's meant to look like a simple goodbye kiss, it's meant to look like they've kissed each other a million times before.

But they haven't kissed each other a million times before - this is their first kiss - this is the first time their lips meet and their eyes close and they just breathe each other in. As soon as Georges lips meet Dreams and he feels the softness of them and catches Dreams breath as it's coming out butterflies erupt in his stomach, and he knows a pretend kiss shouldn't feel this good, this right. He wants to stay like this forever, and he wants this to be it, he wants Dreams tongue in his mouth, and he wants to bite the others throat, and he wants to whisper into the other's ear like that motherfucker always whispers into his. It's so fast and brief that it's instantly over, he has to stop himself from not climbing into Dreams lap right then and there with the way it makes him feel. He just stands from the couch and walks towards the exit, doesn't even look back to see Dreams facial expression. He needed some fresh air.

Fuck. Fuck Fuck Fuck. How was he going to handle this? He should've been prepared for how he would feel, but still nothing could've prepared him for the way a kiss from George would've felt. A pretend kiss shouldn't feel that good, that right. He stares after him as the omega moves away and walks towards the open doors and disappear "Oh, to love someone like that" Dream hears being whispered by one of the other alphas around the group and he clears his throat, looks back towards the senior alpha and nods as to ask if everything was cool. It was hard keeping the mask up though - that he could admit.

"Great - now we can talk"

When George gets to their room he can finally think clearly again, being rid of all those different scents and pheromones of aggression and arousal. It can't help him figure anything out though, the kiss is still so unimaginably unexplainable. He should be disgusted, he should feel put off that Dream thought he had the right to try and scent him like that, he should feel betrayed and angry. All George can feel is a sorrow that he's not in the others company anymore. It settles down after about an hour, his body calms down and he stops letting out these sad pheromones he hadn't even noticed he was putting out. Now he starts stomping around the room instead, walking back and forth, thinking of what that stupid fucking alpha had called him and how he'd talked to him. And George thinks of how Dream had gotten angry, and how much he appreciates Dream for being there for him. And even now when there weren't any pheromones affecting him, he can't help but to think back to the kiss and blush. This really was real wasn't it? He really... really liked Dream.

After one more hour George can hear the door unlock, and a quite exhausted Dream walks into the room and breathes out. George looks up from his position on his stomach on bed and tries to play unbothered, ignoring the way his nervous heart skips a beat. "Welcome back from hell - how was it?" George asks and looks up towards Dream fully. The man looks tired and a little spaced out, but at least he was smiling and moving like the normal Dream again.

"God that was fucking - fucking awful" Dream sighs as he seats himself on the edge of the bed and leans back, letting his upper body rest on the sheets, Georges head next to his head on the foot of

the bed.

"Anything new and exciting happen when I was gone?" George continues with a smile and looks down on Dream from where he has his head leaning on his elbow.

"The only thing I have to say to those alphas is that they need to *fuck someone*, or like - work out - the fucking odor in there, am I ever going to recover?" Dream chuckles with a smile and his eyes shine in that way that makes George smile as well.

"I couldn't agree more" George mumbles.

Dream sighs and sits back up again, and even though George can only see the back of his head, he knows something genuine is coming. "I'm sorry about letting out so much scent myself" a pause "their pheromones made me react myself and it was... inappropriate" Dream mutters and George can see his hands tensing against the mattress. It wasn't really a lie, Dream thinks and bites his lip, he did react so much because they were letting out so many pheromones. But... would he have been able to control himself a million times better if he didn't feel the way about George that he did. The answer was yes.

"It's okay - I didn't mind" It comes out before he can stop himself and he prays to god that Dream just thinks he's being dumb, prays that Dream thinks he doesn't understand what the scenting would incline. Because he didn't mind, didn't mind smelling like Dream, didn't mind being close to him... liked it even. He didn't mind what it inclined either if he was being honest.

"Oh" Dream chokes on his breath "Uhm - cool, great" he shuffles and stands up, drags his hand through his hair and George thinks he can see a slight tint of red to his cheeks but he isn't sure.

"Okay - so I'll take the sofa and you take the bed and tomorrow you'll be busy in meetings right?" George breaks off the silence but Dream turns to him with furrowed eyebrows and a sly smirk.

"No - I mean yes, I'll be busy in meetings tomorrow, but who said you'll take the sofa?" Dream questions and George shrugs before standing from the bed and keeping eye contact as he starts walking over to the couch. Dream smirks and runs in front of the omega to stop him in his path. George scoffs and tries to sneak around him in one swift moment, to which he gets grabbed by the arms and spun around.

"Aha!" Dream exclaims before pushing George away from him towards the bed, George huffs with a smirk and turns around again.

"Okay okay - you win I guess" he gestures carefree and stands in his place, waits for Dream to turn around and walk towards the couch before taking a leap of faith and try to run past him. What happens this time makes his heart get stuck in his throat. As he tries to pass Dream he quickly feels a strong hand grab at his waist and before he knows it his feet are dangling off the ground and he's thrown over the alphas shoulder. It goes so fast that he can't react and the surging feeling of embarrassment chokes him up and prevents him from laughing at the whole ordeal. He was picked up like it was nothing, and before he knows it he's tossed onto the bed, back bouncing on the mattress.

"I'll take the couch" Dream smiles as he points an accusing finger at George and turns before there's an answer.

George doesn't want Dream to take the couch, it went against his principle. His principle worked on the point that this is something he would have to pay back - this was like a dept. And he knew

Dream would never treat this like a debt to be paid and so he should be fine... but they were also friends and he knew the couch would be too small for Dream to sleep comfortably. He couldn't argue more - then he'd just get picked up and tossed again and he doesn't think he can handle that... but he couldn't just leave it like this.

"Ey stupid" he exclaims and watches as Dream stops in his step and turns back "come back here - I'll sleep on this side" he points to the side he's seated on "and you'll sleep on this side" he nods his head towards the other side.

Dream looks conflicted for a moment, a bashful look on his face "are you sure? There's only one blanket" he mumbles, but takes a few steps back towards the bed nonetheless.

"You incapable of sharing a blanket with someone?" George questions with a smirk and holds the eye contact strong. Dream leans his head back before walking over and sitting down.

"Fine - I'll sleep on the bed"

"The right choice"

Dream shuffles a little and clenches his jaw "You wanna go to bed right now or? I'm just really tired - can turn off the lights..?" he struggles for words a little and George can't help but smile despite himself. Cute.

"Yeah go ahead - i'm tired as shit too"

The alpha stands from the bed and goes to flip the switch, in just a second the room is dark until their eyes get acquainted with the illuminating moon light. George doesn't mean to, but he can't stop himself from staring as he watches the other undress. The suit jacket is slipped off, the tie thrown to the side and the slow collected movements of fingers unbuttoning a white dress shirt is played out in front of him, revealing soft skin underneath. George looks away when the other unbuckles his belt and takes off his pants, the omega's breath hitching. Maybe asking the other to sleep with him was a bad idea, maybe he would be too aware of the other to sleep. George stands himself and turns his back against the bed and looks out the window as he slowly sheds off his shirt. He'd changed into a normal t-shirt and some sweats when he got to the hotel room, had to rid himself of Dream's scent soaked into his suit. He hears Dream get into the bed but he is unaware if the alpha is watching him or not. He tries to ignore himself and his silly wishes as he takes off his pants and stretches his arms above his head. Everything would be fine, they would just sleep in the same bed, really close.. and George would think of their kiss.

When he turns around Dream is laying on his back, eyes open but not looking at him, instead their stuck to the ceiling. As little blanket as necessary over his body as to leave most of it for George, who lifts the end of it and sneaks his way under. He turns on his side, away from Dream, and faces the window once more. Their bodies are so close to each other, everything is so warm. George can't help but think of their cuddling on the couch a few days earlier - would it really be so wrong for him to want that? For him to ask?

"Dream?" he whispers into the darkness after a few short seconds of contemplating.

"Hmm?" he hears from beside him and a tiny shuffle in the sheets, probably the other turning his head towards him.

"Do you want to spoon?" he asks and it feels so out of character as he says it. It doesn't come off sarcastic or confident at all - it sounds begging and hesitated. His face burns with shame and he's ready to interject himself and tell the other never mind when he feels an arm reach out and sneak

its way around his waist again, this time skin against skin, this time he knows Dream hears his gasp. It's warm and soft and he can't help but spread a comfortable scent when he feels the warm chest of the other press up against his back.

"Night George" Dream whispers into his neck and George swallows with a hum. He was going to sleep deep and thoroughly tonight.

Confessions

George doesn't know what time it is when he suddenly stirs in his sleep, unknown reason making him end up in a state of half consciousness. It's bright outside, that he knows, and it's warm all around him, hot even, maybe that's why he awoke a little. Someone is breathing softly next to his ear and something hard is poking against his ass, but more than that he can't register before falling asleep again. The next time he wakes up he opens his eyes at the sound of someone moving around in the room and turns his head slowly. Through blurry eyelashes he can see Dream getting dressed and he blinks.

It seems the alpha notices him, to which he puts his knee on the bed and leans over him "sorry for waking you - just go back to sleep, I'll be back later" Dream whispers and lets his arm caress Georges upper arm, the omega just looks up at him before nodding apprehensively and letting his eyes close once more.

When he wakes up for a third time the room is empty.

"...Fuck" George breathes out and rubs his eyes, sits up from his lying position and rests his hands in his lap as he looks around. No Dream to be found - good, maybe, to not be reminded of the previous day's endeavours. God - George puts his head in his hands and groans - he can't help but think of the other and just feel... so much. Butterflies, and affection, and appreciation. This didn't feel 'just domestic', this didn't feel 'just like bros'. This felt like so much *more* - and not in a bad way, like how George usually felt about these things, but in a good, safe, chill sort of way. He sighs - also in a totally not chill way considering he had never felt this way before, not really. And he was signed in to a contract, and this was the one time he *wasn't* supposed to be feeling like this.

As George bounces back down on the bed and turns on his stomach to scream his feelings into the pillow, he stops midway. When he rolls over he unintentionally ends up with his face in Dreams pillow, and what meets him is a concentrated source of the alphas scent. It's soft and calming, strong and confident. He blushes - there's a hint of arousal hidden within, tucked away and so small it might pass you by. But not George - George can feel it, and he smiles with pride that he was able to recognize it. He wants to hit himself for caring so much - but he also doesn't give a shit anymore. It is what it is. He just has to admit that he... likes the scent... more than he should.

George sighs into the pillow and reaches his hands up to grab at it and push himself into it - breathing in deep, not letting go. It's intoxicating, and addictive. He rolls over on his back with the pillow still in his face and stretches his body. Without meaning to, it's like he's presenting himself to be mated, dominated, or simply taken care of. And it doesn't feel wrong - he just keeps wishing Dream was there. Not for anything special, just wants him there, remembers those moments right before he had fallen asleep the night before, the warmth and comfort.

"This really is it?" George whispers to himself as he moves the pillow down to his chest and squeezes it tightly. He turns his head to the side and watches as the shadows slowly recede towards the ceiling, the sun overlapping and warmth spreading, he feels an overheated patch on his knee where the sun lays hot. "I am feeling this" he sighs.

He never wanted this to happen - this isn't what should've happened, but he can't deny that it's happening. He just thought it was his omega but it really was all of him, and he was stupid to think his omega wasn't a part of him - because it was, and it shouldn't be excluded. There was nothing wrong with this feeling, and he's always known that but still, he thought he was "stronger" than

every other omega for not giving into these feelings. Maybe, it was all just because he'd never met a truly good alpha - or more like a truly good person, that he could also get attracted to. Or was it him? Who'd never truly opened up to the possibility that some people were good? George doesn't know - all he knows is that he truly appreciates Dream, and that there was no shame in that.

"I'm out of my mind..." he mumbles and stands from the bed, starts pacing around the room. Maybe he should get some advice? Maybe he should call the only person who always has the correct answers.

"Pick up idiot" George sighs as the signals continue on. It takes a second before it staggers and a noise breaks through.

"Geooooorgee" Bad beams from the other end with his usually jolly voice, some loud noises in the background that he has to yell over.

"Hey Bad - wha - what's going on in the back there?" George questions.

Bad huffs a breath and chuckles "you remember that museum I was talking about?" He asks.

"Yeah?"

"Well -" Bad starts and there's a loud bonk in the background "apparently the museum wasn't done building - I must've missed the big box on the website that said 'done 2023' - so I got here and I was just about to leave, but guess who I found here"

"Who'd you find?" George smiles.

"Rebecca from fourth grade! Remember her? She's right here - you wanna say hi to George?" There's a distant hello from someone a bit away and George shakes his head in disbelief - of course Bad would somehow manage to find that one girl that only went to their school for a year. "And guess what! She went on to become a construction worker, how cool is that!"

"Yes, that is very cool - but where are you now Bad?" George asks, even though he already knows the answer.

"I'm getting a tour around the build site, and it is looking very lovely so far" Bad answers freely and there's another loud noise in the back. George just laughs. It goes quiet for a short second before Bad recognizes the silence. "So - what made you call on such a lovely day like this my dear friend?" Bad mumbles, a little toned down.

George sighs and goes back to sit on the bed, wondering how he should phrase it. He decides quickly to phrase it like he always does. "I'm catching feelings - or I already have, like a long time ago - and I don't know what to do" he states and swallows, wondering how his friend would react.

"Okayyyy - uhm - how is it making you feel?" Bad asks from the other end.

"I don't fucking know dude - like, before, all I would feel was disgust and like I'm weak, and you know I don't believe in that shit but I just couldn't help it - but now -" there's a pause and he wonders what to say "now I just - really like him. But what about the plan? Like, he didn't choose me to mate me, he chose me to help me - I can't just... you know" it's all a ramble in the end but he hopes Bad catches on.

There's a slight laugh from the other side "well - you already know what my answer will be" Bad mumbles.

"Do I?"

"Of course you tell him you like him - he's a good person and if he doesn't feel the same then you just go about your plan and meet some hot piece of mind in wherever you're going next in your life" Bad proposes.

"But what if I change my mind?"

"Then you change your mind - Dream would be cool with that"

"But what if -" he pauses and bites his lip, can't believe what he's about to say next "what if we mate? What if he wants kids? What if I change my mind after all of that?"

Bad hums "First of all - I don't think you will change your mind, but of course, only time will tell - but even if you do change your mind after all that, Dream would accept it, and most importantly, even if you do change your mind -" he takes a deep breath "what else will you do George? All of your life you've just fought to stay above the surface and now you have a choice to make, finally, your own choice - and to me, it sounds like your two options are: living your life how you want to - and living your life how you want to *plus* a bunch of cash and someone to share your time with" Bad finishes with.

George searches for air as if to say something but the words get stuck in his throat. He wants to bring up all the plans he has for himself and how he'll move his mom out and start working with supporting omegas and this and that and everything - but Bad was right, none of that had to change - more or less - just because he admitted that he really liked Dream.

"But - what if he -" George tries, but is quickly interrupted.

"George - just tell him and work from there, it's not dangerous, just a little bit embarrassing - and you never get embarrassed! So why start now?" Bad exclaims in a high pitch "if you even have the capability to crush on anyone, I know for a fact they would simply alter your life plans a little, not change them completely - and I don't want you to miss your chance at actually finding someone good" is the last thing he says before it goes quiet between them once more.

George doesn't say anything, so Bad takes commando "I love you George, you are one of my best friends, do what you think is best and I'll support that. But I also know you have a tendency of sabotaging yourself, don't do that!" he says endearingly, before breaking off with a less serious tone "now, if you excuse me, I have to explore this cool construction site - talk to you later George, love you, bye!"

"Bye Bad"

And the line goes dead. George sits up from his slouched position and folds his knees underneath his body, his bottom leaning on his heels. There is a bright blush spreading its way over his face and he can't ignore it. Why? Because he was actually considering revealing it all, and it was making him nervous. He'd already sabotaged himself in front of Dream with the entire ID photo ordeal and even then he had failed to withstand the others warm compassion - he couldn't do it again, he'd just feel too bad. The only way to do this was just to embarrass himself, wasn't it? To just say it? George whines and puts his face in his hands, he really is embarrassed, genuinely - and

that was unusual. Truly proving just how much his mind and body really does care.

George stays in the hotel room for a little while, his brain filled with confliction. And when he gets tired of thinking he moves towards the door but stops himself, thinks about all the alphas he had met yesterday and if they were there. Pretty quickly he realizes they had all gone to business meetings like Dream, considering that's why they were there. But George thinks one step further - the omegas were probably still there, and George does not want to meet them. He ends up staying in the room for another ten minutes before gathering enough courage to go out into the corridor.

The corridor is empty, and he seems to be doing fine as he discretely hurries towards the elevator, but what meets him there catches him off guard in his huff of relief and he instead has to plaster on a smile.

"George, right?" Beams the omega from inside the elevator as the doors slide open. George staggers before stepping into the small enclosure and lets the doors close behind him - he has no idea who this person is.

"Yes..." he mumbles with a question mark and eyes the other as he stands beside them "you must excuse me, but I do not know who you are" he retorts.

The omega chuckles slightly and reaches out a hand "sorry for being so gruff, it's since everyone knows who you are - I'm Jennifer Miller"

George grabs the others hand and shakes it before quickly interjecting "everyone knows me? Why" he mumbles. He gestures towards the button for the bottom floor and the omega nods before he clicks it.

Jennifer seems a little taken aback but mostly entertained by his confused state, and George ignores the slight irritation he feels. "You are Dream's spouse, it's all over the news everywhere which you must've known - and well, everyone who didn't know you before yesterday... definitely searched you up after the party" she answers and George isn't sure what they're trying to hint at but he does have an inkling, which makes him heat up.

"How come?" he asks with feigned innocence.

"Let's just say I haven't been to a party with that many pheromones in a long time. When you two walked into the room like two sexually starved animals? I mean - everyone was convinced the two of you would start fucking at any moment" Jennifer claims and George almost chokes on his own saliva for a moment, trying to hide his blush. He has to remember this person didn't know they weren't a couple, didn't know any of their inner plans - but Jennifer was obviously speaking her truth and it catches George off guard. Had it really been that bad? Had he put out that many pheromones? Or had... Dream put out... pheromones like that. If he wasn't so occupied with thoughts like those he would've been way more irritated with the omegas unwanted and quite offensive statements, but he's just too caught up in the thoughts of Dream.

When George doesn't answer the omega quickly questions on as if to get as much information as possible before the elevator reaches the bottom floor. "How is he in bed? If you don't mind me asking - it's just, with those arms and that scent I can only imagine how--"

"He's great - really - but everyone has the potential to be, that can't be decided simply by the physical I would say" George rambles on, mostly to keep the other from talking because - god - did

they not know how to shut up when it was time. The words that come out make him feel hot all over though - the thought of sex with Dream? God - he can't think such things in an elevator with another person, had stopped himself from thinking like that since his heat, he needs to stop before his scent changes.

"I get that but still it's-"

"Oh - seems like we're here!" George exclaims as the doors finally slide open to reveal the bottom floor, and most importantly, the exit out of this hellhole.

"Maybe we'll see each other around Jennifer" George continues on as the other searches for air to say something, to which George simply interrupts by walking away towards the exit and making his way outside.

The heat hits him hard in the face, but still it's way less suffocating than the place he was just in, and he breathes out a sigh of relief. He picks up his phone and goes to check google maps for the nearest park, where he would hopefully be able to relax in the cool shadow of the trees. He dismisses the part of his brain which reminds him of Dream's wishes for him to get a bodyguard if he was to go out on the streets in a city he doesn't know. He knows that Dream wouldn't be mad like every other batshit crazy alpha if he didn't get one. It makes him smile - god dammit, it felt good to know someone who thought like he did.

Halfway to the park his phone buzzes with a text from Dream. *I'm on luuuunch and I would much rather eat with you than listen to these alphas sexist jokes - you wanna? if so, should I come pick you up or meet up somewhere?* George is on his way to answer when another one pops up. *You don't have to say yes but I would literally worship you forever and I owe you a big ice cream.*

"Dumbass" George snickers and taps in his answer. *I was on my way to the park, couldn't chill with all the people at the hotel breathing down my neck - but when I hear the rich alpha has to listen to sexism NOT connected to him in the slightest? wow, you got me, can't help but oblige B).*

Hehheh yeah sorry about that - I felt they were too far gone for my salvation of their souls, like: destroy injustice in the shadows with my partner who's actually behind all the work, ya know?

George smiles. *Agh, I guess I'll let it slide and I'll save you from your own alpha-shame for now, you are forgiven - but you definitely owe me an ice cream nonetheless.*

Of course :) go to the restaurant on the south corner and I'll be sitting on a table on the veranda looking really stoic and attractive - unless you run and get there before me, but then you can just take my spot and do the same.

George pictures it in his mind and feels both entertained and slightly charmed - Dream sitting by a table in a suit with a prideful expression. Before, all he would've done was laughed, but George has to admit that the longer he's known Dream, the more attractive the man got in every imaginable way. He can't deny it.

He turns away from his path and follows where google tells him to go, luckily it wasn't very far off. As he suspects that he's getting closer - coming onto a much calmer street with kiosks and restaurants littered around - something in front of him catches his eyes. On the other end of the street, a familiar looking blonde is jogging towards a nice looking restaurant, eyes stuck on George. It doesn't take long for George to realize what the other was doing - he was trying to get there first - and so George starts sprinting, raising his eyebrows in Dream's direction as to entice

him. George sees how the other picks up the pace as well but he has an advantage with starting ahead.

"Are you gonna steal my moment!" Dream yells when they get close enough to hear each other.

"Absolutely I will!" George shouts back and grabs a wooden pillar on the side of the restaurant's outdoor serving space, swings around it, runs up the two steps of stairs and doesn't even check to see if it was a necessity to book a table before sprinting to the nearest, free table and seating himself in a haste. He's out of breath as he puts his hand underneath his chin and tries to pretend that nothing is bothering him - looking confident and caught up in his own thoughts.

"Oh, wah wah fucking wah - was that really necessary?" Dream exclaims as he slows down in front of the restaurant, looking up towards George where he's leaning his arm against the fencing of the veranda. George just smiles and shrugs.

"I guess you do a pretty good job at being stoic" Dream mumbles and shrugs his shoulders before walking along and getting onto the actual plateau as well, hands in his pockets and a shimmering smirk as he walks towards George, the sun shining on his hair and making it golden.

"I have no idea if you have to book tables here" George whispers as Dream gets close enough to hear.

"You do - but there is a paparazzi that followed me here with a camera so I have to kiss you" Dream whispers back and before George can answer the alpha is leaning down towards him, there's a small pause of hesitation where their eyes meet, but within half a second George can feel the other's smooth lips against his own. They taste of coffee and feel smooth as butter - his stomach spread with butterflies and there's a sharp intake of air through his nose which he hopes Dream mistakes as simple surprise and nothing more. There's something with how he leans his head upwards and the alpha's hand feeling strong and supporting on his cheek, caressing his skin. His mind goes straight to that conversation he'd had with that omega earlier - how was Dream in bed? Oh, how George would wonder. There was no question about it - he was really, really into Dream.

"You good?" Dream mumbles right against his lips as they part and George swallows.

"Yeah - everything for the show" he whispers and opens his eyes reluctantly, leans back in his chair and smirks carelessly, trying so desperately to shy away and hide how his body was reacting. And surely enough, in the corner of his eye George can see a man seemingly snapping pictures, but it seems he gets happy with his findings as Dream sits down opposite George, and surely enough he leaves in just a minute after their kiss.

"That will be all over the news in like an hour or two" Dream sighs and picks up one of the menus on the table. Maybe the smoothest way to get into a restaurant wasn't to simply sit down and expect perfect service, but from time to time he could take advantage of the fact that everyone knew who he was. He would just leave a big tip. What's more urgent than anything was trying to hide his blush from that kiss - something about the way George had tilted his head upwards towards him and leaned into his hand.

"I think I'll make it out alive" George chuckles before instantly regretting his words - 'make it out alive', was he serious? You couldn't say that after kissing someone you weren't supposed to like in the first place, what kind of message would that send. That nervousness from before comes back - shouldn't he say something? This was his chance... But maybe not before they had eaten, then everything would be so awkward when Dream rejects him.

Soon enough a waiter shows up beside their table, surprised to see them there since they hadn't been directed to a table, but instantly swallowing their questions seeing that it was Dream Winters himself seated at their table. They order their food and Dream tells George all about the work he's done over the morning as they wait, all the obnoxious alphas from the last night's party and the huge amounts of money being wasted on cheap, climate inefficient production. When their food comes, George talks before he can think.

"Yeah I could've guessed - I met one omega in the elevator when I tried to flee the building, and she was, well... interesting" George hints and sits straighter in his seat and grabs his utensils.

"What do you mean?" Dream huffs with a quizzical look.

"You know I respect the omegas of rich alphas - no shame in falling in love, no shame in playing the game and getting some of that cash, but she was definitely a character nonetheless - she was very persistent on asking about our love life" George explains and Dream almost chokes on his coke. Those words coming out of George's mouth just feel inappropriate, and his thoughts connected to those words are inappropriate as well. The alphas at his meetings had also been very persistent with pointing out how much tension there had been between them at the party - and it seemed everyone knew something they didn't.

"The audacity to ask someone about their private life like that - but she wasn't the only one - all the fucking alphas were saying the same" Dream coughs.

"Really?" George chuckles "Wonder what they would say if they knew it was all fake" he continues and Dream thinks there's some sort of regret in the omega's eyes, but he isn't sure, and what did it matter when what was coming out of the other's mouth was clear enough. Fake and pretend. Yes - that was it.

They eat up with a flowing conversation, move away from the awkward subjects and George instead tells Dream all about Bad's adventures on a building site as well as discussing how they want Roanoke to end. Soon enough Dream has to go back to work and George has to figure out what to do with the rest of his time. They hug, warm and suffocatingly sweet for just a short second and part ways. George goes to the park and enjoys the much softer weather brought by nature, music blaring in his ears. He gathers up the courage to get back to the hotel soon enough and he gets lucky as he makes his way to their room, no unexpected conversations with people he doesn't know. He paces the room in distress for a little while before finally collapsing on the sofa and recollecting his thoughts - for the millionth time that day he comes to the same conclusion again. He needs to tell Dream how he feels.

It isn't until ten pm that Dream comes barging into the room, making George jump out of his slightly sedated state of mind, his body going lax after such a long day of just constantly being on edge. George hadn't thought too much of the time but it's obvious that it has gone by when he looks up over the back of the couch to see Dream lit up by the moonlight, the lights turned off because George had never turned them on. It doesn't seem Dream wants them on either.

"Hey" George mumbles from his laying position, leaned back on his elbows.

Dream looks his way for a short second with a smile before leaning his hand against the wall and untying his shoes one at a time, kicking them off. He sheds his jacket and doesn't bother unbuttoning his shirt before grabbing the back of it and dragging it off in one swift motion, throwing it on the chair by the door. "Hey" he sighs and throws himself on the bed.

"You good there cowboy?" George chuckles and sits up from his position, facing the bed.

"Just really tired - you tired?" Dream retorts.

George bites his bottom lip and thinks of how to do this - or maybe if, considering that Dream was tired and maybe there was a better time, maybe he should just... wait a little longer?

"Yeah" George whispers. The words were getting stuck in his throat and not getting out of there - god, he was such a fucking pussy, he should just say it!

"Wanna spoon and sleep?" Dream asks after a long silence.

George closes his mouth after opening it to finally put everything into words, instead he opts to answer Dream's question. "Sure" he mumbles and starts walking over to the bed.

Dream breathes deeply before shuffling out of his pants and laying back down on his back with his eyes closed, body above the covers. George can't help but stare as he starts undressing, eyes deceiving him and raking over the others relaxed body. He strips into his underwear and lays down beside Dream, turns towards the wall and soon enough feels the familiar warmth of Dream's smooth skin slither in behind him and holding him close. The problem is that George can't act like this was just friends. The truth is that he was gaining something different than Dream was from this physical contact, and he knew that now for sure, more than ever before, and he can't do it. It was deceitful, and morally screwed.

It's after a little while that George's nerves get the best of him and he decides that, maybe, the couch wouldn't be too bad to sleep in after all. "...Dream?" he mutters into the darkness.

"Hmm?" is hummed into his ear, vibrations sent down to his scent gland and he shuffles slightly, deciding that sitting up straight would make this a lot easier. "What is it?" Dream questions deliriously and opens his eyes - still tired, but awake - one hand still behind George's back but the other retracting. He's still laying there beside George, who could be looking down on him, but decides to keep his eyes forward.

"I need to tell you something - I haven't been honest" George states and stares right ahead, heart in his throat.

"Go ahead" Dream huffs and rolls over on his back to stretch, rubbing his eyes with a yawn.

"I-" He was really about to do it, was this really it? He was willing to risk all of his plans for this to go through, if it did? He was risking the striking embarrassment of living with someone he likes so unbearably much until he could leave? Seems like it. "I really like you Dream - as in: I am attracted to you - as in I am starting to literally fall in love with you" he says it loud and clear, hands tightly screwed in his lap and eyes still very interested in the sheer amount of nothing in front of him.

What the hell was that? Dream thinks in a sheer panic as he stops dead in his track and goes still on the bed. What did George say? George: passive aggressive, super independent, super attractive,

funny, sarcastic, strong and amazing. He must've heard it wrong, he must've missed some obvious joke.

"Wha - what did you say?" Dream asks, much more awake than before as he sits up straight and looks at George. The omega seems serious, and there's a mixture of a sad and nervous scent spreading in the room.

"You heard what I said Dream, you're not deaf!" George chuckles and looks towards him with a stale facial expression "I'll - I'll just sleep on the couch, sorry" he mutters and tries to stand and leave, but he doesn't manage before Dream grabs his wrist and stops him in his tracks.

"Are you being serious or just joking? Why didn't you say anything before? How long?" Dream whispers desperately in search for George's eyes, but the other has his head turned away from him. Dream barely has the time to explode with happiness because of the other suddenly wanting to leave the situation.

"I don't know - like - for a while I guess" George bites out and it's obvious he's in distress. It takes some technical difficulties for Dream to try and slide off the bed and stand in front of the omega at the same time as he tries to keep him from running off, but in a matter of a couple silent seconds he's standing in front of him, looking down on him. George doesn't move to leave, just hangs his head in shame and Dream feels how his arm tenses under his grip. They stand close, Dream can feel the other's breath on his chest.

"George" he tries softly, but the other doesn't move "look at me, George" he whispers and takes his other hand, places it under the omega's chin and guides his head to look at him. His eyes are wide as he looks at George and he can't help the tiniest of smiles.

"Can I kiss you?" Dream mumbles and lets his eyes shift to George's slightly agape mouth before rejoining their eye contact.

"Yes" George answers and audibly swallows before the other leans down towards his face. They simply stand in tense silence with their foreheads leaning against each other before Dream moves his hand away from George's wrist and instead places it around his waist, angles his head to the side and leans in. It's so much different from before already, like all the stress and tenseness of putting on a performance is washed away.

George breaks away after a few seconds with shallow breaths "we had a plan Dream - I was gonna go to school and find work and leave, you were gonna piss off your parents" he whispers next to the other's lips but doesn't push away, instead lets himself be crept in closer, their lower bodies close to grazing each other.

"We've been over this George - the plan can easily be altered" Dream breathes and moves in to graze his teeth over the other's bottom lip, nibbling slightly and enjoying the spike in the slightly aroused scent spreading.

"I want to have a life, earn my serving - that's what I'm on this earth for" George sighs, and Dream stops in his tracks and pushes away slightly to look the other in his eyes.

"You don't think I know that George?" Dream chuckles before continuing "what's stopping you from doing all of that and this at the same time? Not me - that's for sure" he finishes with and waits for George to make the next move, feels that it is important to let him take his time, no matter how ready Dream was to finally get to kiss every inch of George's skin.

George doesn't answer, instead leans back in and places his lips upon Dreams, opens up his mouth and carefully lets his tongue in, Dream accepting earnestly. It isn't long before there's heavy breathing between them. Suddenly, Dream break their mouths apart and moves on to the others neck, immediately sucking marks into the juncture between his neck and shoulder. He moves his hand a little lower on George's back and pushes him towards him, almost sneering at how George's half hard erection grinds up close to his own.

"Dream" George whines into his ear and Dream moves both of his hands to sit underneath the other's ass, and next he picks George up, the other closing his legs around Dream out of instinct. Dream moves back to making out and slowly turns them to sit himself down on the bed, the omega placed in his lap, milky thighs on either side of his hips.

George takes command and leads the kiss, breathing heavily through his nose and letting his hands grab at Dreams hair. There's an unimaginable arousal spreading through him with the excitement he's feeling - after all this, Dream hadn't been able to wait to kiss him either, apparently. He just can't get enough, wants to salvage it all before it somehow disappears. As he feels one hand grab at his ass and the other squeeze his thigh his mind just boggles up, like he can't take this much as once, he's never felt this good and they're barely doing anything.

"Fuck - *Dream*" he moans silently into the others mouth before being swept into the kiss again. Against his inner leg and his own steadily growing boner he feels the alpha's length - hard and big and warm - and he's so happy he could cry.

"Wait - George" Dream breaks it off, leans his head against George's, a string of saliva between their lips and the both of them straining to not grind against the other. "I don't want to go any further right now - not in a hotel room surrounded by fucking business people" he breathes deeply "and I know that's fucking really stupid - like I know sex is just sex and nothing more than that, I know it doesn't matter and anyone can have whatever sex they want - but I'm - I don't want to... go further with you, right here, because, believe it or not" a pause with a shallow breath and some sort of embarrassed whine "this *means* something to me" Dream rushes out of him and George leans back to look him in the eyes. Eyes blown wide with arousal - but also with a that same old Dream that makes bad jokes and is scared of making too many mistakes.

George swallows and nods "Yeah we're not doing anything unless you want to - and I actually think you're right on this one - sex doesn't mean anything, but I don't want to be close to a bunch of privileged assholes if I'm gonna enjoy myself" he answers.

Dream chuckles with a smile before leaning in and kissing him again, much calmer this time, just to feel the others presence.

"Still wanna spoon?" George asks jokingly and Dream huffs, feeling both of their erections between them.

"Nothing can stand in between it" Dream mumbles in reference to his hard on and George chuckles before laying down on the bed once more. Soon enough Dream joins behind him and pushes in close, although keeping his lower parts a little distant for the time being. Soon enough their scents calm down and they settle into a more relaxed state, a small trail of kisses being left over George's neck. And once again, to his worry and slight dismay, George notices that there is nothing wet running down his thighs. *He didn't slick.*

He dismisses it. "Don't forget that you owe me an ice cream" he whispers.

"Course" Dream answers with a slight nibble to his neck.

Settling

Chapter Notes

!!! WARNING - NSFW !!!

everyone in the comments thank my beta reader ~ cursedcloud9 ~ for correcting my mistakes and being an absolute king!
comment or BOTH OF US will cry >:(

he has an ao3 profile its just cursedcloud9 - check it out read his stuff B)

When he opens his eyes, he isn't really in the loop of what's going on. His arms are wrapped around someone and his entire body is pushed up against said person. There's dark brown hair next to his face and right beside his nose is the source of a low, sweet vanilla scent. He wants to lean into the neck in front of him further and nudge it - but he stops himself. This was George. He couldn't do that with George. They weren't...

Dream shoots up into a sitting position, waking a now slightly groggy omega, and looks down towards said omega with wide eyes.

"You like me" he mumbles carefully as if to test the waters.

George blinks with scrunched eyebrows and stares. "Yeah - yeah that's been established" he answers and rubs the bridge of his nose as he tries to get used to the sunlight.

Dream smirks and lays back down slowly, hands confidently seated behind his head. "Damn, I'm pretty fly, pretty great if I may say so myself" he scoffs.

"Pffttt - tell that to the birds dumbass" George mutters and turns to give him a slight hit in the side, just to piss him off. Dream fakes a hurt expression and turns on his side to grab George and pull him into a hug to stop him from being able to hit him. He smiles into the other's neck and chuckles evilly.

"Now you can't hit me idiot" he whispers into George's ear and feels a slight shiver go through the other's body. George turns to him with an irritated look on his face before it softens slightly - and before he can fully react, the omega leans in to kiss him. It's not heated in the slightest, just comfortable and endearing. Dream hums into it and only hesitates a little before getting the courage to slightly caress the other's cheek and ruffle his hair playfully.

"I want to leave this fucking hellhole. I miss our minecraft server" George mumbles as their lips part and eyes reconnect. He doesn't want to admit it, but Dream's eyes were truly something - big and green and exploding with curiosity when no one was watching.

"I couldn't agree more. Lets leave" Dream answers and lets go of the omega before sliding off the bed and grabbing his clothes. "Do we have to shower first? I don't want to" Dream asks before putting on his pants, looking at George with a slightly begging expression.

George scoffs before dragging on his own sweatpants. "Fuck no. We'll shower when we get home" he states and grabs his t-shirt, looking around the room and starts picking up his stuff.

"Good" Dream sighs and starts doing the same.

In short, they are both out the door. They'd gone to bed quite early considering their normal routine, and with the blinds open for sunlight to shine in, they had woken up quite early as well. In the lobby they are mostly alone, only a few alphas checking out and some service people there with them. George has a slight moment of panic to which Jennifer and her alpha - a tall, lanky and very young brunet - come out of the elevator, undoubtedly coming their way to check them out as well. He turns and tries to hide in Dream's shoulder, whispering for the other to hurry, but it seems too late as the omega's voice is heard from behind them.

"George! What a lovely surprise to find you here! I thought the last time I would see you was in the elevator. Checking out and going home are we?" Jennifer beams from behind them and George has no other choice but to turn around and face his destiny as he feels the slight shakes of Dream's choked up laughter from beside him.

"Yes indeed. You too, I presume?" George smiles and listens closely to Dream as he answers the receptionist's questions and hands in the key cards.

"Exactly! Oh, this is my husband" she turns a gleaming face up towards the insecure looking man beside her. Just as the man is about to open his mouth and greet him, Dream turns from his earlier stance and reaches out his hand.

"Dream Winters. I don't believe we had the pleasure to meet last night" Dream beckons with a smirk, and George can barely hold his laughter in himself - always coming back to that comically annoying Dream that would always be so over the top and dramatic. If only the world knew.

"Tony Miller" the brunet alpha answers and has a hard time putting on a smile - not out of anger, just pure anxiety induced fright.

"A pleasure to meet you Tony - and you as well." Dream turns his head to look Jennifer in the eyes and if you squinted, you could almost imagine that he slightly winks towards her, but only the blush on her face would give it away. "Mrs. Miller" he addresses. "Well, we must be on our way. Maybe we'll meet further on" Dream utters and beckons them both goodbye. George smiles awkwardly and gives Jennifer a little nod as he grabs onto Dream's arm. Her face is still flustered and her eyes seem to have a hard time focusing on his face.

When the door to the elevator down into the garage closes, George groans an annoyed sound and Dream can't help but chuckle. "I'm sorry I flirted with her. I just couldn't help it" Dream smiles and laughs slightly to himself.

"No it's fine - it's just" George can't help but chuckle as well "of course they're the ones that we meet at the last possible second - I was just waiting for her to bring up your 'strong sexy arms again," George laughs and facepalms dramatically.

Dream turns to George with raised eyebrows. "I knew you talked in the elevator about your private life, but did she really say that?!" He exclaims, a tiny blush spread over his cheeks.

George almost regrets saying anything in the first place considering that he, as well, quite liked Dream's strong arms. "Yes! I'm telling you - she was wild."

"Yeah, it sounds like it," Dream agrees. He goes quiet for a short second before leaning in a little closer to George. "Do I really have 'strong and sexy arms'?" he mumbles quietly.

George blushes slightly - reminded of the last night's kiss and those arms picking him up and

holding on to him tight. "Get over yourself tough boy," he mutters and pushes the other away slightly, although, let's his hand linger on the alpha's chest, feeling embarrassment creep over his skin.

They slide apart and neither of them make the move to slither in closer or pick up the conversation again. Silence settles as they get out of the elevator, walking to the car and closing the car doors to start up the engine. Dream doesn't know if it's awkward or not - George doesn't want to admit that he's a little lost for words.

Dream goes to put in the key and start the engine, but stops himself midway. "Hey George?" he mumbles, and turns his head to the side to look at him.

"Yes?" George mumbles back, twirling with his fingers in his lap.

Dream sighs and staggers before carefully putting his hand on George's thigh and letting it rest there when George doesn't object. "I like you as well, I am starting to fall in love with you," he says and George looks up to meet his eyes. "I just - wanted to say it too, just so you know," he finishes with.

George leans in apprehensively to kiss him - and it's like all the confidence slips away as he slowly lets their lips connect, the shyness of two newly introduced lovers. He feels the hand slightly squeeze his thigh. "If we're doing this, you won't be able to drive. Let's talk more when we get home," George whispers as they part, Dream looking a little lost for words.

"Yes, let's do that" he smiles and starts the engine.

"Sooooo - should we talk?" Dream questions hopefully as the door closes behind him, George's shoes already off as he jumps onto the couch.

"We should," George mumbles with a smile and waits for Dream to come sit beside him, keeping his eyes on the coffee table in front of him.

When Dream has finally reached the couch after some steps that seemed to be played out in slow motion, George turns to him and smirks. "So first of all - you chose me, to help me get out of this place, because you knew otherwise I would have a terrible life in some dude's basement," George starts, to which Dream nods along. "And now I really like you and I'm breaking the rules of my every principle that I have." Dream smiles and chuckles. "And now... I'll have a fake ID... I just don't know where we go from here," George finishes with and it feels that he's left with more questions than answers.

Dream scratches the bridge of his nose and leans his head back to think for a while before opening his mouth. "You know, and I know that I pretend everywhere I go and I'm really nervous right now - right?" he starts, and George smiles sheepishly.

"I do know that, yes. Tell me nonetheless, I won't judge you"

"I think we need to bring it back a few steps - like I know you always have your future in mind, and the initial plan was that you would get the ID and that hasn't changed of course - but for now, just a day, I think it would be best if we just figured out if it... feels right," he mumbles, a blush

spreading on his cheeks. "And I like you - and I like you here, with me," he continues before chuckling. "Like bro, I don't have as much fun with anyone as I have with you."

"Don't do Sap like that," George cuts in, trying to break off the awkwardness and also hide his nerves. Dream didn't have as much fun with anyone as he did him. Cute.

"Okay fair - you AND Sap," Dream confirms with a smile and clears his throat. Then he goes quiet. George can see him fiddling with his fingers in his lap and his bottom lip between his teeth. The omega can't help but shiver at the sight of him, of what they did, of how Dream wanted to handle the situation. Wanted to test the waters to see how they felt about it.

He sits up and lets his legs fold under him as to lean on his knees, turning his head fully towards Dream and breathing in deep. "So - to figure out if it feels right...?" he mumbles questioningly, looking at how Dream whips his head up towards him.

"What are you insinuating?" Dream sighs.

"Should we," he swallows, "take it further - what we did last night?"

Dream coughs and scratches the back of his neck - George was really thinking of what he thought he was thinking of. Dream can't hide the way his scent peaks in interest. "Right now?" He asks - not irritatingly - simply shaking with nerves.

"Why not?" George mutters with a blush. He tries to laugh it off "but I must warn you, I've only ever rubbed dicks, so don't expect anything mind-blowing," he chuckles awkwardly and shifts in his seat. God - why was he so blunt with it? Maybe Dream wouldn't be that into it if he wasn't good enough... The thought of slicking hadn't reached his mind yet.

Dream gleams, but he's shaky on his breath. "You know that doesn't matter - and you already... know that I - that you-," he gestures to himself, "turn me on." He clears his throat and doesn't wait for George to answer. The omega's sharp intake of breath is enough for him to know the answer. "Shall we?" he asks nonchalantly and points towards the stairs., George nods.

George walks first, careful and slow in his steps. As he keeps his eyes on the stairs, he hears the alpha stand from the couch behind him and soon enough, he sighs when arms carefully sneak up around his hips, and leans his head to the side to let the intruder kiss at his neck. They make their way up the stairs, slow and close to one another. Dream shakes his head when George beckons them towards his room, and instead grabs the omega's hand and leads him towards his own. George follows suit and swallows hard as the alphas door is swung open, letting them both step inside. Dream closes the door behind them and locks eyes with George before creeping up to him and moving in close, resting his forehead against the other's.

They close their eyes and George shivers as Dream takes some command and grabs his hips, pushing them against his own. "You smell so good," Dream whispers before closing the distance between their lips. George can only moan quietly as one hand grabs at his ass and the other wraps him up, those strong arms pushing against his sensitive skin.

He doesn't know how to deal - it feels too good. He's never felt this good. It's like all the tension was there all along and he's just been trying to ignore it. He's never been with an alpha. He wouldn't stoop that low. And he's never been in love with an alpha, because all of them were assholes, - and he never liked any alphas scent before, because he never took the time or never found the right one. But now, it's suffocatingly good. His dick is already straining and his breath is already short. Dream's scent makes him want to lay down on his stomach and just take it - and he really wants to, not just because of his omega, but because he wants to. He's ready to start begging

for it at any moment, and they have barely begun. He can only cross his arms over the other's shoulders and slip his tongue into Dream's mouth.

"Fuck... you too..." George whines in between kisses and tries to take it all in. And it really was true., Dream smelt absolutely divine, and the suffocating smell of arousal was all around him considering they were in Dream's room. George can't even comprehend that he was in Dream's room in the first place, that he was in the alpha's private place and was allowed there. He can't wait to get fucked in a bed that the alpha slept in. In his foggy mind - as the kiss deepens and a hand moves under his shirt and squeezes his nipple - he can't help but imagine Dream jerking off in the bed. Cumming on his chest, maybe humping the pillows.

"Should we move to the bed?" George breathes into Dream's mouth. He gets a hasty nod in response before there's two hands beckoning him to jump up and put his legs around Dream's hips again. He does just so: enjoys the feeling of being carried. Dream moves them over to the bed, but doesn't turn around to sit like the last time. Instead, he falls onto the bed with George first. In this new position, with George on his back pushed into the bed sheets and Dream on top in between George's legs, it isn't hard for George to wrap his legs around Dream and grind him down, eliciting a groan from the alpha.

"I fucking love your thighs," Dream snickers into the neck that he was just about to bite into, one hand squeezing one of George's thighs, the both of them knowing it would leave some sort of mark the next day. It makes George's head spin with arousal. He grabs desperately at Dream's shirt with an impatient whine until Dream gets the hint.

"Weirdo," George gleams with a smile and a swallow as Dream sits up on his knees and takes off his shirt, throwing it to the side before doing the same with George's. George can't help but stare before arching slightly off the sheets to present himself.

"I am a weirdo. So are you," Dream mumbles before reaching down and licking a stripe down the omega's stomach before moving up to his nipples.

"Ngh! - Shit Dream," George whines out of surprise when the alpha sucks on his right nipple. He can't help but put his hand in that blonde hair and grab. The movement makes the one lying above him hump down out of pure instinct, and George bites his lip at the feeling of the other's hard cock, straining against him. There's something about Dream's hard manhood that just drives him insane. It's bigger than his own, pushes against him just right, and he can't wait to see it, and take it in his mouth. He can't wait to feel it move inside him - pound him. Hard.

"Dream," George breathes to get the other's attention. Dream looks up from his arched position right above the other's chest and nods, mouth open and heavy breaths coming out. "I want you to-," he pauses and moves his hands to the other's shoulder, keeping eye contact. "I want you to fuck me."

He feels the others dick twitch a few times through the layers of clothing in between them and he moans. "Take off your fucking pants," George groans impatiently and Dream follows his every command. He takes one leg at a time as to get out smoothly, and George slithers his way out of his own pants from his lying position. Now there's only underwear between them. Dream takes advantage of this and pushes down against the other anew, letting their hard-ons move against each other, sliding raggedly with the friction of fabric.

"Do you want to?" George asks Dream in between kisses, realizing that he can't just make statements without the other consenting fully.

Dream chuckles and bites playfully at his neck "of course. We're not in a shitty business hotel are

we?" He asks rhetorically and George gleams. Their eyes meet as Dream lifts his head from the crook of his neck and they stop there for a breather. In what seems like slow motion, George feels Dream's hands caress slowly over his chest down to his abdomen, making him shiver over his hips, and slowly get under the hem of his underwear. George nods and Dream follows, sitting up and dragging George's underwear down his legs and throwing them to the side.

Suddenly, it's like he's way too exposed. His legs spread around Dream's waist, his hard cock bouncing up against his stomach, his body completely free of clothes and Dream can just see all of him. He hides his face behind his arm and tries to lay still despite his heavy breathing.

"This is unfair," he mumbles before promptly sitting up and reaching out towards Dream's crotch. He does it so fast that Dream doesn't have the time to react much. When he's faced with the sight of it, his dick twitches. Not even Dream's actual manhood, just the outline of it. It's so big. He blushes: it's not really that big of course. It's still proportional to the alpha's body, but.... the alpha was bigger than him... and an alpha so... yeah maybe it was pretty big. He swallows before grabbing the hem of Dream's underwear, pulling them down just enough to let his dick spring free. It's so hard already, and he can hear Dream's sharp intake of air and see the alpha reactively hump his hips upwards.

"You think it's fair now?" Dream asks and grabs at the base of his own cock. George can't help but simply stare - glistening at the top with precum, veiny. He just wants it inside.

George doesn't answer. Instead, he just lays down, inviting Dream to do as he pleases. Dream can barely think straight at this point, the combined scent of their arousal and desperation was making him dizzy and way too horny. It's like he's back at that moment when he jerked off to George's heat induced moans, except way better because this was real. He ponders, - imagining how good it would be when George went into heat, or when he went into rut. Dream is embarrassed over how turned on he gets by the thought of just cumming and cumming over and over again into that tight, wet, gripping heat.

He groans low in his throat and dives in, relishes in the feel of George's thighs gripping around his waist and moans as their dicks sloppily line up with each other. He goes back to kissing at George's neck, wanting to leave visible marks. He smiles to himself at the thought of people seeing them in the streets like that. Yeah, hickies were embarrassing unless you were a teenager, but Dream can't bring himself to be bothered. He just wants everyone to know George lets him mark him, wants everyone to smell their connected scents. He moves away from George's upper body and instead makes his way down. He can't grind himself against George's cock anymore, but what does it matter when you're suddenly face to face with it. He doesn't hesitate when he licks a stripe from the shaft to the tip.

"Dream!" George moans out in surprise and Dream can see him gripping the sheets as the specimen in front of him twitches. He can't help but smile devilishly to himself, - even though he himself was just as straining. As he moves his lips to kiss George's shaft, he reaches out a hand. First, he caresses the other's balls, feels how full they are considering they were blue-balled yesterday. Second, he lets his fingers wander down below and soon enough, his finger comes in contact with a spasming entrance. His smile doesn't disappear immediately. Still nothing seems wrong, the hole being quite wet outwardly at least. He circles it and prods slightly, relishing in the slight whines from above. It is when he tries to breach it that the issues come forward. It's dry and tight, too tight. What had been wet outwardly had probably just been sweat, Dream guesses. But why? Wasn't George supposed to slick?

"George?" Dream mumbles questioningly and removes his finger, even before that, the omega had gone quite still as soon as he'd tried to push in a finger. "Is there any reason as to why..." he doesn't

finish, just sits up slightly and tries to search for the omega's eyes.

George huffs frustratingly and goes to lean on his elbows, but Dream can see the blush of uncertainty painting his worried face. "Okay yes! Fine, I - I haven't been slicking!" he exclaims as if he needs to defend himself. Dream simply smiles and sits up fully, straining to rub his dick against George's ass, but he keeps himself in check. Hold yourself back if someone is under stress.

"It's fine George. You had no duty to tell me. That's your business," he assures and George seems to get this sad sort of guilty look on his face nonetheless. Dream can't help but notice how the scent seems to move into a sad-lovey-dovey-guilty sort of scent rather than an aroused one, and he doesn't want to ruin the moment just because of something he actually didn't really care about.

"Hey," he mumbles and leans down to kiss the omega, George answers it. "I have lube in my drawer. Still wanna give it a try?" he asks and searches for the other's eyes. He seems unsure. "If not we can just 'rub dicks' since you seem to be such an expert in that field," Dream jokes to brighten the mood and grinds down on George's specimen, watching the omega suddenly bite his lip at the intrusion.

"Sure" George breathes and Dream shivers at the feeling of George's legs disconnecting from him and spreading out, the omega's knees on either side of his arms and feet planted next to his legs. Dream tears himself away from the erotic figure underneath him and instead leans to the side to slide open his drawer and grab said bottle of lube. He stares at the condoms but decides to let them be. If he needs them, he knows where they are.

When he gets back to George, he quickly uncaps the bottle and drizzles some cold lube over the omega's dick, which quickly springs back to life after the short break of uncertainty. He slowly takes it in hand and starts jerking it carefully at the same time as he lets his other hand make use of the dripping lube and once more circles the omega's hole. "I'm gonna try now, okay?" he mumbles in a low pitch and pushes forward.

It works smoothly, - not difficult in the slightest. In front of him, George clasps a hand over his mouth and closes his eyes as Dream reaches in as far as he can with his finger and spins it slightly, prodding in different directions, a moan muffling behind George's hand. Dream furrows his eyebrows in frustrated arousal as he looks down to where his hand is situated. With his erection right next to where his finger is stuffed, it is easy to see that quite a lot of stretching would be required for this to work. Probably too much considering that George's omega wasn't reacting the way it was supposed to at the signs of arousal. George was simply turned on in a much simpler sense it seemed. His body wasn't catching up, which probably meant not slicking wasn't the only issue that was present, but also that his ass would probably not be able to stretch normally either.

Carefully, he drags his finger out and aligns two of them. Before pushing in, he pours a little more lube, making sure it's slick enough for the new pressure. This time it instantly gets more difficult. George's scent doesn't change too much, but the moans disappear. It's tight and warm and Dream's heavy breathing doesn't hide how much he wants to replace his fingers with his cock, - but he also knows it would only hurt for George.

"How you feeling?" he breathes and arches his fingers when they're fully seated.

"Try another one," George swallows stubbornly and Dream wants to protest but follows suit. He pushes in and out a few times before going back and prepping for three fingers. He bites his lip. Even three fingers wasn't really enough to accommodate for his entire dick. Even with three fingers going in smoothly, with his member, it would be a little rough. He tries to push in, but things get instantly difficult. He was right. - George's body was not stretching as it should be.

"Try," George groans behind his arm, but Dream doesn't want to. The omega's body is tense and it's showing in his scent. When his third finger finally breaches, it isn't pleasant. George cries a silent whine and Dream can feel the omega's dick soften in his hand as he tries to push further. Yeah - this wasn't Dream's definition of a good time.

"Okay," Dream states loud and clear and carefully retracts his fingers before reaching underneath George's back, scooting them slightly upwards on the bed. "We're not doing that. - I'll fuck you soon enough, but not today," he declares and George seems too out of it to disagree - although, Dream sees that he wants to. "Nuh-uh George. - I wanna make you feel good, not bad." he sighs as he scoots himself in real close, his cock sliding against George's lubed up entrance before he positions himself with their erections lined up. George closes his eyes with bliss and Dream groans at the feeling of the other's dick hardening fully again.

"I wanna make you cum, George," he mutters before laying down on George, connecting their entire bodies, his face in George's neck, right beside his ear and at the source of that sweet vanilla smell. Their erections push against each other, and each other's abdomens, enclosed in heat and smeared in lube. It feels so good that Dream can't help but groan.

When George puts his legs around Dream's hips again, Dream starts grinding down. It's sloppy and uncoordinated, already so close after all their foreplay. His dick is spurting out precum and his sensitive balls are ready to shoot. But he's not the first to lose it.

"Dream - 'm cumming Dreahm..." George whines high pitched into his ear and in the next second, the omega is arching his back and moaning loud and clear. As Dream feels the dick next to his own twitch uncontrollable and send vibrations to his own member, he almost cums - but his orgasm is stopped by an unexpected pain in his shoulder. It isn't a mating mark, but George bites down hard as he spasms through his orgasm, continuing to shoot rope after rope of cum before going lax underneath Dream. "Fhuck..." he breathes out.

"Dream...?" George questions after coming back to himself, the aftershocks of his mind boggling orgasm dissipating as he relaxes to feel the alpha's body tense and unmoving above him. "Sorry about the bite. I just couldn't help it," he breathes but continues after not getting an answer. "did you cum yet?"

Dream groans in his ear but doesn't lean back to meet George's eyes. "No," he declares in a strained voice and stays put. George would've been embarrassed about not doing a good enough job at satisfying the other unless it was for the fact that he could feel the others huge erection strain and twitch against him. He smiles to himself and goes to lick a stripe up Dream's neck up to his ear where he pauses for a short second. "You want me to suck you off?" he whispers real close and gets an instant response.

"Shit! George... hmg!" Dream groans into the bed sheets as George feels one hand squeeze his thigh hard and the other grip the sheets right beside his face. He doesn't really realize what the sudden reaction is coming from before feeling the other's cock spurt in between them. Sticky, thick ropes of semen leaving heavy balls in between strained groans and desperately grinding hips. "I'd love to cum in your mouth," Dream whines desperately into his ear while still pumping out cum in between their unseparated bodies. George bites his lip and pictures it in front of him - feels his own spent dick harden just slightly before the alpha above him relaxes again.

It takes a few seconds of heavy breathing before Dream moves back slightly and carefully rejoins their lips, - a calm and satisfied kiss taking place before George breaks it off with a slight chuckle.

"You really came at the thought of me sucking your cock, huh?" George gleams. Dream's eyebrows shoot up and he hides his head in George's neck again.

"Fuck youuuu, don't embarrass meeee - it was a spur of the moment and I couldn't help it." Dream mutters sheepishly in his hideaway. George smirks. That's the Dream he knows. The alpha suddenly turns his head up and beckons George with judging eyes. "Besides, I was this close to cumming," he gestures with his hand the tiny distance between his thumb and index finger. "But then someone decided to bite me!" he exclaims with a smile of his own. "Which wasn't... that bad - but it was unexpected!" he finishes and points an accusing finger at George.

"I never said there was anything wrong with what you said!" George declares before biting his lip, thinking of if he should say what he was intending to say "just that - just making sure I now know what's on your wish list... for next time," he swallows, "if there is a next time".

Dream smiles and leans down to kiss him again. "If you want there to be, - I want there to be," he responds before huffing out a breath and rolling over to the side, letting his head hit the pillow. "Is this when I do like the old Hollywood movies and bring out a cigar?" he asks jokingly and turns his head towards the omega who just rolls his eyes.

"Yeah now you kind of have to, or I'll be disappointed," George chuckles. He's sticky and starting to get a little cold from the AC hitting his wet skin, but he's still a little embarrassed and taken aback by the lack of slick his body had produced.

George clears his throat and sits up, puts his arms around his knees and bites the inside of his cheek. "I'm sorry to disappoint with the... ya' know - not slicking and shit," he mutters.

From behind him, Dream sits up as well, with a comforting hand moving over his shoulder. "Hey," he mumbles. "You were on suppressants for like - what? Ten years? The fact that you're even able to get hard is like a fucking miracle" he pauses "although, you, or we, depending on what you want, should go to the doctor and check out what's going on with your body. Did you slick during your heat?" George nods. "Okay, good - but still worth checking out," Dream finishes with and stands from the bed before getting an answer. George appreciates it - Dream knew that he most of the time needed to think about difficult decisions and if he had anything to say, he'd make himself heard just fine by himself.

George looks at that broad back as it walks away towards the door and out into the hallway before it turns around again. "You know influencing you to stop taking your suppressants is like my biggest achievement ever right?" Dream gleams with a questioning glance.

"Really? I thought Mr. Winters had bigger wins to show for... but I guess you are correct. Nothing beats me," George smiles and stands as well. "Can we go, like fucking, wash off?" He asks and meets Dream's eyes.

"That's where I'm going, bro - to take a bath," Dream answers.

"A bath? You wanna bathe in all this spunk?" George questions and watches as Dream's face retorts in disgust before the alpha nods along and goes to open the door to his own bathroom instead. George follows suit.

"The bath will have to wait til' later. A shower will do better," Dream whispers to himself and George can't help but snicker silently.

Doctors visit

After washing up, the two of them decide to have a chill day - no need for anything further than ordering takeout and staying on the couch. And the evolution of their positions on the couch had truly culminated it seemed. With George laying over Dream's chest and Dream's arm around him, they were now truly cuddling up as close as ever. Dream can't help but get embarrassed with himself as he thinks back on those first days when they had barely been able to even sit on the same couch. How had he let himself be so awkward? He knows the answer of course - George was an intimidating person not to mess with. It had been too difficult to not stay honest. He knew the truth - he had never wanted to lie to George, not even from the start.

They turn on the TV, and although their intentions are not to end up in front of the news, that's where they're at. They were simply supposed to switch over to Roanoke, but something interesting makes George put down the remote.

"After more than a week, the perpetrator of the politically charged graffiti on the advertisement board has still not been identified nor detained - it is believed that the act was done by someone living in the many residentials connected to the area, but nothing has been confirmed. It doesn't seem the authorities will seek this out any further than they already have, but there are more interesting happenings connected to this controversy. Multiple people have made their voices heard through social media - for example Jennifer Miller posting a picture of the graffiti, tagging Minx Colton with the caption: *it is time to listen to voices of the people you are affecting*. Similar posts have been made in connection to the graffiti's message that reads-

George brings up his phone as soon as the news reporter starts talking, the TV-screen showing his graffiti as a small picture in the top right corner. And surely enough, there it was - Jennifer Millers tweet with a bunch of likes and retweets. Similar tweets as well, and some on Instagram too. George scoffs irritatingly and sits up straighter, letting Dream's arm fall from his shoulder. "I can't believe I didn't see these earlier" he mutters under his breath. Which was basically a lie, he knew exactly why he hadn't noticed them earlier - he'd been too busy panicking over actual Dream rather than social media Dream to check his phone.

"How's it looking?" Dream asks from behind him.

"It's not that big but - yeah, some people have been posting" he clicks a bit further "Minx has not responded" he declares and scrolls a little through the replies and the comments. People calling it revolutionary and so beautifully worded. George huffs and turns off his phone - switches away from the news in the middle of the weather guy's presentation of the next day's constant sun - like always - and switches to Netflix.

"What is it?" Dream chuckles at George's sudden declaration of irritation.

"Nothing - It's just funny with social media. You know that I love and support protesting through different networks, and pointing out unfair stuff online - but sometimes, the way people word stuff is like something like this has never ever happened before" he chuckles.

Dream smirks and rolls his eyes. "Seems like you just can't take a compliment" he points out and George puts on a pissed off face before scoffing and leaning back against Dream's chest again. No answer. George puts on the episode but soon enough, Dream starts talking over the episode. It doesn't irritate either of them though - the season had become much slower and quite boring towards the end. "Do you uhm - should we like, book a time to go to the doctor?" Dream mumbles into George's hair. "Since I'm a Winters, we have connections and I could easily fix it tomorrow"

he continues on, seeming to struggle on a very low volume as he searches for the right words.

George bites his lip - Dream was right. They should go to the doctor, and he should get it checked. But it was... Uncomfortable. For the past forever, the biological omega in him had been neglected in order to stay safe and have a life that was fun to live - just a couple weeks ago, he'd had his first heat in ten years - just an hour ago, he'd had sex with an alpha.

This was all very new still.

He's about to answer but feels Dream's hand tap away on his shoulder - not like he's trying to get his attention, more like there's a song stuck in his head that he knows the rhythm to.

George has to hide his smile. It might be very new and scary, but he wasn't actually scared - he could always turn back if he wanted to. He could break this off without issue. *He had just had sex with an alpha*, but he was fine, not uncomfortable in the slightest.

He reformulates the sentence he's about to say. "Yeah - yeah tomorrow would be good" Dream smiles at that "I think the only important thing is that we... stay away from saying I've been taking suppressants for ten years considering - ya' know, they can see my medical history and I... got the stuff in a less than legal way" he finishes with in a low tone. Dream raises his eyebrows at that but doesn't get mad, just curious.

"And you're sure the people you got it from didn't put some stuff in it that fucked with your system?" he asks with a smirk, making George roll his eyes.

"I know it sounds fucking terrible, but I know my people. This is just what normal suppressants do, I'm just the one that abuses them" he switches "and I'm pretty sure I know more about who to trust doing drugs with than you do - but of course I don't know that for sure. Who knows what you've been up to, rich boy" he jokes and points an accusing finger at Dream.

Dream rolls his eyes with a smile and goes back to the main subject. "Okay, so we don't say it's been ten years of suppressants - what do we say?" he asks, but before George can answer, he quickly chimes in "by the way do you want me to come too or?"

"I want you to come too" George answers, but doesn't specify why. He feels it goes without telling maybe. "And instead of telling the entire story, we say I was on suppressants for a long time - you know, for the time that I got them legally - but then I didn't use them correctly because I didn't take a break from them at all like you should - and since I don't do anything sexual except for my heats, everything had been working fine" he shrugs "I just didn't notice until I got into a-" he breaks off his sentence midway and looks into Dream's eyes. "-a relationship" he swallows. They would just be lying and pretending, just like before... except it was real this time.

George can spot the slight blush on Dream's cheeks before there's a nod. "Yeah - yeah that sounds like a plan" he agrees. There's a quiet pause before Dream opens his mouth to mumble silently anew "Do you have any idea when your next heat will come? Unless you started taking the suppressants again, of course" he adds at the end.

George bites his lip and thinks to himself. His heat had taken place like three and a half weeks prior, which meant it would be coming... any moment now. But he hadn't felt anything, and suppressants usually fucked up an omega's heat cycle quite a lot, so who knew when that would be. But he can't ignore the way he shivers at the thought of having Dream all over him when it finally comes.

"The last one was a couple weeks ago, so it should be here" he swallows and tries to ignore the

feeling of Dream's deep breathing against his body "... any day now" he sighs.

"Okay" Dream mumbles "and if it comes?" he prods on.

"If you want to" George hints.

"Do you want me to - to take you through it?" Dream asks big eyed.

George wonders "I - I want you to... but is that possible? I'm, uhm, not on birth control, and the stuff that's available isn't really all that good... and condoms would be" he blushes "difficult".

Dream chuckles. "That wouldn't be a problem - don't forget that I'm rich, I can get the fast acting, non-faulty stuff that costs too much for normal citizens to get" Dream convinces and George nods along - irritated as always at the concept of keeping necessary products away from the people but, doesn't comment on it.

"Okay" George mumbles and it goes quiet between them. They turn their heads back towards the TV-screen and finish the episode. When the credits roll, they both yawn and decide to get the season over with since they had nothing better to do anyway - the both of them knowing that they otherwise would simply abandon finishing it at all. When the final episode is watched, both their faces are slightly disappointed. The ending had been boring and it felt like the director forgot to add some of the important conclusions. They discuss it for about half an hour before deciding to eat what Callahan has cooked up for them.

After dinner, Dream needs to take care of some work which leaves George to do as he pleases. It isn't long before he decides to call Sap and play some on their Minecraft server, but as he opens up Discord, he sees Sap is already in the voice chat with someone else. Karl Jacobs... the guy that had invited Sap to that party... the guy that Sap had seemed quite close to. George wants to talk more to Karl, he had seemed like a chill guy. But maybe he shouldn't be acting on it if he wasn't invited. He closes Discord and decides to do something else instead - finding himself scrolling twitter and looking through which people had tweeted the graffiti on the roof instead. He was lucky that people didn't know it was him - he would've been smoked.

After a few hours - someone knocks on his door. It glides open carefully, Dream meeting his eyes. "Hey - I'm gonna go to bed so - uhm" there's a pause where the alpha bites his lip and looks indecisive. "Goodnight" he mumbles quietly, almost like a question, and awaits George's answer.

George swallows - he knows why it's so stale, the silent question in the air being if they should sleep in the same bed or not. He wants to - but he also wants to stay in his own room, and maybe think. And thinking was hard with the alpha's scent all around him.

"Night" he answers carelessly and moves his eyes back to his phone screen. "See you tomorrow - when we'll visit the doctor and fix all my issues right?" he mumbles with a chuckle to try and smoothen out the awkwardness created between them.

Dream smiles. "Yes - every issue you've ever had will be fixed tomorrow" he clarifies jokingly and George smiles as well before the door is closed and he can finally breathe out.

"God" George sighs silently to himself and can't help but blush. The alpha had literally cum all over him this morning and they still manage to make things so unbearably tense. Maybe it just came with the territory.

He wakes up the next morning by a knock on his door. A knock on his door? He isn't against it per say - it just seemed out of character for Dream to wake him up unless... He turns on his stomach and grabs his phone to check the time and his eyes blow wide with surprise. 10:16 AM. He never woke up this late. His body naturally got up early unless he'd gone to bed at like 4 AM. Which he hadn't done. Weird.

"You up George?" He hears Dream call from the other side of the door.

George jumps slightly and hurries to stand and grab his pants. "Uh - yeah" he calls back and jogs to the door, ignoring the fact that he doesn't have a shirt on for the purpose of maybe getting away with just having a shower instead of being caught in a deep sleep. "Morning" he breathes out as he opens the door, finding himself in Dream's fleeting eyes raking over his naked torso for the shortest second.

"To you too - we've got a time at 11:30. I suggest you eat something and get dressed" Dream explains with a sly smirk. It's obvious he understands that George had not been awake. George scoffs sarcastically and turns back into his room to find himself a shirt.

He eats breakfast without Dream considering the other seemed to have been up for quite a while, but the other stays close by - seated on the sofa, scrolling on his phone. Before long, they're ready to leave, walk down to where Dream's car is parked and get themselves seated. "You nervous?" Dream asks as he starts up the engine.

Was he? Maybe a little. "Maybe a little - but I think it'll be fine" he mumbles and looks out the window. They had their story set up and their plan was planned. Besides, questions would be asked that Dream and him would've had to discuss anyway. "I think we're well prepared."

Dream smiles "Yeah - yeah the plan won't be a problem" he agrees as they pull out of the parking spot and get on their way.

After a five minute drive, they arrive at a big modern, pristine looking estate. With a high fence and visible cameras scattered around. Dream has to clarify his identity at the gate to be let in and George feels his skin prickle with irritation - this was the place where he was going to get help? With these snobs?

It seems Dream can sense his ill will as they drive towards the parking space. "You don't have to worry - these are qualified doctors who just needed a job and this is the company where you own your keep. Most of them are fine" he says, trying to comfort George.

"Do we have to pray that we ended up with a good one?" George asks.

"No, I got that covered - usually my family will visit a cranky old alpha, but today we'll meet a kind beta woman. She's an old friend of my father, but we never went to her because *'you're not supposed to visit a doctor who is also your friend'*. My father would say that at least and I do understand - but I haven't met her since I was little and she's never invited to my sort of whereabouts, so it'll be fine" Dream explains and parks the car. "Sound good?" he tries to ensure as he looks at George.

"Okay" George sighs and nods, finding comfort in the alpha's eyes.

"Good - lets go" Dream says as he opens the door and gets out. George follows suit and they make their way into the huge building. The architecture reminds him of the huge arena he'd been in during the choosing, the first time him and Dream had met, when his life had been ruined forever.

Tall ceilings and clinically white walls and endless corridors. Different, but exactly the same.

He keeps close to Dream despite himself, all the way to the waiting room, where they seat themselves in silence. George taps his leg with impatience and leans back, manspreading to make himself more comfortable. "Should we take an 'uhoh my boyfriend has a sexual dysfunction' selfie?" George whispers as he leans in close to

Dream, not knowing if this hospital had as many microphones hidden under pillows as they had cameras everywhere else.

Dream chuckles silently. "That is a great idea!" he exclaims with fake excitement and grabs his phone from his pocket "but maybe we don't post it" he adds a little quieter.

George puts on a stale smile and gives the camera a thumbs up as Dream makes his mouth as wide with happiness as possible and takes a couple pics. "Great - those are going up on the fridge" Dream brags and puts his phone back in his pocket. George can only scoff considering their fridge was completely bare and soulless - those pictures really would put a staple on it.

In just a few minutes, a short, wide woman with long black hair in a loose ponytail comes walking through a door but stops in the doorway after getting eye contact with Dream. "Mr. Winters?" She questions with a smile and Dream stands with a nod, making George look up at him in surprise before quickly accommodating himself to the situation and standing as well.

"Yes - Jaida Peters" Dream utters and gets a nod from the woman before George feels a hand caressing his to signal that they should follow her. He ponders if he should grab it, but no one was around to see so he keeps from doing so - if no one could see then he would be doing it because he wanted to, and he did want to and that was okay but... he stops himself nonetheless.

They walk through the same plain corridors, step into an elevator, travel two floors before finally getting into a room with a table to sit around. George sits beside Dream and watches the woman, Jaida, seat herself opposite of them. Time to spill the beans.

"So - you must be George" she gestures towards him and he can't do anything but nod. "Mr. Winters contacted me this morning and told me that the two of you have been having issues on intimate subject matters" she continues on and George nods when Dream doesn't say anything. "So what's been bothering you?" she asks and, since George was the one who knew the story, he would be the one to talk. Even though his mouth was dry with the thought of taking the words in his mouth, especially now considering they were actually real, he gathers the confidence and does just so.

"Well, uhm - I was on suppressants for quite a long time, as you can see in my journal" he waits patiently for her to nod and sighs with relief in his head when she does so. One step done. "And I didn't exactly... take them accordingly" he swallows. Jaida doesn't look surprised, like she meets cases like these every day. "I didn't take any breaks and so I didn't have any heats - and that didn't cause any problems - or, well - I didn't notice any problems until..." he looks towards Dream and doesn't even have to fake the embarrassment that creeps over his face. This wasn't fake, this was very much real. "Until we, uhm - until we tried to have" a pause "sex".

George can almost feel Dream swallow beside him and he tries to play it off cool - they were supposed to be a well established couple that had had these issues for at least a while now, not like they'd met this problem the day before.

Jaida nods and squints as she thinks. "What were the problems and why didn't you notice them earlier?"

Dream takes to answer the first question "he doesn't slick" he says.

"Exactly" George nods in Dream's direction "and I didn't notice before because I slick during my heats, and outside of that, I don't really do anything sexual that-" he pauses and bites his lip, thinking of how to phrase his next words "-requires slick, per say" he clarifies. "And so I never noticed that anything was wrong - I just never knew if I was supposed to slick either way or something like that, but now... It's kind of a problem."

Jaida seems careless and unbothered as she puts her hands together over the table. "Okay - well I can tell you first of all: this is all pretty normal" she gestures to him "as in, it's pretty normal for omegas to use their suppressants incorrectly and end up in these sort of situations" she clarifies. "The fact that you still slick during your heats is very positive considering the situation - it means your body still has the ability to produce slick as well as becoming pregnant". It seems she notices George's eyes go wide and his face turning sour at those words, and she blinks before straightening her back. "Positive in a biological sense" she rephrases and gives George an understanding look for the shortest of seconds. He swallows and leans back in his chair. "So, you didn't slick - and you guys are sure it wasn't because the omega in said situation wasn't actually turned on and the alpha couldn't take that as an answer and forced you both here?" Jaida questions as she turns to Dream with a deadpan stare. Dream raises his eyebrows in surprise but stays quiet, so Jaida turns to George instead. "This is the time to confess if that is the case" she declares.

"No - no, I definitely enjoyed myself, and I was probably the one that wanted me to slick the most" he clarifies and hears Dream clear his throat beside him, blush bright on the alpha's face.

Jaida nods in understanding and stands to walk over to her computer. "You can lay down on the bed over there George" she mumbles as she writes something down, keeping her eyes plastered on the screen. George looks to Dream with questioning eyes, but gets only a sly smile in response - it seems the woman always acts like this apparently. He stands from his chair and goes to lay down on the bed, when he's done so Jaida walks over to him.

"I'll just check your heart and push a little on your abdomen - it's gonna feel a little weird but you'll survive" she mutters and grabs her instruments from the side, not hesitating before reaching under his shirt and putting it against his skin. When he focuses on what's in the corner of his eye, he finds Dream trying to hide the fact that he's snickering slightly. Stupid dumb alpha.

He gets that nervousness you get when someone's checking your heartbeat, tries to focus on slowing it down but with no luck - like always. Jaida stares off into the distance as she listens before retracting and moving her hand down to his stomach. He tries to hide his gasp of pain as she pushes hard, prods underneath his ribs and slightly above his hips.

"Just checking - it's protocol" she mumbles and continues for a little while longer before asking him to stand. Time to check his weight and height. He doesn't get any explanation as to what she was doing, but doesn't question it - only follows her lead as Dream tries to keep his smile hidden. After everything is done, they go to sit again. "Everything looks good, so I'm guessing your body just isn't producing enough hormones or something else is wrong with the balance in your blood - I'll have you take a blood test before you leave. Mathilda will help you with that. She'll be waiting for you at the reception" she explains. "And as to what can be done to fix this - we could put you on some replacement hormones to get your body back up and running to produce its own when it's actually supposed to, and that's something you'll see if it's working as time goes by - and then if it stops working when you're off the medication there might be something wrong with what's picking up your hormones and not what's producing them, but that's an issue we'll find out in due time, if that is the case" she continues on.

George nods along and has to admit he's a little surprised as to how easy it seemed to be getting over these obstacles. But then again he seemed to have a kind doctor and this medicine probably costs thousands of dollars and why would there be any obstacles when it comes to bringing more children into this ungodly world. He feels a little icky but ignores it.

"And how many steps would there be before George can get on this medication?" Dream chimes in and asks since George keeps quiet.

"Well - after taking your blood tests and seeing whether or not your hormone levels are too low, the results would be back in about a day or two. It's pretty free sailing" she explains. "We can get the hormones prescribed for you in less than a week, if your body needs it" is the final predicament.

George looks to Dream and tries to signal his most important question: how much would this cost. Dream only smiles even though he doesn't know the question and turns to Jaida instead. "Great - anything else we should know of?" he asks and places his hands on the armrests, ready to get up.

Jaida looks between them both "I'm glad you came, George. A good choice - sadly, many omegas like you keep from doing so" she mutters and gives George a knowing look. Sympathetic. George simply nods with a smile before standing but he feels the shivers creep over his back. Of course she knew - omega from the outer parts of the city, been on suppressants for way too short, statistically, to have these sort of effects, doesn't end up in sexual scenarios where he needs to slick. She knew he'd been on suppressants for way longer than he'd let on. And she supported his choice to come either way.

"Likewise" he lets on before moving towards the door, bids the woman goodbye and grabs Dream's hand as the door closes behind them. Dream squeezes it before George lets it go again. "Good news right?" Dream asks.

"Yeah - really good" George answers and smiles at Dream, who smiles back. "This is so cringe, Dream, we can't smile like this" George whispers but doesn't stop.

"No George this is - this is wholesome and awesome" Dream protests with a sarcastic tone and starts walking, leaving George to fall behind. George scoffs and walks up on the side of him. When they get to the waiting room they were in before another woman calls George's name and he's sent off to get his blood taken. It only takes a minute considering he isn't particularly scared of needles and soon it's done. When he gets back Dream is standing there with a little box in his hands.

"What you got there?" George questions as they start walking towards the exit.

"Birth control, for you. Got it from the receptionist" Dream explains and shakes it in front of George.

George raises his eyebrows in surprise over how easy that had been for the alpha, but doesn't question it. He simply nods and they're on their way.

In the car, Dream explains how he has to get to work and could simply drop George off at the apartment. When they get to the front door of their apartment building, George is just about to hop out when the alpha grabs him by the collar of his shirt and gives him a kiss. It's sweet and tender and leaves George smiling.

"Now did you do that for me or for everyone around that can see us?" George questions.

"Both" Dream answers as he lets go of George's shirt. "Now don't make me late" he teases and George huffs.

"You're one to talk rich boy - see you tonight" George smiles as he steps out and closes the door behind him. He watches as Dream drives away and rolls his eyes before making his way inside and taking the elevator up to their floor.

The whole concept of him wanting to slick rather than staying completely cut away from his own biology still had him a little taken aback. George doesn't know what happens to him when he's left alone without anyone around, and he doesn't care to try and explain it to himself either. As soon as he gets into the apartment he puffs out a breath and looks around, he wonders what to do, and what's different. Was he like? A new person now? Someone who wanted to have sex? Or did he just, for the moment, want to have sex? Or was that just a bi-product of being emotionally attracted to someone? Was this good or bad?

He walks over to the kitchen counter and picks up the note that's left there. *I will be spending my day off at my parents - see you Monday.* A note from Callahan, who wasn't here apparently. Alone.

He jogs up to the big window and looks out over the city. He sprints up the stairs and then back down again just to see how fast he can go. Ten push-ups! Why not? He's buzzing with something, like he's jittery for no reason. It's like his body is just as surprised as he is by the fact that he doesn't feel like absolute shit after something so groundbreaking as wanting to have a dick inside of himself.

When Dream comes home he's calmed down a little bit, but he can't deny the butterflies flying around inside of him as he smells the now familiar scent enter the apartment. The nervousness of not knowing how to act considering he had never expected it all to turn out this way. Was it really going this far? They were a thing? Should he kiss him? Hug him? Give him a bro hug?

"I'm home bitch" Dream hollers from the hallway and George turns his head from where he's sitting on the couch, tense and fists closed tight. He doesn't answer and just bites his lip. Should he stand up? What was wrong with him - they were still friends. "Okayyyy - I've got news" Dream reveals as he walks over to the couch - completely unaware of George's uncertainty. George can't help but smile as he relaxes slightly. Funnily enough, Dream not noticing his anxiousness makes him a little less nervous.

"Tell me, tell me" George hurries and shivers with a pleasant feeling when the alpha creeps his hand over the back of his neck and moves his hand through his hair. Unexpected, but very much welcome. Dream lets his hand fall as he walks around the back of the couch and seats himself next to George, shoulder to shoulder, and brings out his phone.

"Okay, let's see" he mumbles as he opens up an email. He scrolls and reads quietly to himself before clearing his throat and looking up at George. "Okay - so apparently, in two weeks, there'll be a charity event for endangered omegas in lesser developed countries - which is ironic considering what goes on over here - and we are invited" Dream explains and George nods along. Yeah, good that they're raising money, but you could definitely question their intentions nonetheless.

"Who arranged it? Who's coming? And like - what are we gonna do there?" George questions and turns fully towards Dream, facing him with his entire body.

"Techno arranged it. Minx will probably be coming but she's also probably a little angered by the fact that he would arrange it in the first place, considering she'll get backlash on social media no matter if she holds a speech on how 'the choosing stands for omega rights now too with the new

rules of the contracts' or not" Dream explains and pauses "but I'll stay out of that as much as I can" he adds. "The whole point is for rich people to make donations and give speeches - to give money of course - but mostly to influence the people and to seem politically correct for corporations to work with" he continues to explain. George nods in understanding but stays quiet as he sees Dream bite his lip with frustration.

"What else?" he prods.

"Adam Schlatt will be there - and he'll have the opportunity to give a speech" Dream gives out.

Of course he would be - George thinks. He scoffs and leans his head back. "The fact that he sees himself having the right" George whispers and almost laughs at the concept of it all. Mr Schlatt giving a speech after everything he's said about him, after everything that man apparently stands for that is definitely not omegas rights. Donate the money please, but giving that man more business opportunities? No thank you.

"Okay" George sighs. "Will you hold a speech?" he asks as a follow up, looks towards Dream and moves his hand to tap on the other's shoulder, keeping a beat of a song in his head.

Dream starts bopping his head slightly to the same beat that George is performing on his shoulder. "Yes - yes it seems so" he pauses and looks down towards his hands, thinking of something. "Or would you - do you want to?" he asks.

Oh. Would he? "Is that possible?" George asks and lets his fingers stop their movement.

"I think so - or at least you could stand beside me and say something in the end or something like that - if you want to" Dream clarifies.

George sighs and rubs the back of his head with his free hand "okay, uhm - sure" he mumbles.

They stay close to each other on the couch before turning on the TV and deciding upon a new show to watch together - the both of them agreeing on taking a break from American horror story for now, thinking it would be a good choice. After watching the first few episodes of The good place, Dream yawns with sleepiness and declares he'll need to get up early for work the next day and needs sleep. George nods and wants to ask if they could sleep in the same bed but stops himself once again.

It's not that he's too scared - it's like something he can't explain is stopping him. It feels like he wants it *too* much.

They part ways at the top of the stairs but George can't sleep. He guesses it's because he had slept in so late that morning - but after an hour of relentless shifting and turning he can't ignore it any longer. Without really knowing why and without being able to stop himself, he goes out into the corridor. And in his sleepy state of mind, he creaks Dream's door open and sneaks inside. He doesn't think twice before grabbing one of Dream's shirts that lay folded on a chair - and without waking the alpha, sneaks out the way he came and goes back to his own room. He grabs a spare blanket from his wardrobe and throws it on the bed before laying down and pulling the covers over himself real close. The shirt pressed to his body as he finally falls asleep.

Preheat

Chapter Notes

wow... this chapter took some time to come out huh? and it was even meant to be longer... i apologize for making yall wait <333 you can probably notice i added an extra chapter because this was supposed to be both the preheat and heat, but as you can see that didn't happen

for this, you will NOT have to comment unless you want to - that is what i have to pay for being so slow with this chapter

ON ANOTHER NOTE - i watched squid game in THREE DAYS and the cop (Hwang Jun-ho) can have me any time he wants - and if you want to discuss the ending in the comments with me please do because I HAVE OPINIONS and i trust you do too

When George wakes up the next day and checks his phone, he's surprised once more. 11:05. Maybe it was just because he'd been up so late the day before, but he thought he had just as good of a sleep as the other night. This is just a little too strange for his standards. He rubs his eyes and sits up, a slight headache making itself known.

"Shit..." he grumbles to himself and yawns, picking up his phone again to check his notifications. He'd gotten a text from Dream at 7:50 am. *Hey dude - I was gonna say goodbye earlier but you didn't wake up when I knocked so I let you sleep (consider yourself lucky ;)). See you tonight :)*

George can't help but smile a little. Cute. But... So, Dream was off at work, Callahan still wouldn't be here until Monday. He was all alone... again.

There's a sort of sadness that moves its way through his body at that thought that he can't quite describe. He usually doesn't feel this way at all. Being alone never bothered him and he never felt this... sad, or mellow, or... left behind, he guesses. He sits up and stretches, feeling his back crack and sighs with satisfaction. He never felt this stale either, like he'd been sleeping on rocks. His body's feeling way too off - like it's almost slippery or too bendy. And he feels warm, and cold - he doesn't miss the shiver that moves down his neck and makes him arch slightly.

It suddenly makes him stop in his tracks, and he blinks to himself as his body goes rigid where he's sitting. He's never felt like this before. *Never.*

George stands from the bed on surprisingly weak legs and walks over to his mirror. His skin is flushed and his nipples are hard. Was this.... preheat? He hadn't had anything like this the last time - or at least it hadn't been this prominent and he hadn't noticed. This time, now that he knows his heat was to come at any moment, and he knows how an actual heat feels like again - this definitely had to mean he was getting close, right? He looks around the room and sniffs the air - the smell wasn't any different yet, or maybe he is just too used to it to notice. If only Dream was here...

"What..." he whispers to himself in confusion at that thought - he was fine without Dream, and the alpha would be home in just a couple hours. What was wrong with him? He should just get dressed and go about his day.

He ignores fixing his bed despite wanting to and moves to the wardrobe. He decides upon soft clothes - drags his hand through his hair and walks out the door. The tiniest wafts of wind hit him and he shudders quite violently, his eyes hurting at the change in brightness - the clear window walls letting through a lot more sunlight than the covered windows in his room. God he was shivering like a fucking leaf in the wind - maybe he should put on something warmer.

George is just about to turn back into his own room when he catches the sight of Dream's door slightly ajar from the corner of his eye. Maybe he should close it. He starts walking and the closer he gets, the more Dream's scent wafts around him. Deep and grounded - warm. When he gets there, he can't help himself from opening the door fully and walking inside. Once there, a quiet voice in his brain tells him how weird he's being, but it's so quiet and far back that it's easy to ignore. Just as the cold air from the AC hits his skin and his hands rub at his arms to keep them warm, he looks over to the couch opposite the bed and finds the yellow jumper Dream had worn the day before. Or now that he thinks about it - Dream had called it his green shirt so maybe he was in the wrong. Who cares - it was a jumper that smelt of Dream and it was warm.

George walks over to it and holds it up in front of his face to look at it. Big. It would cover his torso well and keep his arms warm. Without thinking twice, he pulls it over his head, puts the collar against his nose and breathes in. His body fills with warmth and his pulse calms down a little.

He knows it's weird and off-putting that he did this without thinking too much of it, but he barely has the energy to care as he walks out the alpha's room and down the stairs. As he reaches the fridge and opens it, he frowns. He wasn't hungry - didn't want anything. Only because of discipline, he grabs some leftovers and gets seated at the kitchen island - he gets the food down, but it's not very pleasurable.

George sighs and pushes his plate to the side, not having the energy to put it away. What was he going to do? His body was too weak for working out and... he doesn't feel motivated for anything.

"Stupid... dumb" he whispers to himself in frustration. So, preheat life was just boring and uncomfortable? He scoffs - it was just heat but you weren't even preoccupied, just bored.

He walks over to the sofa and plops himself down, laying down on his back and stretching. He tries to reach the blanket on the other sofa in his lying position but doesn't succeed. With a huff of irritation he succumbs to the fact that he has to sit up to reach it and does so - pulling it over himself and snuggling it close to his body. After a minute of just warming up, he reaches out towards the coffee table and grabs the remote, and turns on the TV. What was he feeling? Something easy to follow, no complicated story line, not too sad - he didn't want to cry. If he turned his head for a second or two, he wouldn't miss anything important, a movie he's seen before.

Little Miss Sunshine - yes, that was a good one. And... he had all the time in the world, didn't he? It was a long time before Dream would be home, he had no responsibility, he was tired... he could watch The Peanut Butter Falcon after... and then Baby Driver. Yeah, that sounds like a plan.

There's something in him that shuts off when he puts the first movie on. Like, his concept of time, his needs, his hunger, his ability to focus sufficiently - they all zimmer out into nothingness and he's swallowed by whatever he's watching. He laughs at the jokes and yawns during the sad parts - it's not that he doesn't find them sad, it's just that his body hasn't followed through with the story enough, so the scenes have no context for him.

When the credits to Million Dollar Baby rolls, George sits up and wipes his tears, picking up the remote and turning off the TV. God - he must've not focused at all the last time he watched it because, damn - that had been so much sadder than he remembered.

"God - I can't stop" he chuckles to himself as the tears keep coming - for no real reason. The movie was sad, but not this sad. He just keeps thinking about the departure of the main characters in the end and the despair of not being able to fix a situation you want to fix so badly, and his tear canals can't seem to stop. He never really cried normally - maybe this was what he needed? It doesn't even feel that sad - he's just crying, just salty water. His mouth cracks up into a smile - he's even laughing. There was just so much - so much feeling, right now.

He calms down after a few minutes and just sits, his breathing eventually slowing down into its normal state. Without noticing, he finds himself with his nose tucked into the collar of Dream's shirt just to feel the scent calm him down. It helps tremendously. He can barely explain the way it makes him feel - there's just something in his body disconnecting and reconnecting in weird ways. He barely realizes his own bodily reaction - he's half hard.

"What in the..." George mumbles to himself and moves the blanket out of the way to stare down at his pants. It was true - he had not been wrong. His dick was half erect and starting to strain slightly. What the fuck? He wasn't in heat yet was he? No, he definitely wasn't. George sighs in frustration and suddenly everything just seems too much again - everything was unmotivated and difficult and he just... he just wants Dream there. He just gets more frustrated the more his body reacts without his control - and still he wasn't even slicking. He was malfunctioning, unworthy of what he wanted, what he needed. Maybe that's why Dream had gone to work? To avoid him, and leave him all alone.

"Shut up" George bites at himself and stands from the couch on shaky legs, he wipes his newly shed tears and breathes out. It was fine, he was fine... but it wouldn't hurt to be prepared right? He wants Dream to want him, he wants to be ready... he doesn't want to be a burden.

He doesn't hesitate before running up the stairs on shaky legs and heading towards Dream's room. He needs lube. And maybe a few blankets. When he steps into Dream's room again, he almost collapses on the bed but keeps himself from doing so. He doesn't want Dream to be mad, he doesn't want to mess up the sheets. He rummages through the drawers and finds the lube before grabbing the bed's pillows as well. He ignores the shame that settles deep in his stomach as he walks into the bathroom to quickly grab a pair of Dream's pants from the laundry basket - the scent from them was just... just so right. He sneaks his way out the door and down the stairs to the couch again. It would be better to be situated downstairs - to be ready when Dream came in through the door.

He carefully puts down the pillows on the couch and places the pair of pants on the armrest, where his head would be resting. With shaky fingers he reaches under the hem of his sweatpants and pulls them down. Goosebumps spread over his skin as air hits his bare legs. He swallows hesitantly and without looking, pushes down his briefs as well, letting his half hard dick twitch between his legs. He doesn't even know if he wants it, he just wants to be good. He gulps and puts his knees on each side of one of the pillows, straddling it, and leans forward, letting his arms and head rest on the armrest.

He has to admit it, letting his face graze the fabric of where he knows Dream's body has been makes his arousal more prominent. It grows steadily as he takes the scent in and he arches unintentionally.

"Let's get this show on the road" he whispers to himself and hurries to uncap the lube. He just wants it done. He needs to be stretched, to be bred. He needs to be perfect. Everything just needs to work like he needs it to.

George shivers at the coldness as he squeezes lube onto his fingers - a lot of it. He needed to really get into it. Maybe he gets a little too rushed when he reaches behind himself and tries to push in

two fingers straight from the start, but he just can't help but feel stressed somehow.

"C'mon" he grits out but quickly gives up - if he hurt himself, Dream wouldn't get the best that he deserved. He had to take it slow. George turns his head into the pants once more and pushes one finger in. It doesn't feel bad exactly, just not even close to as good as when Dream had done it. He moves it back and forth and prods on his insides to try and find the pleasure - but it seems to be hiding far away. Maybe he just needed another one? Maybe more girth would do him good.

George huffs and pulls his finger out, circles his rim, and pushes two in. It's dry and uncomfortable, like the lube he poured was never even there. He can even feel his dick starting to soften. What if this was it? What if all those years really fucked him up for good? He knows he doesn't really care, not really - but there's just something with it as he lies there trying to seek pleasure in the pain, it just hits him. What if his last heat had been the last time he'd produced slick? He doesn't care - but he can't help the tears that come back once more.

"God - please..." he snuffles and uncaps the lube to pour some more into his shaky hand. Just as he reaches back and pushes his fingers back in, the faint sound of a door unlocking echoes through the flat. He isn't fast enough to hide himself fully, he simply collapses onto the sofa and tries to stay quiet.

"George! I'm -" Dream's greeting drowns out into silence and disappears into nothing. George can't see what's going on, but he hears the door close and the rustling of clothes being taken off before careful steps move throughout the hallway. "George?" Dream shouts a little quieter and George can't help the slight whimper that exits his body - it felt both amazing and terrible that the alpha was finally here. He wants Dream close to him, but he doesn't want Dream to see him like this, all soiled and failed.

George can hear Dream make his way over to the sofa and suddenly the tears get even more intense. God - he really was just crying so fucking much, wasn't he?

He turns his head towards the back of the couch and tries to hide in the fabric, but Dream and his concerned scent is already right there beside him. He hears a silent sigh before the man behind him squats down and there's a huff of air hitting his neck.

"George - how long have you been like this?" the alpha asks but George can't bring himself to answer, he just shivers, embarrassment creeping through his body. There was lube everywhere and he was wearing Dream's sweatshirt and he had his face in his dirty laundry and - god - he still had two fingers in his ass.

"Can I touch you George?" Dream mumbles in a low tone and George feels butterflies move throughout him - it makes him feel disgusting and unworthy, and just way too emotional. His voice still doesn't carry, but he nods persistently to make sure Dream can see it.

In just a second, he can feel soft fingers caress his shoulder and it makes him sob. "I don't know what's going on - I just, like what will I do if I can't slick anymore - I thought maybe, maybe it would start by itself if I just-".

"It's okay George - you don't have to excuse yourself" Dream cuts him off with and leans in closer. George's tense body goes soft and pliant when Dream's other hand moves over to his lower parts and carefully guides his fingers out of his ass - leaving him empty. "Can you turn towards me?" Dream then asks as tentatively as possible.

George hesitates before hastily wiping his tears and shifting his body, trying to cover up his bare lower half and puffy face at the same time. Dream's face is soft and George doesn't know why he

can barely handle it. He just feels so much. "You good? You smell really distressed - and kind of horny" Dream questions.

"I don't think I am horny really, I'm pretty sure this is preheat and my body's just royally fucking me up" George whispers quietly and catches himself. The shaking was going away slowly and his tears were slowing down - even his voice was strong enough to carry. "I think... I think it's getting better, now that you're here" he mumbles lowly and ignores how dependent he sounds. But it was true, his slight erection was going down and his mind even seemed a little clearer.

"Good, I was getting worried something bad happened" Dream sighs and scratches his neck. It makes George's heart flutter. "Let's get you clean. I'll just go get a towel and come back" he states and stands to go to the first floor bathroom, coming back a few moments later with a wet towel.

"Can I wipe you down or do you want to do it yourself?" Dream asks and looks George in the eyes, making sure to get a genuine answer.

"You can do it" George mumbles under his breath.

It feels nice and comforting as the warm towel traces up his leg and wipes down his lubed up hole, and he would've imagined it would have made him a little excited, but all he can feel is exhausted. Like his body had been going a hundred miles per hour for the entire day and now, finally, could relax. When he's clean from his stress, he reaches down and picks up his underwear and puts them on quickly before sitting back down on the couch again, no energy for moving. Dream puts the towel to the side and sits down beside him.

"You feeling better?" Dream asks and puts an arm around him.

George wallows "Yeah - I'm just a little out of it" he answers.

"Anything I can do?"

"Stay" it's out of his mouth before he can put it back in.

Dream chuckles "Dramatic George - I feel like I'm part of a teenage rom-com."

George smiles and nods "Yeah? I can chill with that."

"Cheesy" Dream counters. There's a slight pause where they just sit beside each other, Dream not leaving, but George can feel the other fiddle slightly. He hears the alpha swallow before there's a silent stutter. "You want me to stay until your heat starts?" he asks.

George wants to scream a yes, beg and plead, but he keeps it inside. "If you want to - I mean if you have the time and... yeah."

"Course I do - you wanna sleep in my bed tonight?" Dream continues on.

"Uhm" he hesitates, sleeping in Dream's bed? It would be nice and comfortable, but it would be new, and he wouldn't have his stuff... or his nest. "Could we sleep in my bed?" George counters.

"Of course - you wanna spoon or maybe a little top to tail?" Dream smiles and George rolls his eyes.

"I was thinking we sleep standing up - but on the bed" George explains and gestures with his hands.

"Really? That sounds interesting. I've never tried that" Dream exclaims sarcastically and connects their eyes.

"You'll love it" George mumbles and squints. He hesitates for a quiet moment before leaning in and joining their lips in a kiss. Dream accepts it by tilting his head slightly. It's soft and calming and George can feel himself let out some loving pheromones. They move away from each other slowly and into the previous positions. George leans his head on the alpha's shoulder. They go quiet and just sit there beside each other, George needing to calm down his body still. It was dark outside, quite late, yes, but not late enough to go to bed. They still had time to do other stuff - or maybe George should take care of some stuff he'd been planning to do, but just hadn't brought himself to do.

"Would you be comfortable with telling Bad we're like a - like a thing?" George asks after a moment and looks up towards Dream "It's just... I kinda told him I'd like, uhm" he pauses with a blush and fiddles with his hands "I told him I'd shoot my shot, so I want him to know stuff went alright and that you didn't kill me" George confesses.

Dream raises his eyebrows with a smile "No, that would be impossible, how could you possibly think I'd be alright with that?" he exclaims with a fake upset tone.

"Great - I'm calling him now" George smirks and pulls out his phone. Dream doesn't protest any further, or not until George is just about to press the button for a facetime call.

"Are we really gonna be those extremely annoying people that answer the phone and sit there cuddling? Like are we gonna put him in the third wheel right from the start?" Dream complains and George can't help but chuckle.

"It would be like the interview we did" he laughs.

"Yeah, except she deserved to be third wheeled" Dream counters.

"For real! She did" George smiles, but doesn't end up clicking the button. "Okay, uh, you can go into the kitchen and pretend to cook something - and I'll just be chilling on the couch" George suggests and Dream nods before placing his hands on his knees and standing to walk away. Just before George starts the call he throws a glance in Dream's direction and rolls his eyes at the man pretending to flip a pancake in an empty pan.

It goes for a couple rings before the omega on the other end picks up. "George! My favorite person!" Bad exclaims from the other side of the phone. He seems to be laying in bed with his head half leaning against a pillow behind his head.

"I thought Skeppy was your favorite person" George teases.

"Nooooo - he's high on the list but not quite there" Bad declares before moving the screen closer to his face and whispering "And I was actually lying, my mom is my favorite person but you didn't hear that from me".

"Of course not" George smiles and feigns innocence. He goes quiet and so does Bad, whose eyebrows scrunch up and mouth turns into a thin line. George guesses the red eyes and thick blanket around him were telling of the current mood. "I'm good - my body's just freaking out, a lot of hormones" George answers to Bad's unasked questions and gestures to his puffy eyes.

"There's nothing wrong?" Bad wonders with a concerned voice.

"No, I was actually gonna call you to tell you everything's going pretty good" he stops himself "or

well some stuffs more weird than good - I stopped taking my suppressants and oop, I had a heat, but that's beyond the point" he brushes past and ignores Bad's questioning look. "The good thing is - I told Dream the stuff we were talking about and he hasn't murdered me and we're chilling" he finishes with and catches Dream's smile in the corner of his eyes.

Bad's eyes go wide "Oh my god, are you serious? I don't want to admit it, but I thought he would be an asshole about it - like he'd be like 'I'm too famous and work too much for love'" Bad laughs and covers his mouth behind his hand.

"And you didn't tell me?! What kinda friend are you!" George yells at his phone with a smile and Bad groans from the other side. Dream raises his eyebrows in surprise but goes back to drinking from the apple juice he'd poured for himself.

"I have poor judgement George, I didn't trust my gut in this! And either way, it's always a good choice to make sure you're not missing a chance" Bad bursts and pouts. George just shakes his head.

"Fine - maybe I'll forgive you."

"You should - I acted the right way in the end didn't I?"

"Yes - yes you did" George mutters.

"Okay good - now moving away from that, you stopped taking your suppressants? What? When? How?" Bad rambles on and George sighs and rubs his neck.

"Yeah... yeah that was like a month ago, and I went through a normal heat, on my own" he confesses "I didn't tell you because I didn't know if it would matter, like if I would start taking them again or something like that" his sentence fades out and he glances towards Dream - the alpha fiddling with his phone by the kitchen island, but it was obvious he was listening.

Bad seems pretty stunned but doesn't say much about it, just continuing asking questions. "And you're good?" he asks. It's obvious he's worried that Dream had done something bad with him and George appreciated him immensely for it - luckily that was not the case.

"I'm great, even though heat was a fucking trip - and I've been crying today because I'm in preheat" he explains. "Does the body always fuck this much with your emotions?" he asks.

"We've talked about this George. You know this is what happens in heat - although, of course you are right in that it's different from person to person. I normally don't get affected that much" Bad mumbles and sits up from his lying position and leans his head on his hand. "How are you planning to deal with this heat that'll come now?" he asks quietly.

George clears his throat "I'm planning on spending it with Dream - I think it would be better than doing it alone."

"Yeah, I think that's smart - as long as my almost favorite person is comfortable with that." Bad agrees with a smile so exaggerated, it's showing all of his teeth.

"Of course I am, no need to worry" George ensures him and smiles. "although I don't have time for more talking, even though I'd love to hear what you've done today, you'll have to text me because - first of all, I am super tired, and also need to call my mom to invite her here soon enough. I want her to see it's not that bad" he explains and Bad agrees.

"Yeah, good - although you know she'll hate the white walls right?" Bad murmurs.

"I know" George sighs "She's just gonna have to live with it."

"Yeah, she'll survive" Bad smiles. "Well then, talk to you later - I'm gonna watch Moana. I love that movie - you know I love that movie don't you?"

"Yes, I know - bye Bad."

"Goodbye George!"

He clicks the phone before putting it down beside him, hearing Dream chuckle slightly from the kitchen.

"What?" George asks and turns his head the alpha's way.

Dream smirks and rubs his hands together. "Nothing" he mumbles as he stands to walk. "I just - what should I cook for your mother?" he asks, and George basically gets blinded by the glistening light in his eyes.

"Pfft, something really good at least, that's for sure" George mocks and shuffles to make space for Dream on the couch. The alpha sits down beside him and puts his arm around him again.

"Are you really gonna call her right now?" Dream asks.

"I was going to... but I'm on the verge of falling asleep, and maybe I should invite her after the heat so that it's not an 'oh I'm inviting you over, but you'll have to wait for a week haha', you get me?" George explains and fiddles with the hem of his shirt.

Dream nods in understanding before smiling again. "I know I'm not supposed to make jokes - and this is going to sound so god damn awkward, but like - none of us have spent a heat or rut with anyone but ourselves. What the fuck is gonna happen?" Dream exclaims and looks into the omega's eyes. George can both see and hear the honesty in Dream's voice and it makes him all jittery inside. Brings him back to when they were dancing in the kitchen, and every late evening when the alpha would make himself laugh from being too tired.

"Won't we both be like, high out of our minds sort of? Or at least I will be - you gotta steer the ship to some capacity at least in the beginning" George smirks and pokes the alpha in the side, making him jump slightly.

Dream looks like he's about to say something snarky back before his eyebrows shoot towards the ceiling and he stands suddenly. "I forgot - your birth control bro, you gotta take that" he exclaims and jogs to where he'd left it the previous day, making a turn for the kitchen to grab a glass of water before coming back.

"Drink up". He reaches over the glass and George gulps the pill down, sets the glass down and lays down on his back, spreading all over the couch. "Hey! What about me?" Dream gestures to his lost seat with a glare.

"How come you're so mean? When you got here, I was crying" George teases and rolls over on his stomach.

Dream smirks and squats in front of him. "You don't think I can smell the quite significant changes in your scent? And also -" he slaps his hand on the omega's thigh. "The fact that you're not crying anymore, and I trust you'd tell me if I take my jokes too far, because I truly do not want to fuck you over" Dream declares and smiles. Once again George's stomach flutters with butterflies.

He sighs and sits up, but doesn't give Dream the time to sit down before standing. "Let's eat some food and then go to bed - and we'll have to see what happens tomorrow" George stretches his arms over his head and starts walking, leaving the mess he'd made behind.

Dream stands and follows close behind. "I think there'll be at least one more day before it begins - last time, your scent was a lot stronger than this the day before it started."

"You know your stuff better than I do, rich boy" George teases to which Dream only laughs, before they make their way into the kitchen together and brings out some food to eat.

Fulfillment

Chapter Notes

NSFW

its happening guys its going down

Dream doesn't expect waking up like this, but he does in fact quietly moan as he realizes the motions of his own hips grinding against the other. It's sweaty and the fabric of his briefs are mostly wet, especially where his hard-on is poking out very prominently. It feels way too good, his body tight up against the other's back, his dick working on its own. The scent is crazy, it must've happened over night. It's like George is calling on him, begging for him in pure desperation.

"George" he whimpers into the omega's neck and promptly stops his grinding motion, no matter how difficult it is. And it is difficult, his cock aching and his body feeling like jelly. He must've had a wet dream right before he'd woken up - one of those dreams where you're continuously trying to cum but never reach the edge. And here in real life it's the same. He's so close to blowing it all over the place, but he has to stop himself. He can't just do that when the other is sleeping.

"George... wake up" he murmurs in George's ear and shakes the man's side slightly. Thankfully, it works, and the omega stirs slowly in his sleep.

"What's... oh" George cuts off mid word and Dream can feel his body go rigid. Although, it only holds for a short second before the omega relaxes again and cranes his neck backwards to look at Dream. His eyes are still lidded as he leans in and joins their lips in a kiss. It's sloppy and uncoordinated, making Dream pull George's body even closer.

"Fuck..." Dream sighs when the omega unexpectedly pushes his ass back towards him to try and grind against his boner. "Your scent is fucking nuts George - I'm so close already."

"I'm not in heat yet" George whispers in between kissing him. "I don't know what this is, but I'm not fully in it yet."

"Okay" Dream moans and starts grinding again, feeling invited as George's body gets aligned with his own once more. But George wasn't in heat yet. That meant nothing was starting for real. No slick, no absolutely crazy hormones, he had to take it slow. "Can I like - fuck your thighs or something?" he asks before moving down to George's neck and biting it slightly. "Would you like that?"

George gasps and opens his mouth to say something before stopping himself and moving away, rethinking what to say. Dream can clearly tell what the other is doing.

"Maybe... maybe you shouldn't cum yet. Maybe it would be best to... save it, for when I will really need it" George mumbles and puts some distance between them by turning his body to face the alpha.

Save it? Dream furrows his eyebrows in desperation and bites his lip. He was ripping at the seams already, and he has to wait more? His cock twitches reluctantly as it sorrows the loss of friction,

and he resists the urge to reach down a hand and palm it. But George was right - it was a given that George would go into heat, but it was only almost a given that Dream would go into rut. And they didn't know how much time there would be until that happened, and Dream needed to be there from the start. What good was he if his dick was spent when George needed it the most.

"Yeah - yeah you're right" Dream swallows. It will be better if he saves himself, until George really needs it. When he really needs a thick brooding cock, when his body will be begging, screaming for it. When Dream needs to fill him up and pump every last drop he has into him. When everything besides Dream cumming in his hole will be pure pain. When he needs to be bred.

Dream groans in despair and reaches down a hand, not to touch himself, but to squeeze at the base to stop himself from climaxing untouched. Fuck - he needs to stop thinking about sex. That is the opposite of what he should be doing right now.

"Good" George whispers and looks Dream in the eyes as he breathes heavily, trying to calm down. "Should I restrain it too?" George asks.

Dream is about to offer himself up, to say he'd do anything to hear those moans from George again. He'd do anything to have the omega bite him when he cums. But once again, he's already on the edge of climaxing from just thinking about it, so he shakes his head. "I'm really close to cumming, I don't wanna risk it - how about just, mundane everyday tasks for now? Like eating breakfast?"

George swallows and caresses his hand over the others back before retracting it. "Yeah - yes, I think that would be for the better" he mumbles and sits up. "We'll just have to wait."

Dream clenches his jaw and nods. They'll just have to wait.

He sits up to lean on his elbows and rubs his forehead, takes a few deep breaths before rolling out of bed. "Go down you stupid thing" he groans to himself and looks down to his straining briefs, still going strong. He's gonna have to wash off too - he's sweaty all over. God, this was going to be strained in general, and the scent in the room isn't making it any better. And he's hot. Fuck.

George shuffles out of bed and stands tall to stretch. He tries to keep his head in check and stares at the wall instead of staring at Dream, trying to ignore how it's making him feel. He might not be fully in heat yet, his head still clear and no slick to be felt, but the sight of Dream still makes him blush. Something about the alpha being desperate and horny, the way he would scrunch his eyebrows and bite his lip, and those hands touching him and his chest heaving with breaths. God, George blinks and tries to ignore his own hard-on.

"I'll - wash up, maybe we shouldn't do it together" George states as he turns his head slightly, eyeing Dream's back up and down as he does so. It's red with heat - Dream really must've had some nice, tentative thoughts to get him this worked up. George swallows.

"Yeah - yeah good, I'll make breakfast" Dream mumbles lowly and George can't ignore the butterflies he gets from the other's morning voice - low and serious.

The omega turns again and walks into the bathroom, trying to ignore the way his legs shake slightly. His body isn't as bad as it was the day before funnily enough, but he guesses that's because he'd been sleeping next to an alpha all night, and so it had calmed down. His body feels safe and secure, and there is no need to be cold in preparation for breeding when you knew you would be bred. Fuck. This was really happening.

George shakes his head and ignores his dick twitching with interest - he would be bred, so what? It

was completely normal and nothing to fuzz about, he didn't need to be hard just yet. It wasn't even happening yet, so for now he should just focus on what he needs to do.

George strips his clothes and steps into the shower, washing off all of Dream's alpha musk and most importantly, the alpha's precum smeared on his lower back. It feels good to be clean and he enjoys the hot water until it's time to get out. Once he's dressed he stands himself in front of the mirror and looks himself up and down.

This is going to get fucked, hard, for a week straight as of today, he thinks to himself and turns around to look at his ass. He would be stuffed full and so horny, he'd barely be able to stand up.

George barely notices the way his breathing gets heavier, but he tries to calm it down before finally getting out of the room. Which would be needed - their mixed up scents are making him dizzy. He swallows and tries to shake off the nerves before opening the door into the corridor. Like the morning before, he's hit with a slight breeze - the temperatures differing from where the two of them had laid beside each other creating heat.

George walks up to the fencing of the landing and looks down to where Dream is pacing the kitchen. He looks stressed and slightly compromised, his tense back muscles visible with the absence of a shirt.

"What we eating?" George shouts from his position, making the alpha whip his head around and put a smile on that stressed face.

"I'm cheating a little - no cooking, just heating up some stuff from the other day" Dream responds and turns around to put the first plate in the microwave. "And I set out the pill for you, if you take it today and continue to these next coming days I think it'll... work out" Dream mumbles so lowly George can barely hear it, head still turned away.

"Thanks" George walks down the stairs and slowly makes his way to the kitchen island where a pill and a glass of water is set out. What he doesn't expect is being hit with the scent of Dream. It seems the alpha hadn't completely calmed down yet, the air still raging with hormones.

He gulps down the pill and seats himself at the island, trying to act natural. "We'll just have to pray I remember to take them as time goes" George jokes, trying to lighten the mood.

Dream chuckles awkwardly but doesn't turn back towards him. "We can set them out, we'll remember... there'll be breaks" he swallows.

George scratches his forehead and looks down at his own body. He was more cold than usual, a little nauseous, shaky, but nothing more. Couldn't it just start right now so he'd stop feeling so goddamn awkward? When he'd had his heat the last time, all constructive thinking had gone out the window, and he could really use some of that right now.

"Eat" Dream mutters and places a plate of food in front of him before grabbing his own plate and sitting down beside the omega. So close - Dream is so close, George can feel the warmth radiating from him.

George nods and picks up his fork to start eating. It's a little difficult, but it works.

"How long did it last the last time?" Dream asks after a minute.

George blushes despite himself - this isn't embarrassing, but there's something about the fact that he can still see Dream being half hard. "I don't really know, since I was so... gone. But around five to six days" he responds.

Dream shovels some food into his mouth. "Okay, good."

"Good?"

"Yeah, that we'll know more - a little at least."

"Yeah."

They finish their food and before George can bring himself to put his plate away Dream is grabbing it and doing it for him. It's not that it isn't a normal, friendly interaction, but George can sense the alpha's scent spike once he does so. So, Dream couldn't even hold back the alpha instincts telling him to tend to his omega at this point, and it's even making him smell of pride. God.

"What now?" George swallows and bounces his leg, meeting Dream's eyes where he stands leaning against the counters.

"I need to shower. I suggest you just... make yourself comfortable" Dream answers and smiles awkwardly. He awaits George's nod before walking away. Before he leaves completely though, he lets his hand rest on the omega's shoulder for a short second. Taps his fingers twice.

George blinks slowly and turns to watch the other go up the stairs before breathing out. His back's arching, he just can't stop his mind from wandering. Dream's idea is probably the best - he stands on shaky legs and walks over to collapse on the couch, picking up his phone to start mindlessly scroll through tiktok. Before long, he's caught up in the flow of it all, brain no longer picking up on the rest of the world. Just like how it'd been the day before when he was watching movies. Zoned out, disconnected.

Dream can finally breathe out once he's closed the bathroom door behind him. Picked his own ensuite to get the cleanest air in his lungs. He knows George can't control it, and that the omega doesn't even know - but the scent coming from him was making Dream absolutely crazy. He rubs his face and reaches down a hand to squeeze his member. God - at this point, he himself would go into rut before George went into heat.

He bites his lip and lets his head thud against the door he's leaning against, frustration making its way known. He needed to wait, he has to wait. George was right, he can't cum. He needs to wait. He needs to be there when George's body will be screaming for him - and with the way the omega's body was already presenting, Dream can't imagine the scent that will be calling on him once it finally hits. Once it finally hits - he needs it to happen soon, he's too horny to work normally.

Dream strips off his clothes quickly and steps into the shower, turning the water cold and freezing at the cost of calming down.

There's something so enticing about the thought of George needing him to empty all of his seed inside of him. Need, desperation, deprivation. George needs him to cum - it makes Dream's excited mind absolutely ecstatic. He isn't usually like this, he must be getting closer to going into rut, it must be getting hotter or something. He's so desperate to fuck.

His boner hadn't gone down since the morning, only gone from slightly hard to fully hard to twitching back and forth. It's almost starting to hurt. He can't stop thinking about George knocking down his door at any moment, searching for him in pure heat. He drags a hand through his wet hair and leans his other hand against the tile wall, water dripping over his tense body. If he walked downstairs and George was just aching for him, like he's aching for George. He can only imagine.

“Fuck” Dream whines and turns the water to the complete other side, burning himself before turning it freezing again. He needs the butterflies to go before he joins George downstairs. He’ll have to deal with that scent and that body right beside him for who knows how long without getting to touch it. He needs to calm down. He puts on a shirt and a pair of pants before walking out the door.

George barely notices the alpha coming downstairs, he’s too caught up in the endless feed on the screen in front of him. It’s only when the man sits down at his feet and lifts up his legs to put them in his lap that his mind catches up. He blinks over the top of his phone, the sound from the speakers fading into the background.

“Welcome to the couch” George mutters after a pause of unmotivated staring at that troubled face and puts down his phone.

“Thanks” Dream sighs and scratches his neck before leaning back against the cushions. George swallows, his eyes lidded - when had his eyes become harder to open? His whole body’s even feeling more fuzzy, maybe it had for quite a while, George doesn’t know. He stares at Dream’s face and down his chest, eyes the strong arms and the hand resting over his calves. The early sunlight fades in and out from the passing clouds shining in through the windows.

“Is it - uhm.”

“Not yet” George murmurs lowly, monotone, his mouth staying slightly open after the words are out. It’s not there, not yet. But it’s numb, it’s nothing, it’s like he’s falling asleep without falling asleep. Maybe he is getting closer, the last time he’d woken up in it - this time it seemed he’d experience every step of the way until it came.

Dream nods and pulls out his phone from his pocket, starts scrolling somewhere just as mindlessly as George. George is thankful for it, he’s not in the mood to talk, it feels like words can’t even exit his mouth. He picks up his phone and goes back to tiktok, his stomach starting to flutter without much notice.

Dream scrolls and scrolls and tries to ignore how droopy he’s beginning to feel. It was stressing him out. The scent from George had gotten worse while he was gone, it’s absolutely sickeningly sweet. And it’s calling him, and he needs to respond to it. Dream let’s his hand wander a little higher and squeezes George’s thigh. The omega barely takes notice. There’s no slick - what if none would come? What if they’d still be stuck just grinding on each other like desperate animals. Or well, maybe that wasn’t any better than what Dream wanted to do right now; fuck like rabid bunnies. He doesn’t know if he can take a heat without being able to fuck George, he would have to leave in a hurry if that is to happen.

It’s tense between them as time goes on, the both of them on their own phones. George seems to get more and more out of it. He doesn’t notice it himself, he just sort of leaves his own body. Dream’s hard on stays stiff and ready, but he’s able to put it aside partially at least. Everything’s going great, and it’s calm and easy, until Dream finally notices it.

It’s small and quietly sneaking it’s way out in the beginning, the scent of slick. Dream looks up from his phone and stares in front of him, swallows as his mouth falls open slightly to make it easier to breathe. It’s completely mind boggling - not just the scent, the scent is great, but the knowledge that he would finally get to completely obliterate George into oblivion makes it numbingly good. After so long.

“George” he breathes and eyes the omega slightly.

“Hmm?” George hums without looking up from his phone. A few seconds go by before his eyes go wide and he drops his phone to his chest. “It’s happening.”

Dream gulps and eyes George up and down, sitting completely still. He’s unbearably hard already, like he’d been the entire day, but now he gets hesitant. His rational self stays put, maybe he should wait until George takes the first step. But he wants to pound right now, he feels it in all of his being, the desperation. He knows it will finally happen, this is when it happens. His breathing is heavy.

“It’s happening Dream” George whines and suddenly he comes back to his body at once. The alpha in front of him is sitting still just staring, but he can feel it all and everything at the same time. He arches his back off the couch, his phone falling to the floor. It starts slowly but he’s already getting more sensitive by the moment, everything around him imposing on his skin. His stomach starts cramping as a consequence of his body getting ready to take a pounding. The old biological instinct in him readying him for something big and hard to enter him with no restraint. His body knows how his scent will affect those around him, it knows how crazy it will turn alphas. It knows how hard he will be fucked. Suddenly there’s more slick. He’d barely even felt the first rush of it but now - now it’s pooling, spreading. His pants are already soaked through. His hole clamping around nothing.

George doesn’t know what to do when he’s arching one moment and strong hands grip him the next. Oh. He’d almost forgotten, this was happening. He’s going to get filled, fucked, bred full. He will be soaked with it, with Dream’s seed.

“George, I can smell it on you” Dream groans into his ear as he grabs at his hips and George moans despite himself. His dick is already leaking, and it’s getting even harder by feeling Dream’s hands grip his hips and Dream’s erection grinding against him. “I can smell your slick. Are you ready for me? I can’t wait anymore.”

George simply whines and crosses his arms around the other’s neck, spreading his legs fully, separating his thighs, inviting Dream in. There’s too much fabric in between them, he needs it all off. It all comes too fast, the ruthless desperation.

“Dream, clothes” he mumbles as he tries to shimmer out of his sweatpants, he only gets them down mid thigh before going over to push down his underwear. With eyes rolling back, his dick springs free and twitches against Dream’s abdomen.

Dream bites his lip and tries to focus. Now is his time to act responsibly. He will admit, right when he’d finally gotten his hands on George’s waist and the opportunity to grab it, his mind had gone a little wild, but he is back in it now. Focus. He nods in George’s direction and sits up a little, when he sees that the omega has shimmered his pants down and is slowly humping against his thigh, Dream has to cover his mouth with his hand, biting it slightly to stop himself from doing something stupid. The view in front of him is just, just bringing him to his breaking point. Dream’s eyes lid and his face blushes, he can’t help it.

“How are you feeling, is it hurting?” Dream asks as he hurries to drag George’s pants off before pulling off his own shirt. George spreads his legs and breathes heavily into the cushions. Dream tries not to think of the desperate humping on his leg and beckons George to sit up so he can get the omega’s shirt off.

“It’s cramping, I need you” George mumbles whilst he reaches out his hands and grip onto Dream’s arms. “I want - I need you close” he whines and drags Dream with him as his back hits the couch again.

Dream swallows, caught by surprise as he leans on his arms to support himself, putting some distance between them. "I know." He's so ready to give up control.

Dream gasps when he feels George's hands desperately grab at his pants, trying to push them down. The touch of the other sends shivers down his legs. "Not yet George, I need to make sure you're ready" Dream mumbles and goes down to grip the omega's wrist, pinning it down next to the omega's head. George turns to face it slowly and leans in to bite the wrist, eyeing the alpha hovering over him.

"I am ready" he whispers, and Dream unconsciously pushes the hand down harder.

He leans down and nibbles at the other's ear. "Not until I've stretched you dumbass."

Dream sits up without much struggle, George too weak to hold him back, and settles on his knees. He pulls off the omega's pants completely and throws them on the floor. The omega lays pliant in front of him, breathing heavy, naked and spread out. Finally Dream gets to see what he's been wishing for longer than he'd like to admit; that puckered hole twitching around nothing, glistening with slick, so warm and inviting. And he wants it so bad, he can feel his instincts starting to get the better of him... It was coming closer.

"You good?" Dream asks breathlessly as he grabs one thigh with one hand and places the other right next to that inviting hole, letting his thumb tease the skin beside it. He circles around it and feels as it tries to suck him in, feels slick pool around it.

"Yes" George gasps as his legs shake, he resolves the issue by closing them as tight as possible around Dream's waist, pushing him closer, slick smearing against the alpha's leg.

Dream doesn't hesitate as he pushes the tip of his thumb in, giving in as it sinks in without any restraint. It's already so much smoother than when they tried the first time, so much smoother. He bites his lip; It will happen, he will be able to fuck George so good. He closes his eyes to focus on keeping it together as he drags his thumb out and replaces it with two fingers. They go in smooth and get squished so good, even when he pushes them all the way no restraint makes itself known. When he pushes on a specific point George throws his head back with a cry, and the hole clamps around him. He scissors his fingers and drool drips down George's open mouth.

Suddenly, George grabs the side of the couch vigorously and yelps. "*Dream!* Dream I'm gonna cum!" he moans with his eyes shut tight, cock seeping precum over his abdomen.

Dream opens his eyes and pushes in harder, adding a third finger considering there seems to be no issue getting them in there. He can't miss the sight of George cumming. He's been waiting for this.

Without a sound other than a broken cry, George's dick starts spurting shot after shot, it twitches and gets cum all over his stomach. Dream feels the hole pulse around his fingers and he can only imagine how it would milk him dry in just a minute. He pushes in and prods, making George gasp as more cum shoots out.

George gasps and shakes, but his specimen stays hard, red and swollen. His skin is hot and blushed and his pupils wide. George can't wait anymore, neither can Dream.

"Dream please."

"Please what" Dream asks. He needs to make sure they're both on the same page on what will happen. Because if George doesn't want him right now despite it all, he needs to know, otherwise he won't be able to stop himself. George's face contorts in complete desperation, his suffocating

scent spiking. It makes Dream so horny he can barely explain it.

“Fuck me” George whines. “Fuck me please, breed me”.

That does it. Dream pulls out his fingers, maybe a little too fast but he can't bring himself to care. He hurries to pull down his pants. “Give me your knot Dream, please - please I need it” George fumbles and Dream abandons the plan to take off his pants fully - that sentence driving him crazy. He simply pushes them down mid thigh, let's his hard cock spring free, his balls still itching at the waistband of his briefs when he lines himself up before finally breaching that aching entrance. It all goes so fast that he barely notices, but he groans out in pleasure as the head goes in. After that he just sinks deeper and deeper. His eyebrows scrunch up and he has to fight with all his muscles to take it slow. It's so hard when it's so easy to push in, it's tight in all the right ways and continuously tries to suck him in. It all pulses around him and the pain from George scratching at his arms only gets him going even more. Before long, he bottoms out, balls settled right against the omega's ass, tight heat convulsing around him. He can't wait to feel that tight heat spasm around him as it cums. Dream grabs a hold of both of George's thighs and leans his head back, stares up into the white ceiling and quickly starts pounding for all he can muster.

George doesn't know what to do with himself. It's like all the memories of the desperate need for something longer and thicker from his last heat finally settles down into a deep, unexplainable pleasure. Finally, he's satisfied. Dream's cock is hot and reaches everywhere that needs to be reached, the upper parts of his shaft rest against his prostate and the tip twitches somewhere unbelievably deep inside. The balls against his ass remind him of everything that he craves right now: hot semen, thick, white cum. And he wants it from Dream, no one else, he just wants Dream. He whines as the bottom of the alpha's shaft retracts and pushes in again - thinking of how it would grow and lock them in place at any moment. He wants it so badly, he wants to be bred. He can't even bring himself to think about the birth control or anything, not when he's this full. Not when he's this complete.

George's entire body is rocking with every thrust, he can no longer keep his legs wrapped around the alpha, instead they are spread wide and held up. He cries out as the hands on his thighs move down under his bottom to lift him up and settle him upon Dream's thighs. This makes Dream's cock angle upwards even more and George's cock tingles with overstimulation. Still, he's desperate to cum again, and he reaches down to touch it. When he pulls back his foreskin, a silent scream leaves his open mouth, and the thrusts become harder, more vicious. He's so close again, and he wants Dream so much.

“Again... Fuck, it's cumming, *again*...” George gasps and just as he says it, more cum rains down on him, and it keeps coming as his hole squeezes the cock inside of him - bringing him all this pleasure.

When George announces his second orgasm Dream braces himself. He'd gone a little bit mad with the satisfaction of getting his dick wet and his mouth hangs open with his tongue out. Sweat is beginning to form over his chest and back, and he knows deep down that the grip he holds on George will leave brutal marks. But he doesn't care as he's finally about to get what he needs - that hole ripping around him.

And it comes - in just a second, George is cumming all over himself again. Dream watches as the omega's eyes roll up into his skull and it's way too erotic for him to handle. He lets go of George's body and leans forward slightly, letting his closed fists support him as he places them beside George's waist. He bottoms out and grinds as the body underneath him gives him what he needs, the pulsing ripple around his cock making his eyes shut tight. He doesn't need to do anything, he just sits there, tense, and swims in the pressuring massage. It squeezes tight and he thinks he's

going to make it through without popping but it never seems to stop. Before he can do anything about it he's cumming as well. His head squirts shot after shot of white, thick seed as it spasms just as much as the hot walls around him. Just like when he'd cum in his pants that time he'd walked by George's room, he cums to the sounds of George climaxing.

It pulses through him and makes him numb, his balls pumping out everything that has had him edging the entire morning through his urethra, and still there seems to be more. He feels the tinge in his abdomen that insinuates he's close to growing his knot, but as he stops cumming it disappears. At least for now.

"Alpha" George moans and caresses down Dream's chest, fucked out of his mind. Dream heaves for his breath and feels his heart pound harder. He can't place his finger on it, but it spreads fast and comes at him strong. It seems his body is finally catching up to his surroundings, the scent steaming up the room making their effects known. His brain starts numbing and his body starts itching, his cock fills with blood way too fast and he humps forward without recognition, catching George by surprise.

"George" he hums just to feel the name on his lips. George looks up at him with dimmed eyes but before he can answer Dream pulls out his dick and grabs the omega by the waist. He picks him up in one swift motion and flips him over, no care as George scrambles to reposition his arms. He pulls at the omega's hips and forces him up into a presenting position, dragging his arms up and putting them on the armrest. He sees as cum and slick start leaking from the omega's hole and his mind fills with an unexplainable grief - it needs to stay inside, it needs to be plugged up. Without a word, he pushes his cock back into that tight heat, bottoming out immediately. George gasps underneath him and he grits his teeth. When he's fully settled, he puts one of his legs on the floor to have better support, leans forward to put his chest flush against the omega's back, and starts rutting forward like it's the last thing he'll ever do. From George comes the most sinful sounds of pleasure and Dream swerves his arms around his stomach. He wants to keep the omega still so he can fuck him even harder, use him like a cocksleeve, bring him the pleasure he deserves.

"*God - Dream - fuck - right - there*" the words are almost punched out as Dream keeps thrusting ruthlessly. Dream doesn't know what's gotten into him. All he knows is that nothing has ever felt this good. He lets one of his hands travel up to George's neck and he stretches it across his throat, forcing the omega's head up. He leans into the crook of George's neck and breathes in, sucks a mark into it and can't help but nibble at the scent gland. He doesn't bite it, but the scent that comes from it drives him crazy, and he grinds forward even harder.

Mmm, this is what he wanted, to fuck like rabid rabbits, to cum over and over again. George cries out underneath him and Dream moves his hand from the other's throat to his shoulder instead. Now he can literally push George back on his aching cock, and that he does. It's getting harder to keep a stable pace and his thrusts start getting erratic. He would cum again, at any moment. At any moment he'd breed George full, he'd fill him up so good, make him so full no more would fit, cum would seep out at the edges of his knot.

"Omega" Dream pants into the other's neck and let's the hand around George's stomach travel a little lower, right above George's cock, where he can slightly feel the outline of his own member sliding in and out with a fast pace. He groans and holds on tight as he snaps his hips. He's no longer in control, he needs to cum, he needs to cum.

He pulls George back against his aching cock a few more times before the growth of his shaft starts catching at the other's rim. The pull out and push in starts getting tighter, sensitivity rising. He whines low in his throat when his orgasm finally catches up to him. And it's already a million times better than the last one, makes him grit his teeth and consciously try to fight against the urge

to bite the scent gland in front of him. It starts slow as his knot grows - a few shots like precum but feeling impossible good spurt out. He grinds with them in the same erratic way he'd humped his pillows during his last rut - unplanned and animalistic. But then it gets impossibly better - he feels the walls around him convulse as George cums again and his knot locks them together. Suddenly every last drop of cum in his balls pump out. His eyes roll back in his skull and he shakes as his cock twitches through every cum shot. And it goes on for so long, he feels he'll pass out before it's done.

"Fuck - *I'm still cumming*" he moans. There's no way to escape the pleasure of George, and he relishes in the omega's cries as he cums and cums. He manages to get through it without mating the other for good, but it was way too difficult. When his orgasm is finally done, his cock calms down, retracts a little in size and is only half hard with the knot now present. Now they're simply stuck together.

"God - it's so big" George groans underneath him as his arms collapse, legs shaking violently before Dream picks him up and sits him down in his lap. The movement stretches the knot between them and Dream huffs, the pleasure unimaginable and the overstimulation almost overbearing.

The rut that had taken over his body settles a little with the post orgasm satisfaction and he leans his head back, breathing heavily as he holds on tight around George's stomach. "George - how are you doing George?" he asks, voice now a viable option of communication when he's no longer horny out of his mind.

George shifts in his lap and grabs onto Dream's thigh to keep balanced, his head leaning back over Dream's shoulder. "Fuck - Dream, it feels too good" he sighs and swallows, eyes blissed out of focus. He cries out as Dream's cock twitches with a few aftershocks and a bit of cum seeps out the side of the knot. "I can feel it all, it's all inside" he mumbles.

They sit and simply breathe for a moment, too spent to speak, before George finally breaks the air. His brain has cleared a little and he's able to somewhat take in the world around him. "Holy fuck" he blurts as he snaps out of it momentarily. The heat in his mind calms down with the presence of a knot and the reality of it all comes back. He'd just gotten fucked, by an alpha. That thing that he'd promised he'd never do, that thing he didn't want to do. Yeah - he'd done just that. And surprisingly, he didn't feel awful, he felt... sort of at peace. He feels Dream wrap his arms around him and blushes - right, he hadn't just fucked an alpha, that alpha was still here and still inside him. He almost forgot.

"For real - how are you in the head?" Dream mumbles into his neck in a low, husky tone - his voice too weak to produce anything else.

"It's satisfied, for now - how are you?"

Dream shuffles behind him and George swallows, the knot moving. "My rut started pretty quickly - I don't think there was any need for me to edge the entire day" he mutters with feigned annoyance.

George scoffs and turns his head to the side so that they're looking at each other "I wanted to be sure dumbass."

Dream doesn't answer, just smiles and leans in to join their lips in a kiss. It starts out soft but quickly turns hot and sloppy, hot breaths of air between them.

Dream grinds up into him and George moans. "When this knot goes down, I'll fuck you again" Dream mumbles in between kisses, making George grind down on him.

“Please do” George whimpers. “This was a million times better than the last heat, thank you” he declares and Dream breaks off the kiss to look George in the eyes.

“I didn’t go too hard did I? I know it can be hard to handle me at my full capacity” Dream smirks sarcastically, which earns him a playful hit on the chest.

“No match for me” George counters, before he pauses. “Although - how long will this knot be up for?” he shuffles a little and feels it pulse inside him, his spent dick starting to fill with blood. Not even because he’s full and satisfied, he just knows the heat waves will return and the pleasure will resurface. Just the knowledge makes his cheeks flush.

Dream sighs “I - I don’t know really” he confesses. “I don’t really pop a knot that often... since I don’t do it that often.”

George blushes. Dream had knotted him, that’s how special he was, that’s how well he satisfied him. The omega within him reels with satisfaction and he turns his face forward to ignore Dream’s eyes. “That’s how amazing I am - you are truly feeding my ego” he jokes to try and hide how much it’s truly affecting him.

Dream smiles and nuzzles his neck. “Well, charity work feels great” he bites George slightly.

Soon enough, they lay down on the couch and settle into a spooning position. The sweat on their skin is beginning to dry and in an effort to be a little cleaner, Dream wipes off the cum on George’s stomach with George’s shirt. George scoffs at him for using his shirt and not his own, but is quickly silenced when Dream ruts forward and grinds into him.

They lay in silent small talk for a bit and simply relax in the other’s presence - but soon it becomes more tense and quiet as the need starts creeping in again. After around fifteen minutes they’ve been silent for a few, highly aware of the others’ increasingly hot skin. George starts feeling Dream’s knot soften, and he can hear in the other’s breathing that the alpha knows as well. It’s quickly getting replaced by that same hard cock that would piston into him, and George closes his eyes to focus on breathing. Cum starts seeping out of him slowly but it’s quickly handled as his hole starts clamping down once more. He feels Dream’s breath stutter behind him as it does, and he wonders who will say something next.

He yelps when that hard cock twitches inside of him, growing back to its full size and reaching everywhere that he needs it to reach. Dream grips his hip. “I want to pound you by the window, I want everyone to see” the alpha groans in a husky voice and it’s so far from the innocent teasing that had taken place just ten minutes earlier.

George moans and nods, not knowing what else to respond with. Before he can do anything, strong hands grip under his thighs and pick him up. They sit up and stand all in one fast motion, George still bottomed out on that brooding cock, and he can barely register as he gets carried over to the big windows looking out over the city.

“I want you to squirt all over this glass, I want them to know - to know that you’re mine” Dream groans in his ear and George’s eyes roll back while he pictures it. There’s nothing he wants more, it makes him so horny he can’t describe it.

He’s let down to stand on his own shaky legs in front of the window, and he has no choice but to support his arms on the glass pane as Dream pushes him forward. His hands are clammy and glide a little, but he has no choice but to hold on as Dream starts fucking him with no remorse.

“*Shit - Dream - yes - harder - Dream*” he gasps in between thrusts. His legs are so close to giving

out, but the alpha holds on tight to his hips, grabbing them and pushing them back against every rut forward. The cock inside of him hits so deep and fills him so full that the rest of George's body can't keep up. His mouth hangs open and drool drips down the side of his chin. His hands keep trying to grip onto the smooth surface of the glass. His head leans from side to side as his eyes try to focus on the tiny cars driving down below.

"They'll see all of you" Dream whines into the air with sloppy and erratic thrusts, balls slapping against his skin. George bites his lip and tries to think through the pleasure. Would someone see him? No one from the street would, and the opposite buildings were too far away. It almost saddens him. He wants them to see. He wants that stupid news reporter to blush with embarrassment over how hot they are together. He wants that dumb Naomi to see that she will never, ever get to experience this pleasure. And he wants Schlatt to see - to see how George would never feel in his presence.

"Yes" George cries and lets his head fall. He looks down at his body and moans at the sight of it. His knees are drawn together and as the strong legs behind him pound forward as he bounces back and forth. His dick stands hard and red, it drips with precum and twitches, ready to cum at any moment.

The sounds Dream makes behind him are hoarse and desperate, and they make George's abdomen flutter. It's getting closer. "I'll cum George, I'll breed you right in front of the world - I'll breed you full" Dream struggles to get out in between breaths.

George's back arches and he throws his head back as he starts cumming. It sprays all over the glass and quickly starts gliding down. It moves through his urethra, bringing stars with it, making him completely blissed out. He feels as Dream's rutting halts and he pushes unimaginably deeper as he finally breeds him again. Dream pumps him full all over and he cries out, never feeling so close to another as now. The pressure of too much cum inside him makes it seep out and run along his inner thigh. He doesn't care as he rides the last waves of his orgasm.

After Dream had fucked him against the window, George's legs gave out and they moved over to the floor, where he was once again pounded ruthlessly. Dream couldn't be happier about the fact that no one but Callahan had the key to his apartment - he can't imagine the stress that would occur if Sap had walked right in at that very moment. He keeps imagining something getting in the way of him getting to fuck and fill George full, and his mind clouds with desperation.

When they were done on the floor they moved over to the kitchen. A meal would be great - but it's quickly interrupted by hormones once more. The scent from George too inviting for Dream to bear. They fucked it raw over the kitchen counter. Once night came upon them, they moved back to George's nest, where George would ride his alpha to a finish.

With few hours of sleep and even fewer meals, the two make it through the intense five days of nonstop heat. In between the waves Dream manages to text Callahan to make sure he doesn't show up for a surprise visit, as well as texting his friends so that they know he's not picking up their calls. They manage to clean up after themselves, at least partially. They would have to do a deep clean after they were done. Most of the time, they are both completely out of it - but there are moments where George leans in to kiss the other where he thinks back to that first time he'd seen Dream. A young man in a black polo with a bothered face. Who knew it would all change so

quickly. He doesn't even have the brainpower to think of how cheesy and desperate that statement seems as he once more is taken over by animalistic need.

"Mghn - *Dream*" George huffs as he grinds down against the other, feeling the head of the cock brush deep inside. They are seated on Dream's bed, George straddling the alpha's hips, riding him. Dream leans in and bites the side of his neck slightly as he pushes the others hips against him.

"Touch me Dream" George moans and closes his eyes tight when he feels a thumb spread the precum down his shaft. He doesn't say a word as the other starts jerking him off, and it doesn't take long before he cums between their stomachs. He clamps down and twitches around the other and feels as the cock inside him empties itself with great pleasure. Before long, they both relax with satisfaction.

"Fuck" Dream breathes into his chest. "Do you think it's done?"

"I fucking hope so - I'm so tired" George mumbles and looks down at his dick. Smirks happily as it doesn't refill with blood, instead just gives up. "And I'm hungry, I haven't been hungry for days, I wanna eat."

Dream kisses his collarbone. "Me too, I'm craving plain toast."

George leans back with fully blown eyes. "Me too!" he exclaims. "You are so correct Dream, that is an excellent suggestion."

They had been at it for a long time, but this seemed to be the last intercourse they had to do. It had been slow and careful, and they'd had much more time for looking into each other's eyes rather than shutting them tight from uncontrollable need. It really showed that the more time went on, the more present in their own heads they became.

They relax for just a moment longer before George sits up slightly. With a sigh Dream's member slips out and George's hole twitches around nothing. He stands on shaky legs and goes to the bathroom as Dream stays on the bed.

Dream lays down against the sheets and breathes in, closes his eyes for a short moment. His rut seemed to be done with, the only thing affecting him slightly is their mixed scents still stuffing the room. Other than that, he's fine.

He's almost asleep when his phone dings right beside him, the notification making him stir. He sits up on his elbows and reaches for his phone as it dings with another notification. He only manages to open his phone before George comes out of the bathroom.

"Yo - what's going on?" he asks joyfully and goes to lay down beside Dream.

"I don't know" Dream mumbles with scrunched up eyebrows as he sees where the notification came from. An unknown number, two texts. "Someone's sent me a text."

He opens it up and bites the inside of his cheek, regretful that he hadn't opened them before George came out to see what it said as well. *Your order is complete, meet tomorrow down fourth crown wall street at 3pm* . And the second text. *Don't be late*.

George starts by reading it out loud but quickly succumbs to going quiet. Their bubble had just been popped - reality was catching up to them. He bites his lip and clears his throat. "The ID."

"Yeah" Dream sighs and turns off his phone - no need to reply, that would only put him in trouble if anything would go wrong in this process. He looks to George in silence and their eyes meet. He

doesn't know if he should say something, if there's anything to say at all. He decides against it, at least for now.

They shower together before going downstairs. They eat toast together and watch some TV, staying close physically but don't say much. The night passes and the next day is upon them. Dream goes to pick up the ID and is soon back at the apartment like nothing has happened. George sits on the couch as it gets handed to him. A small bag from that same candy shop they'd been in before as a disguise, and a little letter inside. He opens it up and looks down to his own stoic face, pale against a white background. There he is; Geoffrey Cornwall, 26, male, and originally from South Carolina. That's him... that's who he is.

The build-up

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“Dream - she’ll be here in ten! Put some damn clothes on!” George shouts from downstairs as he puts the strainer in the teapot. Three days had gone since his heat ended and there were only two days to go before that god awful charity event with Schlatt would be held. Until then, he and Dream had agreed upon finally inviting his mother. Almost two months had gone by and the alpha had only met his mother once, a meeting George guesses all three of them would like to forget and overcome. So it was definitely time, to say the least. His mother and Dream needed to connect better, and his mother needed to truly know that he was good.

And the ID... it was in a drawer on the top floor. He hadn’t touched it since they got it. He doesn’t really want to think about it. Not right now.

“I’m on my fucking way!” Dream yells from the upper floor before he rushes down the stairs. He’s dressed casually to try and come off as a real human being, seeing as it would be the best way to make a good impression.

“So you talk about the struggles and then I talk about the fact that I was free to do whatever - that I can do what I want and yadi yada” George summarizes as he brings out the cups.

Dream huffs out a breath of air and leans against the countertop, looking at him. “Yeah yeah, sounds good - and I’m still not in the wrong that you want to go back to school and start working right?”

George turns to him with a smile. “You are correct. I have not changed my mind on that” he assures.

“The way that you said that made it sound like I was pressuring you to do something else” Dream laughs.

“Well, were you? Strong beautiful alpha?” George jokes.

Dream comes in close and jokingly hits him on the arm. “Fuck no” he whispers before leaning in and giving him a small kiss.

“Good.”

In just a minute, the doorbell rings and George hurries to the door. He beckons Dream to come stand slightly behind him and look nice as he goes to let his mother in. He pushes down the handle and outside stands Lauren in her usual green jacket, looking out of place.

“Hey mom” George utters and opens up his arms for a hug. She hesitates for a second but quickly steps inside and walks into her son’s embrace. “How was your trip here?”

She clears her throat and leans back. “It was good honey, even though the buses are quite atrocious.”

“That you are correct about” George chuckles and searches for her eyes. They look strained and worried. He would have to really try to convince her he wasn’t captive.

He steps aside to let her come inside fully and waits nervously to see what she'll do about Dream. The alpha himself swallows and smiles before reaching out his hand. He refrains from taking a step forward as to let Lauren make her own choice. "Hi, I feel as though this is a better time to have an official introduction" Dream declares.

His mom glances at George for a short second for reassurance and then back to Dream. She reluctantly steps forward and grabs his hand. "It's good to meet you. I'd like to hear more about your intentions with my son" she deadpans.

George raises his eyebrows at the shady tone, but his mother doesn't notice. "Great! I've made some tea - and Dream has promised to make lunch, so you'll have to ask questions in the kitchen" George exclaims and places a hand on his mother's shoulder to push her forward. Dream swallows and slightly skips to the kitchen. It was all planned - he'd cook to show he wasn't a traditional alpha, and they would talk. It would be casual, calm. He wasn't nervous, not at all.

George seats his mother at the island and sits down beside her as he pours the three of them a cup of tea. "So, we have a lot to tell you mom, and that's why I wanted you to come visit" George starts. He catches the eyes of Dream for a short second and nods, giving him the go-ahead.

"Yes, Miss Lauren. As I told you the last time we talked, the reason I chose George was because the man beside me was intending on choosing him" Dream describes as he rummages through the fridge. "The man beside me was saying quite nasty stuff - so, my first intention was to bribe the company and take George off the list. That didn't work, and so instead of simply going about my day" he turns around and looks Lauren in the eye "I chose him - with zero intentions of turning it into a relationship, zero intentions of courting, only to save him from an even worse situation," He goes over to take a sip from his tea. "And believe me, I know it's just a bad or worse situation. I don't see myself as someone who did George a favor. I simply wanted to give your son a chance to some extent" he explains.

Lauren clenches her jaw. "You have already told me this young man, but how am I to trust you when you are what you are - a privileged alpha" she mumbles under her breathe. She turns on the chair and gestures to the big windows and chandelier. "Look at this. Do you expect me to believe you? It's not weird that you succeed in fooling people - that's what happens when you get cameras pushed into your face since diaper years" she pauses and turns back to the alpha "but that does not mean I find you genuine - it has merely been two months since you enslaved my son. I am not afraid to say that, and how am I to believe you are genuine?" she asks rhetorically.

George sighs from beside her. "Mom, no, he is genuine, believe me - and I invited you here to meet Dream for real and get to know him, because" he pauses and bites his lip. "we're... lately we've been together. We're trying it out, and it's working" he says and it feels like he's talking to deaf ears, a quiet room.

His mother's eyes look scared out of their mind right before she gasps out of pure disgust. She looks to Dream's worried face and back to George before she leans over the island and barely hesitates when she slaps Dream across the face. Before the two of them can react, she stands to her feet and grabs George's arm to drag him towards the door.

"I will not be in this house any longer and neither will George! You manipulated him, you tricked him! It's all over your face and the scent in this apartment" she yells as she tries to hurry them towards their shoes. "You disgusting creature" she cries.

George blinks to try and regain focus on what is happening. It warms his heart that his mother would stand beside him and protect him at any time, but this really isn't what they needed right now. He tries to think but there's little time to do so as his mother leans down to put her shoes on in

a hurry. Who knew what she would do if he didn't come with her - maybe she'd call his friends and force them to get him out. Maybe she'd even call the police, get them over here. She could say anything now that she was this scared for him. Maybe he didn't have a choice but to bring out proof.

"Mom stop!" he exclaims and grabs onto her wrist to try and keep her from grabbing her coat.

She turns to him and puts a hand over his own "I know you're scared but I'll help you through this okay, you don't have to do this" she whispers as to not let Dream hear.

"No mom, stop" he sighs, thinks for a short second, and blurts it out. "He had me get a fake ID so that I would be able to flee the state" he confesses and meets his mother's eyes. "Would he help me with that if he wasn't for real?"

She looks stunned and doesn't say anything, just stares at him.

"Dream" George calls out and looks back to the alpha, still a little surprised after being slapped in the face. "Could you go grab the card and bring it down here?" he asks.

"...Yeah" Dream nods slowly and hurries for the stairs. While he's gone, George puts a supporting hand on his mother's shoulder and beckons her back into the apartment. It goes slowly, but she corresponds fairly well as he moves them towards the couches instead of the kitchen.

"You need to hear him out mom - I know you don't like him, but you need to listen" he pauses. "for me" he finishes and searches for her eyes as she sits down. She stays quiet and nods. He can see that she's pre-cautious and scared. George probably would've been too.

After just a short second, Dream comes rushing down the stairs with a card in hand, face flushed. George looks at him and sighs. He'd have to apologize for blowing their cover when his mother had left, but it really seemed to have been the only option to get her to stay. If he had to prioritize, he had to, and he'd make sure to his mother that this was something she could not tell anyone. Dream walks up to them and hands George the ID before sitting down on the opposite couch, looking them over to see what would happen.

George swallows as the card is put in his mother's hands, her finger grazing over the picture of him. She keeps quiet, so George clears his throat. "What Dream is saying is the truth, and what I'm saying is the truth. I am not captive" he emphasizes. "He paid with his money for this, just so that I would be able to live a free life. He jeopardized his career, he reinstated the choice that I am supposed to have - why on god's earth would I like him if he didn't do that?" George asks rhetorically and watches as his mother slowly calms down. She scans the card up and down, making sure it seems legit enough to work, and puts it down on the table.

She looks up and meets Dream's eyes. "Okay - I will hear you out."

Dream sighs and nods. That slap had caught him off guard. Sure, he'd been slapped before. It happened when you were as famous as he was, but this one was a little too close to heart. He really didn't want George's mother to dislike him. And the revealing of the ID... They would have to make sure George's mother knew not to say anything about it, considering it would put George in danger when it came to criminal offenses. But she was probably a level headed woman in the end, just scared for her son.

"Yeah" Dream starts and looks over at the both of them, not really sure where he left off. "Me and George have been... trying out being together, for the last couple weeks, as he said." Dream swallows, thinking back to every promise he's ever made to himself to stay closed off in the name

of putting family first. Thinks back to every promise he's ever made to settle down quick and have kids. Thinks about how all of this went against all of that. "And I would like for us to get to know each other, as any partner would get to know their significant other's parents." He rubs his hands together and waits.

Lauren eyes him up and down. "My son wants to study" she deadpans.

"I will go back to studying mom, no problem" George cuts in before Dream can say anything. "I had to stop because it was too big of a risk if I were to leave the state, we had to establish that me and Dream were happy in a relationship so that my fleeing was unexpected. It was necessary" he pauses and looks to Dream "but now... I don't know how long I'll stay, because I want to stay with Dream for as long as it holds, and because of that, it's safe for me to start up my life again" he looks to his mother "here, with Dream."

She bites her lip and searches in both her son's scent and eyes for any fear, but finds none, she looks to the table where the card lays still, and to Dream, with eyes kind and understanding. "I believe it when I see it, but if you say so George" she concludes. "Well then, Dream, what do you have to show for yourself?"

Dream's eyes widen slightly out of surprise. They had talked about him having to prove himself before inviting her over, but he didn't expect the woman to be so forward. Maybe he should've seen it coming, considering how her son always acted. "Uhm" he clears his throat. "I like to cook, I work at the Winter's company. I watch TV... from time to time..." he can feel his face heat up slightly under the glare of the woman, and he clenches his jaw at the sight of George cringing. What was he supposed to say?!

"You work for your parents" Lauren deadpans. "You never went to school?"

"I was going to enroll in college, but my friend that I was going to go with didn't get in. At that, my parents pulled me out, had me join the company instead."

"Why didn't he get in?"

"He doesn't get to taste the sweet of nepotism - but he got into his second choice and is doing good. His grades are great."

She smiles at that. "Okay, you pass for now young boy" she puffs, wafting her hand in his direction and leaning back in the sofa. "Now since you like cooking so much, go cook us lunch, since that's what you were supposed to do from the start."

Dream gulps and nods quickly before standing up and hurrying over to the kitchen. Thank fucking god, he thinks to himself as he goes back to the stove and puts it on.

George sighs and turns away from Dream and back to his mom. "Was slapping him really necessary?" he questions.

His mother looks to him with the same annoyed face. "Was falling for him really necessary?" She questions back. "Have you been on suppressants in here?" she asks, looking to see how much the younger had done with each other.

George smiles. He doesn't want her to be worried, and as much as he knows his mother cares for his health, he thinks it would be better to lie and simultaneously comfort her rather than worry her in other ways. "Yeah, Yeah I've been on some".

She nods, understanding. "He seems harmless enough, but you can never be sure. Go hide that ID

where the alpha presumably can't find it the next time you call for it" she beckons and George follows suit. He huffs before standing and grabbing the ID, walking towards the stairs and hurries up. He'll just put it in his bedside drawer, where Dream would be able to find it.

Lauren looks towards her son as he disappears up the stairs and turns to Dream, putting her feet up on the table in front of her and just looking. Dream can feel her eyes on him but tries to ignore them as best as he can. Should he say something? Do something? He could bring her tea over to her, to make sure it doesn't go cold. He shakes his head - it would be like he owed her something, or worse, that she owed him. Just cook and be calm.

He stirs the pan and tries to focus as his phone dings in his pocket. He ignores it, but a few more come right after and he presumes someone was seriously trying to reach him. Right before he picks it up, he chuckles to himself at the thought of it being George texting him to make him talk to Lauren, but his smile quickly disappears as he checks his screen.

Sap - *Yo bro I think you gotta be looking out for that charity thing you're gonna be on - what is it in like two days or smth?*

Sap - *Dude, I need you to check your timeline*

@Officialadamschlatt - *I hope you are all looking forward to the event coming up! Both me and @Dreamwinters will be revealing a lot for the future and look back on a few things from the past. I look forward to seeing you all there in the audience ;)*

Dream stares at his phone for a few seconds before rubbing his eyes in frustration. He calms down for a moment before opening up twitter and seeing as the likes and comments on Adam Schlatts tweet start flowing in. Him and Mr. Schlatt had made no plans of talking together. Him and Mr. Schlatt had made no agreement over neither pasts nor futures. This could only mean one thing, the old fucker had decided to risk it all just to put him on blast.

Whatever the man was planning was frightening. He would probably not only tell a slanted version of the truth, but also make stuff up if he was actually telling Florida about the choosing. Dream had never expected it to actually happen considering how stupid it was. The man had so much to lose on breaking their silent promise about not saying anything. Maybe the old fucker was okay with losing sponsors and all the respect he had left - maybe the old fucker was okay with moving to Alabama and starting up a rusty gas station in the middle of the desert. Dream didn't know - but what he did know, was that him and George were gonna have to make up one hell of a plan to come out completely clean out of this one. He had to play his cards right, depending on what Schlatt said. They had to stick to that. This would be a media fest, and he would have to risk opening up a little too much to the world about his personal life. But considering the absurdity of Schlatt, it would probably be necessary to save their skin.

"Hey George?" He calls out when he hears George jog down the stairs. He puts the phone on the counter with the home screen showing the tweet. "Could you come here for a sec?" he asks, completely forgetting Lauren on the couch.

"What is it?" George asks curiously as he comes up to the counter. He playfully starts hitting Dream's back like a drum before seeing the phone on the counter. He leans over and reads it slowly. "Holy shit."

"Yeah" Dream sighs and turns on the fan, making sure to not smoke up the entire house.

"What the fuck does that mean?" George asks and looks up at him, eyes wide and eyebrows confused.

"It means he'll say something for sure. We don't know how much, but we gotta prepare to say something back - or well, I have to prepare at least" he says and scratches his neck. "The ID stays hidden, we collect our arguments and hope he doesn't know too much. I'll have to contact Techno and make sure he tells Schlatt we're not coming, just to guarantee we get the last word" he pauses. "There's gonna be a shit fest on social media. Are you prepared for that?" Dream asks.

George huffs out some air and bites his lip. "Yeah, yeah I'm cool with that" he mumbles. "Are you? I mean, like not just the media will be talking. What about your mom?" George asks and turns off Dream's phone.

Dream smiles and turns back to the pan in front of him, stirring the vegetables and pouring some more olive oil on them. His mom - right. It's true, his mother would be devastated to hear why he truly chose George. She would be devastated to hear how he'd ruined business deals. She would be devastated. "It'll be fine - she'll get over it" he boasts. "Anyway, no need to worry about that when we already have another mother in our very close vicinity" Dream leans in and whispers. "I swear to god dude, she will kill me if she gets the chance."

George chuckles and nods. "Yeah, she probs will - but don't worry bro, I got you" he declares "for now." George smirks and turns on his heel, walking back to the couch and beckoning his mother to stand, telling her it's time for her to see how he's been living the past months.

About forty minutes go by while Dream finishes cooking and sets out the cutlery. They all get seated around the dinner table and start eating. It's awkward, stale. Dream knew it would be, but he doesn't really know what to do about it, and he thinks to himself how stupid he is for falling for an annoying motherfucker who loves chaos as he sees George smile devilishly out of the corner of his eye. That dumb omega was just loving the tense feeling of it all.

"Well, I hope it tastes alright" Dream tries to smalltalk as he takes a sip from his glass of water. Lauren takes a bite from beside him and George digs in. "There's dessert afterwards in the form of ice cream as well if anyone would be interested."

"I would" George mumbles through his bite of food, looks up to him and winks with the eye that Lauren can't see.

Lauren clears her throat, "Dream, I would like to know, why were you at the choosing in the first place?" she asks, breaking the slight silence.

Dream looks to her and breathes in, putting down his utensils beside his plate. "My mother begged me to go, and I didn't want to upset her" he answers, deciding to go with honesty.

"Why would your mother want you to do that?"

"She wanted me to try that way before I got to try my own - she wants me to settle down fast and create a family, an heir, and a positive look in media. To just get it over with"

She chuckles "And what would be your way of doing it?"

Dream swallows and looks to George before turning back towards her. He feels his hands clam slightly - he isn't really nervous, not really. Not really. "Well, Miss Lauren, I... never really wanted a way of doing it. I wasn't looking for a relationship, and I definitely don't want kids yet, if ever." he pauses and Lauren waits patiently for him to continue. "I figured I'd go to the choosing, disappoint my mother slightly by not choosing anyone, and eventually... suck it up, and become the

ultimate disappointment of them all: tell them I'm not planning on mating." Dream looks to George out of the corner of his eye and wonders what the omega must be thinking. The omega already knew what he was talking about, of course, but it still strained to say it out loud to more people than himself.

Lauren sighs and leans back in her chair. "How old are you Dream?" she asks suddenly, even though George had already told her multiple times.

"Twenty" he mumbles.

"And you don't want to go to school?"

Dream ponders to himself. These are questions he refrains from asking himself, they put everything into a perspective of time and make him uncomfortable. It was easier to just play around with girls and talk shit at the office. "I know enough to work, and I've gotten enough experience at work to know how to resettle if I got a new job."

"But do you want to go to school?"

"Mom" George cuts in.

"No, no it's fine" Dream reassures George and puts his hand on the omega's thigh underneath the table, before slowly retracting it as he turns back to Lauren. "If you want me to be honest, I do not know - I haven't really asked myself these questions before meeting your son" he answers. "It's easy to fall into routine."

Lauren smiles kindly. "It sure is."

Lauren leaves after about an hour. Only George wanted ice cream so they let dessert wait until after she left. In the doorway, the woman reaches out her hand, and Dream grabs it, relief filling him from head to toe as he shakes it in earnest. Right before she leaves, George makes sure to remind her not to tell anyone about the ID. She tells him not to worry. That she'd ' *never in a lifetime risk incriminating her son* '. And with that she's on her way.

"Bro" George whispers under his breath when the door closes and he walks up to lean his head against the other's shoulder. "She *slapped* you" he chuckles out of disbelief. He places his hand on Dream's hip and it makes butterflies fly through the alpha's body - they still weren't too used to touching each other this much.

"Yeah, I'm pretty sure I'm aware of that" Dream mumbles sarcastically and places his own hand over the omega's. "You think I made it out into the clear?" he asks curiously, wanting to know from the woman's son what the verdict was.

George chuckles. "Well, you're on your way - right now she just pities the shit out of you" he declares.

"Yeah... yeah those are the vibes I got as well - it's better than nothing though" Dream sighs.

"Yeah, it definitely is - I think she'll invite you to her home soon enough."

Dream grimaces. "That sounds disgusting George."

"Wha-" George yelps and lets go, turning the other to look at him. "It's not my fault you have a

dirty mind infected by teen-boy-language!"

Dream smiles an overly big smile and doesn't say more, instead prying the other's hands off of him and walking over to the kitchen to grab the ice cream. He switches subject to something else very important. "I got a text from my doctor - Jaida, you know - she said you'd be able to go in and get your first shot of replacement hormones whenever you got the time" he explains. "I also wonder if I could give her your number, I don't want your personal life to be messaged through me" he wonders.

George gives him a nod and walks over to grab himself a bowl. "Yeah, go ahead. Could we fix the hormones after the charity event though? I don't want any more pressure on my body than necessary for this speech thing."

Dream puts up the ice cream and grabs them both spoons. The fact that George was the only one wanting ice cream had been a lie. He just hadn't wanted to pressure Lauren to stay longer than she wanted to. "Yeah 'course, no problem" he answers. "We'll have to plan for that tomorrow as well."

"Yeah for sure - but not now right? I've been wanting to watch that movie with Dicaprio, Lawrence and Chalamet. I need to know how they were able to put so many big names in one movie" George says as he carries himself over to the couch and half-lays down in one corner.

Dream chuckles and follows suit. "Yeah, sounds good."

Chapter End Notes

dont worry, the last chapter is on its way - ive just gotta deal with a math test first (7/3-2022)

The charity event

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

It hadn't hit George how hard it would be to overcome his fear of rejection and embarrassment, and to finally tell Dream he'd like to sleep in the same bed. He doesn't intend for it to be romantic even, at least he doesn't think so, it's just comforting to have someone there next to you. The scent of Dream, the warmth, the feeling of being safe. He thinks back to when they'd slept on the couch together when they'd gotten drunk, and he thinks of the business trip. Most of all, he thinks of the small glimpses from his heat that he remembers, when they'd slept curled up together. He never thought himself to be one of those people that would sleep next to their partner if they ever got one. He saw himself as someone who didn't need it. And he still figures he doesn't need it, but when he thinks about sleeping next to Dream, he figures he wants it.

It wasn't George's intention to start thinking about it now, but he's left alone on the couch, and sadly, his brain has the ability to form any thoughts it wants to. After they'd finished watching their movie Dream had excused himself to his office, declaring he had to call Techno in order to fix it so that Schlatt would hold his speech before they did. And so George is all alone until he comes back.

Dream is his bro, his friend. They have so much fun together when they hang out, and they had straight from the start. And if they had been just bros, it wouldn't be as hard, George thinks. Then he could've just asked Dream if he wanted to cuddle because he was touch starved and you should do the most to break against the macho-standards. ' *Hug your guy-friends, there's no shame* ' and stuff like that. But they are more than just bros; they had not just fucked, they had declared feelings. No matter how much George wants to stop time and fleet in the moment, he had invited over his mother to basically tell her he was to be living with Dream for now. Not forever maybe, but for as long as him and Dream wants. And if they are living together, he wants to sleep in the same bed.

George sighs and rubs his eyes as he slides down the couch, groaning in frustration and embarrassment. Why is he even embarrassed? Dream had come in his ass over and over and still this is where he freaks out?

Suddenly, the door upstairs creaks and Dream comes walking down the stairs, surprising George out of his mild freakout. How long has he just been sitting on the couch doing nothing? Long enough for Dream to end his call at least. He sits up straight and ruffles his hair, clearing his throat and trying to hide his slight dishevelment.

"George - go sit by the table. We'll have to plan a little before going to bed" the alpha orders with a slightly more serious tone than before. George can't really say the order affects him, he's too caught up with the words 'going to bed'. ' *Which bed, Dream? Have you thought of that? Because I have - you just met my mother for christ's sake* ' he thinks to himself as he walks over to the table and slouches in a chair.

Dream sits down, straight in his back and sighs. "Okay, so" he begins "I just called and he'll try to arrange it to the best of his abilities. He'll text me back how it goes" he explains. George nods. "Now we just have to arrange what we're gonna say - or well, what I'm gonna say, It's my image that I want to keep clean, and so I shouldn't force you into it, but-"

"Don't worry Dream" George breaks him off. "I want to shut Schlatt down for my image too, and to make him feel ashamed" he chuckles and puts a finger on his chin to fake-think. "And also, it

fucking sucks to feel like you're carrying around a big secret, I'm on the edge all the time. It's not worth it."

Dream chuckles and picks at his hand with his finger, looking down at the table. "That is true, it doesn't feel good."

George puts down his hand and looks to Dream's conflicted face. The two of them didn't talk about it that much, but George knew Dream's relationship with his mother was in jeopardy. He didn't know much about how Dream felt about his family. They hadn't come far enough in their relationship to truly discover and talk about it. Dream would make one-off self-deprecating jokes about his childhood and how he had slowly sprawled further and further away from his mother's opinions the older he got, but that was about it. This speech wouldn't just be putting down Schlatt, it would also completely change Dream's image, both to the world and his parents. Dream was carrying around a big secret - there was nothing more different than how Dream was with him and how he was portrayed in the media.

Dream clears his throat. "Anyway, good, that makes me happy" he smiles. "But - I still think it would be better if I spoke first." George nods. "Okay, we don't say anything about the ID, just that I never intended you to be my partner and that I'd let you leave and live somewhere else - I wouldn't be involved in your life basically. And then I can..."

Dream continues to talk, but George has a hard time following. He places his hand on his chin and leans on his elbow, puts one finger up against his teeth so that the nail clacks against them, his gaze stuck on Dream's green eyes. The man in front of him gestures with his arms as he explains and George nods along, relaxing as the other leads him where he needs to go. He thinks of how Dream, a man with a difficult relationship with family, a man with sporadic relationships painted in the lights of a fake personality, probably needed a cuddle as well. He was also a victim of manhood, as any alpha was. He also needed physical connection. To heal. Right? George blinks slowly - he'll focus again once Dream starts talking about what he himself was going to say, and then they'd have to summarize their points anyway. He could drift in his thoughts, nothing bad would happen. Because Dream was like that, he didn't punish.

"Yeah, yeah that sounds good" George agrees. To what, he isn't entirely sure.

George hadn't thought it over much, but now it came to him: that he'd never really done relationships, and that he didn't know how to. It was probably to push away the terrifying reality that around three pm the next day, he was going to be standing in front of a huge audience defending his innocence like he hadn't sprayed graffiti on an old advertisement board or had a fake ID on his nightstand - but right in this moment, he can't keep himself from getting distracted by the thoughts of the fact that life went on after tomorrow. After this event, where they would put on their show, and where the act ended - there is still a life there that he has to live. And he needs to figure out how to get Dream to sleep next to him. Because that is what he wants.

"George - George? You good?"

"We need to sleep in the same bed tonight."

Dream stutters out the beginning of a word before going quiet, his shoulders slump a little, losing his focus on the task at hand. He searches for George's eyes who seem to be stuck on an empty spot in front of him, still lost in thought.

George blinks out of it suddenly and smiles awkwardly. "Yeah - yeah, I think it would be good if we got to sleeping in the same bed, because I - from the information I have gathered, like sleeping in the same bed as you... it's comfortable."

Dream leans back and looks up at the huge chandelier above them. It was too big in his opinion. "Yeah - I like sleeping with you too."

"But I don't want to sleep in your room because, well, to be honest, I think I've been mostly comfortable in my own space since I got here - and if that doesn't work for you then" he doesn't finish the sentence.

Dream looks back to him. "No, I get that, it's fine." He pauses for a short second as they meet eyes. George ponders; if he got to be little spoon, just for tonight, because he wanted it, would the choosing ceremonies just stop? Because everyone suddenly realizes that nothing can bring as much love as a choice? And nothing can ever bring as little love as signing papers and inheriting money? Or well, who was he to talk. He was living in that inherited money at this very moment, and he wanted to sleep in it right now.

"How about we compromise - we sleep in the other guest room." Dream proposes, and George is once more whisked out of his thoughts. He chuckles quietly and shrugs before nodding.

"Okay, sure."

They get back to planning, Dream brings out his pen and notebook whilst George takes notes on his phone, trying to figure out the order of events in his head. Soon enough, Dream gets a text from Techno saying that they were in the clear, they would speak after Schlatt. Although, it would be a little difficult, Dream explains. Him and George would have to stay low in order to make Schlatt believe they either wouldn't say anything at all or that they weren't even there, as to make Schlatt believe he'd get the last word.

"Like 8 mile? In the rap battles?" George references.

Dream smiles and nods. "Exactly like 8 mile and the rap battles."

"I sound so white saying that" George complains.

"Yeah I thought I was supposed to be the rich one turned away from the real world in this duo" Dream teases. George only scoffs and beckons the other to continue.

After a while George gets his wits about the order of events that will go down, and he feels as prepared as he could ever be. Now there was only the hard part left: sleeping in the same bed.

George stands from his chair and stretches as he simultaneously tries to glimpse at the door next to the kitchen. The guest room is situated on the side of the apartment that he rarely visited, on the opposite side from the stairs, an untouched part of the environment. He can't picture Dream spending any meaningful amount of time in there either.

"There won't be a need to change any sheets or anything, no one goes in there" Dream answers to George's untold question.

George nods but doesn't say anything, just walks over to the door and pushes it open. He'd been in there before of course, in the search for Dream's secret room where he could've potentially gotten killed. George had looked through every corner and crevice of this apartment. It's almost identical to his own room upstairs, the other guest room, but it smells clean and looks out over a completely different part of the city. The side he isn't as acquainted with.

Suddenly, two arms sneak up behind him and hug tightly around his waist. "If you squeeze any harder, I won't be able to breathe" George warns jokingly and lightly touches upon the other's hand.

Dream ignores his chatter and instead bends his head into the omega's neck, affectionately scenting him. "I was meaning to ask you if you wanted to sleep in the same bed, but I was too scared. Thank you for asking."

George smiles. "I was too lazy to ask you, but eventually you gotta take the bull by the horns." He feels Dream smile into his neck.

"Liar" Dream whispers. George pretends not to hear it.

Dream lets go of him and George turns towards him. "Let's go grab our stuff, I need to see at least one tiktok before going to bed" George mumbles as he turns Dream around and pushes him out the door, following behind as they head for the stairs.

"George, you know yourself it's never just one tiktok."

"Yes it is, because I have to find the right one, the other ones don't count."

"Uhuh sure."

"Shut up."

George walks into his room and strips, puts on a shirt to sleep in and grabs his toothbrush. He meets up with Dream at the top of the stairs. The man looked like an awkward teenager where he stood in only a pair of boxer briefs. George chuckles and walks past him down the stairs. They brush their teeth in the kitchen as the sun sets. They hadn't done that before, it turns out Dream had never done it on his own either, he rarely did anything but eat and hang out upstairs before George arrived.

As they close the door behind them and look out over the set bed that had never been used since the house was bought, George feels quite comfortable. Even though it was small and mostly noticeable, the two of them were entering a situation neither of them were used to and they were doing it together. It felt like they were on the same page.

"Which side do you want?" Dream asks.

"Left, of course" George answers and walks over to the left side, lifts the covers and slides underneath them. He's turned away from the windows and sees as Dream walks past where he can see and the soft footsteps echoes behind him. Everything is so quiet that the slow sounds of Dream putting a glass of water on the nightstand and lifting the covers become louder than George would like to admit, and he turns his face further into the pillow. The mattress lowers behind him before, suddenly, the warmth spreads out over his back. He shivers as Dream's breath lingers ghostly over his shoulder and tries to lay as still as possible, wanting to give Dream the time to settle in.

"You're allowed to breathe George" Dream whispers close to his ear and it tickles nicely.

"I'm allowed to do as I please" George argues.

He smiles as he feels the warm chuckle in Dream's chest vibrate through him, feeling pride from making the alpha enjoy himself. They settle into a rhythmic breathing and lay there, simply enjoying each other's unspoken company. *Physical contact*, George thinks, *it is enough to do enough, sometimes*.

The next day comes upon them in a rush, neither of them have the time to reflect upon their quite

exquisite night of sleep, tucked in close to each other's breathing bodies. Dream rushes to the bathroom half-awake and steps into the shower, turns the water to cold. He leans his head against the tiles and clenches his jaw with a frustrated sigh. The day had come - the day that he would throw him and his mother's relationship to the wind. His dad would come around, because his dad didn't have any opinions, he was as plain as flour. But his mother... His mother would never view him in the same light. He'd forever be that *thing* that she failed, that she didn't quite get right. And after beating herself up about it, it would be his fault. ' *She didn't fail, he simply wasn't good enough to learn* '. But he had known this day would come, he had known that ever since she said those vile things about the omega in his class right after his first rut. And here the day was - he just had to... *take the bull by the horns* .

With haste, the couple ate breakfast, refreshing their minds of what was to be said before dressing and getting to the car to leave. They leave the ID hidden away, and neither of them try to think about it. They had gone over every possible thing that Schlatt could say that they could think of, and tried to build their individual speeches to match them. It could even be so that Schlatt said absolutely nothing stupid, that he simply held a normal speech. In that case they wouldn't have to say anything at all themselves.

They park the car in the venue's parking garage and hide out in the vehicle for now. The event had already started, but they needed to play it cool. Dream picks up his phone and checks his messages, no new text from Techno. But it would come at any moment. As soon as Schlatt was going on stage, they would sneak in through the main door and seat themselves quietly, watch and see what the man had to say.

"Nervous?" George whispers.

Dream turns to him and bites the inside of his cheek. He swallows and turns to look forward again, straight into the unbelievably gray concrete wall. "We have a plan, if we follow it, it'll be alright."

George nods. "And if he doesn't say anything, what about..." George stops and sighs. "About your mom?"

Dream bites his lip and tries to think clearly. He was ready for a new life. "I don't know. I don't. I think I'll... I'll have to talk to her after today either way" he mumbles and says it at about the same time as he thinks it. "It'll just be harder" he adds.

"Yeah" George sighs. "We've got really cool suits at least."

Dream looks towards their clothes and smiles. "Yeah, we look fly as hell."

They sit in tense silence until George proposes the idea of rock, paper, scissors to pass the time. It works great. As they get more and more passionate about winning, Dream barely notices his phone ticking off and a new message being delivered. He picks rock against paper right before picking up his phone and reading it through. It was their cue.

"Fuck your paper, it's time to go" Dream mumbles under his breath and opens the door, hearing George snort behind him. George follows suit and hurries past him pretending to catwalk. Dream can't help but laugh. Before long they're standing outside of the big wooden doors to get in, where cameras could catch their very next moments and every possible movement. They know Schlatt is either going on stage at this very moment or is already up there, no time to waste.

"Put your arm on mine" Dream whispers next to George's ear and George follows, connecting them at the side and making them look presentable. The door is pushed open and the noise from inside flows out into the hallway until the door is closed behind them. Their timing is great, as they

can see Schlatt chatting with someone next to the stage and the audience being occupied in conversation. No one notices them as they sneak their way through the tables and rows of chairs to seat themselves at a spot close to the entrance. They breathe out as they make nice with the people beside them, explaining they'd been running late because of traffic.

George looks around discreetly and tries to take the space in. They're at the top of a building, the penthouse, except it was more or less a pent-greenhouse. Half of the roof was rounded like a dome and primarily made out of glass. George can't say he doesn't enjoy the view of the clouds above them, and the natural light shining through. Everything looks pristine, thought-out and clean-cut. The floor was slightly tilted to make it easier for people further away from the stage to see what was happening up there. And if you could not see either way, there's a big screen next to the scene which George guesses is for showing the one on stage while they're up there. There are cameras all around, filming and taking pictures. These speeches would be all over the place, that's how it worked with highly valued alphas, the higher society; they were plastered everywhere.

"Would you like a drink sir?" George turns his head to find a waiter looking right at him with a plate in his hand. He's on his way to say 'yes please, drown me in alcohol' so that he can flee this hellhole, but he stops himself and kindly turns down the offer.

As soon as the waiter leaves them, George feels Dream's hand discreetly tug on his arm. George turns towards him with a questioning look before understanding that he's supposed to turn towards the stage instead, where Schlatt was walking on. The old man was dressed in a basic black suit with his hair brushed back. He takes his stand in front of the microphone and smiles, waves to the audience and waits as the chatter slowly lowers down. George wants to make himself as small as possible to hide but keeps his ground.

"Hello beautiful people! Working partners and future working partners, all in front of me. I am so grateful that I got the opportunity to get on stage and express my gratitude and how impressed I am with our host for holding this charity event. It is truly a wonderful thing to do." He clasps his hands together. "Now, as you know, I have teased a little bit about what I will talk about today, as most of you have probably seen." The crowd agrees quietly as Schlatt's eyes wander across the audience. "It is quite sad what I am here to say, but I find it is absolutely necessary to be honest in these instances, at a charity event for endangered omegas. It is important to only preach the truth."

"Here we go..." Dream mumbles under his breath.

"You have all seen Dream Winters' relationship develop over the past few months, the relationship with George Davidson. You have seen the smiles on social media and the holding hands on events. But there is something that the couple has hidden away from you which I think is important to shine light on." The crowd is quiet and tense, George can sense it in the air. This wasn't how a speech was supposed to sound. "You see, Dream chose George at this year's choosing event." You could hear a pin drop. "And I know this because I was there, beside Dream. George Davidson is a brilliant young boy who had a whole life in front of him, and it was when he expressed his opinions against the sexism in this world that Dream Winters acted. I don't want to put the words he said in my mouth because I don't want you to hear such awful things, but I think you can picture it. Things such as 'It's always the most rebellious ones that are the most fun to have sexual intercourse with' and 'I'll put that bitch in his place'." Schlatt has to stop because of the crowd's voices getting higher, and has to pause to let them gather themselves.

George grabs Dream's hand and squeezes it. "He's gone fucking crazy" Dream mumbles without taking his eyes away from the man. George can smell the alpha's scent getting more and more fired up. The omega in him wants nothing more than to wrap his arms around the man and curl up in his lap, make him calm down, but he keeps it inside.

“Yes, I know that it’s upsetting, but let me continue. I was terrified of what Dream was saying and even more scared of how it would go if Dream chose George. Which he ended up doing. Now, the reason as to why I have waited so long with saying anything about all of this is because I wanted to believe the best of Dream. He is just a young boy in my eyes and he couldn’t cause that much harm, could he? But it was foolish of me. I should’ve known that anyone in this forsaken world can act not only foolishly, but abusively. That someone like Dream could take advantage of the choosing system and use it to fuel his own, to say the least, animalistic fantasies. I noticed quickly that George Davidson went under the radar after the choosing, and all of his social media was privated, which I’m guessing is all Dream’s doing, to keep his actions against the omega under covers. But you can’t keep things covered up like that Dream, you simply can’t.” Schlatt pauses, and George can see the slight grin threatening on the man’s lips. “Nonetheless, I was able to gather some of George’s posts on social media before the omega was inevitably forced to shut it down to hide his identity, all for Dream’s pleasure. And they shouldn’t be brushed under the carpet either.”

George rolls his eyes in frustration. That first day where his instagram and twitter had been kept public because he’d been too busy watching his life fall apart were apparently enough for Adam Schlatt to gather all the information he needed.

Suddenly, his own tweets about omega rights and pictures of him demonstrating from his instagram feed get plastered on the screen next to the stage. A short video of people holding up signs with texts about the choosing on them, and from his account. Tweets about how the capitalistic drive in the upper layers of society is poisoning the welfare of the people. George can feel the eyes of those around him peirce through him as they simultaneously try to ignore his presence.

“George Davidson has strong opinions and is not afraid to share them, which makes it twice as upsetting that he stopped once Dream had signed a contract, that someone would force this man to stop himself from expressing himself is horrible. You might be asking ‘why Adam, why are you showing us this omega’s political opinions?’. Well, we all know about the omega groups terrorizing our cities with, too be said, criminal and dangerous behavior. And I don’t want to point fingers but-” He pauses, and looks to the screen as a new picture pops up. George recognizes it as soon as it’s shown - it’s him on a rooftop with a few friends, whose faces have been redacted. It’s not just any rooftop. It’s the rooftop where he and Dream would later spray a certain advertisement sign. “In the corner there, you can see a certain Rolex advertisement that would later have graffiti on it. There is nothing wrong with demonstrating for equal rights in the way you see fit, but... criminal behavior? Now I can not say anything finite, these are only speculations, but it seems Dream isn’t the only one that ended up on the wrong path in life.” The screen goes black. “The last time I saw Dream was at another one of Techno’s events, where the man grabbed me by the shirt and threatened me. He said that if I said anything about what he said at the choosing, he’d ruin me. I just feel very bad for George and I truly hope that this has opened all of your eyes to who Dream Winters truly is. And with that, I will donate 50.000\$ for the rights of endangered omegas.”

With that, the man walks off the stage, and some sort of chaos occurs. George can see how the people around them stand from their seats to go stand by the walls instead, some people start getting calls and other’s simply go back to conversing and trying to put the situation in place. He can see how cameras slowly turn towards them and zooms in on their faces. God, he had been prepared for it to be bad, but not this bad. He feels Dream breathe roughly beside him and he waits patiently for the next move. He wants to start yelling and hitting people, because that’s how he usually deals with people, but that really isn’t the way to deal with this situation.

In Dream’s head, everythings moving twice as fast as it usually does, and he tries to think of the best way to answer at the same time as he feels the anger coursing through him. At first he thought what Schlatt was doing was the dumbest possible thing the man could be doing, because who

would believe him? But as long as the older man kept his acting in check it could work in his favor. He was painting it as if Dream's innocent frat boy personality was hiding a manipulative man underneath, and he had the odds in his favor considering his mother is a rather republican business woman. No one would be surprised if Dream was crazy, and who knew if you could believe what George had to say, because Dream had threatened the omega into silence. And there's no evidence that proves Dream's point. That's the most frustrating part, Dream thinks, but also what keeps them safe in this situation. There's no evidence to show that he and George are the people Schlatt was describing either.

"It'll be our word against his" Dream declares as he grabs George's hand to stand them both up before they walk with strong steps towards the stage. They just have to say their thing, follow the script, and hopefully Schlatt will break character.

They move past the guards who let them through as Techno gives them the clear, and suddenly they're standing in front of a disbelieving audience. Dream sees them as all of their eyes reflect clear disgust, and he swallows before letting go of George's hand and moving up to the mic. Everything is about looking as put together as possible.

"Okay, okay" Dream starts off to try and get the people to calm down and listen, it doesn't exactly work. "You kinda need to hear the story from the victim's of accusation as well to form an opinion" he says a little louder, and it seems to work. A few people sit down from their standing positions and most people go quiet. "In order to not ruin the festivities completely, we should make a statement as soon as possible so that's why we are up here."

"The festivities are already ruined!" a man from the audience that Dream doesn't know yells up towards them.

Dream swallows. "Yes, yes I am aware. Let's make one thing clear, I went to the choosing this year because it would make my mother happy. I do most things so that my mother will be happy to be fair. Does that make me an awful man who'd lock up an innocent omega? Absolutely not. Mr. Schlatt was there, seated beside me. And you know what you said Adam, do not project those awful sentences onto me. You were the one to make such awful statements. I went to make sure that George would be safe from you. It was not my intention to choose him but due to the laws of the choosing event I could not, and was not allowed to, stop you from choosing him. And I did not want an innocent man in the hands of you after what you said you would do to him. I chose George with the intention of letting him go, our plan was not that I would lock him up. Far from it. Our plan was that me and George would have zero contact, but that it was necessary I chose him to keep him from you, Schlatt. And what George thinks about this, he can state for himself, because he is right here."

Dream lets go of the mic and backs up, George meets his eyes as they pass and clenches his jaw. This was his moment, what was he to say? Well, he knew what he was to say. He just has to get the words out. In the right order if that isn't asking too much.

He reaches in his pocket like he has something there to fiddle with, but he doesn't. The custom made suit isn't made to be comfortable, it's made to support a plastic look of being put together. The only thing there to support him is himself, and the comforting scent of Dream right beside him. He pulls his hand out and steps in front of the mic. "Hello" he pauses, looking towards the clouds moving back and forth above him. "So, let's take it from the beginning. The day that Dream chose me, my life was ruined. It was the last choosing event before I would be free, because let's make it clear, I do not support the choosings. So I was fully convinced it would be over. But things quickly changed when Dream explained to me why he chose me; to protect me from a future in Adam Schlatt's basement." He hears a few people gasp. He stops for a short second to think of how he

should phrase his next words without getting both him and Dream into legal problems. “The reason why I made my social media private and why we posted loving couple selfies and pretended to be a happy couple is not because Dream forced me. We did that so that when he helped me flee the state, he would not be a suspect of helping me and I would get the honorable status of an omega who got out.” Right, as long as the argument holds and there’s no evidence of a crime they should be fine. “We had to pretend so that suspicion was not put on him once I disappeared, and I wanted to help him, not because he wouldn’t help me if I didn’t put up with him - because he definitely would’ve - but I wanted to help, because Dream is a genuinely good person. But, as you can see, I am still here, I am not gone.” George gulps as he feels the presence of Dream beside him, and he tries to pretend it isn’t so obvious, so obvious that he’s blushing. “He was always by my side, and he has been my best friend throughout the nightmare of this man, Schlatt, that I do not know, and who has been after me since the day of the choosing.” George turns towards Dream and beckons him to come a little closer, to which he grabs the alpha’s hand. “Me and Dream have gotten closer now, after many ups and downs, not because he signed a contract, but because he let me choose my own future to the ability that he was able to. And that is why I am standing here and defending his honor, because he did nothing wrong He is not an abuser.” George feels as Dream squeezes his hand and he can’t help but smile slightly. It feels nice to have the alpha beside him. Would he have been able to do this without the man? And was it absolutely that man's fault that they were in this situation in the first place? Yes and yes, but it didn’t make George any less happy that he was there.

George looks out over the cameras pointed towards him and lets go of Dream’s hand, lets it grab onto the mic stand instead and clears his throat. “And about the criminal activities.” He begins. “First of all, the graffiti on that sign does not have to be connected to the omega rebellion groups going around this city at this moment. Second of all, I didn’t have anything to do with it. I know that may be hard to believe but let me tell you that it is not weird to find a kid like me with other kids like me up on rooftops in the “rundown”-” he puts in quotation marks “parts of this town. Like, normal people who aren’t so rich, they don’t know what bills are don’t have that many places to hang out and have fun.” He can hear a slight chuckle from a few in the audience.

“I am not involved in any criminal activity, and no one can prove that I am. But let's make one thing clear - whoever did spray ‘*let us do the choosing - sincerely, omegas*’ did a good job and a job that was well-needed in this city.” He slowly backs away from the mic and looks to Dream, asking if anything more needs to be said.

Dream shakes his head and walks up to the mic one more time. “We will be donating 100.000\$ to the charity for endangered omegas. Thank you.” He finishes and puts his arm around George’s shoulder, feeling the omega wrap his own arm around his waist. They seat themselves where they sat earlier and ignore the reporters throwing questions their way from behind them. They can see Schlatt answering questions on the other end of the room, looking slightly smug.

They listen as two more people hold speeches before they decide to leave, they’d been there long enough for people to figure out they aren’t trying to hide anything. Right before they leave they stop by one reporter.

“What do you have to say about Adam Schlatt’s statements Mr. Winters?” a woman in a black suit asks and puts the mic right up to Dream’s mouth. George has to stop himself from laughing at how Dream winces at the mic coming at him.

“It is quite awful that he is trying to use his own words against me to protect himself from what he knows he has done himself. And I am disappointed in myself that I did not record him when he was saying what he was about George. I am tempted to press charges considering even Schlatt’s son would speak in my favor. If you are unsure about who to believe, with time you will see that I

have not done anything wrong, that I did everything to give back the power to George that George should've had in the first place. More than that I will not say."

They walk to the car in a hurry and once they are seated inside they both breathe out on cue. Dream runs his hands over his face as he feels how much he's shaking. He isn't usually nervous when speaking to a crowd or to the world, but this time there was too much on stake. He was showing too much of himself, and simultaneously not enough.

"We did good" George tries to convince him of, and Dream nods apprehensively.

"I didn't think he'd be that crazy, to do that" Dream confesses.

"Me neither, that shit was next level" George answers. They go quiet for a short second. "Hey, we should like, bury the spray cans in the woods somewhere" George mumbles to break the silence.

Dream looks at the omega before laughing slightly. "Yeah, yeah lets do that."

When going up to their apartment and getting the spray cans, George looks to the nightstand and ponders. "Hey Dream? Should we bring the ID as well? Like, just in case the police come by?" George asks, as he picks up the ID and turns it from side to side, staring at his own picture. "We don't have to leave it there forever, just... until the coast is clear" he mumbles as an afterthought.

Dream comes into the room with a brown bag in his hand and looks to George, then the ID. He opens his mouth to ask if that's truly what George wants, but closes it. He didn't want the ID in the house either. It made him a little scared that George would leave. He knows that he wouldn't, he knows that, and if he did that would be fine. But, why not limit the risks when you have the chance. "Yeah, yeah lets do that." He grabs the ID and puts it in the bag.

They take a lengthy drive out of town to the nearest patch of forest big enough to which no one would be able to find and dig up two spray cans successfully. The drive there is quiet, but George enjoys Dream's company and Dream enjoys his. It's stressful, to think about what they'd just said and what they did wrong and how it would all be perceived. There's no way police could find either him or Dream accountable for a crime. They might not be able to find Schlatt accountable for anything either, but that would be alright, now everyone at least knew. He didn't need to have that quiet fear at the bottom of his stomach that told him Schlatt would show up everywhere he went.

"I should make my social media public, right?" George asks.

"Yeah, I think that would be for the better."

Dream doesn't like the feeling he's getting from his own answer, it feels off. They were burying the ID which was great for him but he can't begin to understand the way that George will be affected by everything that went down today. They blew their cover, all because of stupid Adam Schlatt. The man got what he wanted in the end; he made sure that George would be in close vicinity without a chance to flee. *And so did I*, Dream thinks. He sighs frustratedly as he makes a turn for a smaller road.

He parks the car on the empty parking space, just a flat patch of land next to the forest. As George gathers the shovel from the car boot, Dream feels as his phone starts vibrating in his pocket.

Someone was calling him. He takes a deep breath as he reaches for it, prays that it isn't who he thinks it is, prays that he gets just a little more time. He looks to his screen and is immediately punished. He slides to answer and puts the phone next to his ear as he walks a bit away from the car, making sure that George won't hear too much of what will be said. George seems to get it himself as well, and he walks over to sit on a rock at the entrance of the woods.

"Hey mom."

"Dream, did I truly see what I did see just about an hour ago?"

Dream sighs. "Yes, yes you did."

He can hear the other shuffle on the other end of the line. "Why? Why would you do such a thing for an *omega*. Why would you put yourself on the line like that? Do you know how much trouble you will get in because of this?" He can truly hear the descent in her voice as she voices the word omega, it sounds vulgar the way she says it. "And I thought he was good, I thought he was pure - did he truly plan to run off?" she asks.

"Yes, and I would help him. Everything that I said was true, and everything he said was true."

"Why?! Does he not understand, does he not see, the beautiful and cherishing opportunity you have given him? How could he take that for granted? And for him to be so ungrateful and throw that to the wind! I swear to god they're -they're all like this aren't they? These disgusting creatures - he will steal everything from you if you let him."

"Quiet!" Dream raises his voice, but he lets it fall again. He can't help how his blood boils. The voice on the other end goes quiet. "I'm sorry, mom. But don't talk about him like that, he is not dirty. He's a fucking person. What did he ever do to you?"

"He used my son's pure heart."

"No, stop. This isn't on him - I chose him, I will support him in what he wants and I like him. You can't decide over that and you can't decide over what I tell the public or what I do with *my* life alright? Okay? I can't deal with your standards anymore mom - they're just not built to be followed."

His mother sighs from the other end, and he feels as the lump in his throat go higher. "When did this happen, did he do this to you? This is not how my son acts."

"This is how your son acts, I just... I would never show that to you because you would never support this. How do you think it feels to always have someone breathing over your neck huh?"

"I - I have never been that way to you -"

"Yes you have! All of my life there has been a path that I need to follow and I have followed it, because otherwise, you just do this - you get angry and you say I'm a little off the weather and I'll get over it and every other excuse in the world." Dream doesn't know what's gotten into him but he can't shut it out as it begins. "But I can't follow it anymore, because it is not healthy. Do you know how much I shut myself off because I can't bear the pain of feeling like I disappoint you? That's not the way a mother-son-relationship should be held. I'm tired of it." He stops, just waits.

"You are on one thin line boy" his mother threatens.

Dream sighs and rubs his forehead, tired. "I'm always on a thin line." Fuck, why would he say that - it was true but god, he didn't have to upset the woman even more. "Listen, I know there's many

things you can't control because I haven't told you about them - I can't expect you to fix things you don't know about. But you need to learn to treat people with respect, and omegas are people."

He kicks a lonely rock and waits for an answer, it seems the woman on the other side had lots to think through before getting an answer out. "I can't deal with this right now you know? I don't have super powers alright - I can't just do everything. We need to discuss this in grave detail later, young man, and until, then I don't want that omega near my stuff or my business." She pauses, and Dream thinks of what she could possibly be thinking. "I will move you to another department alright, and until then I don't want you working for my company, not until I have put in order so that there is no risk of you or that omega to upset my plans. When you come to your senses you can come to me again, but I can't trust you at this very moment, not whilst you are under the influence of this omega."

She sounds exhausted, and Dream doesn't have anything to reply with. She didn't want him near her, she thought he was too much of a liability because of what he'd done. The lump in his throat gets even more prominent, and he hates himself for it.

"Bye mom." No answer, she just ends the call.

He's fine as he returns to George and as they wander into the woods, he tries to push away the reality of his situation and he does so with great success. After fifteen minutes of walking, Dream deems they have gone far enough, and that they need to find a spot which is easy to dig up and easy to roll a rock over. As George starts digging, and he's left to stand on the side, he barely notices how a tear leaves his eye and falls on his jacket.

It takes a while for George to notice, considering he's busy with the task at hand, but it does alarm him as he turns and the other is standing still, unfaced, but with crying streaks getting more and more prominent. The alpha looks awkward in a way, like he's unsure of how to deal with the situation - like a stone statue with clenched fists and a clenched jaw. Like a baby who lost their toy truck and is too embarrassed to tell anyone, but still mourning the loss of their favorite toy.

George puts the shovel to the ground and ponders, eyebrows knit together. He doesn't want to say anything, the man in front of him isn't even looking at him, he shouldn't say anything. He simply walks over to him and stands in front of him, when the other doesn't leave, he reaches out his arms and closes them around the alpha's waist. In just a couple seconds, he feels the other's arms around him as well.

"Sorry, I - I shouldn't be crying" Dream mumbles in a low tone, and George hears how his voice breaks. "It doesn't actually matter, like, I knew this already." No matter how the alpha argues, George still feels the tears as they land in his hair. Like a shower of lost toy trucks.

Soon enough the tears stop, and Dream regains himself. Not because he is no longer hurt, but just because you can't cry forever. George puts the bag in the hole and covers it with the dirt, after flattening it with the shovel they roll a stone over it with a joint effort. Just in case, George takes a picture of it, to make sure he remembers.

When they get back to the apartment, they scramble to turn the TV on whilst simultaneously picking up their phones and tuning in to all the news updates as well as social media that they have. To no one's surprise the directly sent news doesn't have anything to say yet, it's on twitter that different hashtags start popping up.

"Both #cancelDreamWinters and #cancelAdamSchlatt are trending at the moment" George mutters as he rests his head against the sofa's armrest, putting his legs in Dream's lap. He clicks into the Dream one and scrolls. People saying he was a victim, that it was not weird Dream had taken a

liking to a criminal, that it's always the guys who act innocent that do the most fucked up things. If this was any other situation, George would've probably agreed, but he knew right at this moment what it was truly like, and with the proof in hand, every other theory seemed as if pulled out of thin air.

"Talking after Schlatt seemed to have backfired, it just looks like we made our argument up as we went along" Dream remarks and puts down his phone, deciding he has seen enough.

"Yeah" George agrees as he switches to the Schlatt-tag, it seems to have more tweets connected to it. It looks about the same as the other tweets, just the other way around. *A republican man tries to shift blame, he is old and alone, it wouldn't be weird if he said such things* and so on. "But it's quite even between the tags so far at least." George points out before turning off his own phone as well. Dream doesn't answer, and when George turns his eyes to him he sees the alpha completely occupied with the news on the TV.

"Just two days ago the local authority, after weeks of searching, found one of the underground organization's settlements in an old candy shop on the west side of town. It seems the group left a while ago but left behind evidence pointing to criminal activity. Nothing suspicious has been found on the surveillance footage but in the backroom a stolen printer was located and evidence of drug use..."

"Nothing on the surveillance footage?" George wonders.

Dream nods quietly "they must've deleted it somehow, since we're a liability if we get caught."

"That's true" George agrees and smirks. "Real king behavior."

Dream chuckles beside him and leans back to stare at the ceiling, breathing out. George feels as the man taps on his thighs with his hands and soon the leg underneath him starts bouncing. Suddenly, Dream moves his legs aside in one haste movement and stands up to stretch. "I'm stressing out, lets invite Sap over" he declares, and George can't do anything but nod in agreement. That sounded like a great idea, he could invite Bad as well, and they'd sit through the media debacle together.

Sap and Bad had shown up not long after Dream had called them over, and they had all endured the evening together. A few drinks and letting Bad read funny tweets made it bearable. At one point, George's phone alerts him with a private message from Jennifer Miller. Now that his social media was public thousands of people had started following him and he'd had to turn off notifications for private messages. But the ones from verified people still slipped through. He opts to read it aloud at first but feels as though it would be inappropriate.

I'm sorry to bother you in tumultuous times but were you and Dream not a couple when I approached you in the elevator?! In that case, my apologies. But besides that, good job on landing him nonetheless, he sure is a treat and a half ;)

George blushes slightly and rubs the back of his neck to hide it. He can't help but think back to the trip and everything that went down, mostly he thinks of his and Dream's first kiss in front of all those alphas. Then he thinks to Jennifer's words in the elevator and can't help but, in hindsight,

agree with her statements about the man.

The further the night goes the more old statements, videos and tweets from Adam Schlatt resurfaces. And it seems the less is found on Dream.

Long into the night, their two friends make their way out of the apartment and leave Dream and George alone and drunk. Their phones have made their way onto the carpet a long time ago and they themselves are busy dancing along the kitchen floor. The cold stone underneath their feet feels cool as Dream's soul-mixtape from spotify plays on a low volume in the background. After hitting his side in the kitchen counter, Dream decides it's time to go to bed, not wanting to risk bruising more than necessary. Before they crawl into bed, in the lower floors guest room, George takes his time to shed Dream of his shirt and pants before sitting down in front of him to kiss the spot where the alpha had hit his hip. Dream laughs giddily at the gesture and pulls George up to a standing position, kissing him sweetly before throwing the omega on the bed and laying down next to him. They pull over the covers and tuck in close to one another.

What comes next almost makes George fall off the bed. The sun shines in through the windows, neither of them having brought down the blinds last night, and blinds them both as they are shaken awake by loud knocking as well as the doorbell ringing profusely. George flings himself into a sitting position, whilst Dream still tries to wake himself fully.

"What the fuck?" Dream mumbles from his lying position and rubs his forehead, the headache of a hangover hitting hard as the sun makes everything unbelievably warm.

Once more there's a rough knock and multiple rings. George shakes himself conscious and stands from the bed. He plans at first to dress himself but as the knocking continues he simply gets some pants on before rushing to the door, his fly still open. He unlocks it with a yawn, relaxed, but quickly freezes in his position as he opens the door.

"George Davidson?" The first man of four asks. George nods. He should've put on a shirt, or at least zipped up his pants. He can feel his skin flushing with embarrassment as the man furthest back flicks his eyes up and down his body.

"We have a warrant to search the apartment" the policeman declares and holds up his badge first to then switch it to a piece of paper. "You and the owner of this apartment, Dream Winters, have been suspected of illegal activity and so if you could kindly step aside, I would not like to risk your housemate to hide anything while I am stuck in the doorway."

George raises his eyebrows at the tone and thinks to himself if an attitude was a necessity to become a policeman but reluctantly steps aside nonetheless. He rubs the back off his neck as the four men walk in, bowlegged as they sway with every step, with uniforms tight and upright. Two of them were alphas and the other betas, one of the alphas uncommonly short, shorter than himself. Nonetheless all of them could probably beat his ass. They smell of tobacco mixed with pheromones (George can't help but feel bad for the ones that have to deal with their coworkers smoking) and George feels even more sheepish as he notices how strong his and Dream's scents are. They mix weirdly with the intruders' scents and make themselves known strongly. He sees as the two alphas react a bit stronger than the other two and how the shorter of the two clears his throat awkwardly. It takes George out of his embarrassed state and reminds him to wake the other part of this household, who definitely should be awake if his house is to be searched thoroughly.

"Dream, I think you should wake up" George halfheartedly yells across the room as he jogs over to their shared guest room. The cops wait in the middle of the open floor plan beside the couches as George aims for the door, he feels their eyes on his bare back as he does so. Before he's got the chance to do so, Dream swings the door open carefully and leans against it, still half asleep in the

head. George sighs frustratedly as he looks the alpha up and down; no shirt, naked torso out in the open, not even pants, just a pair of boxer briefs. He had hoped to make it in time to warn the alpha and to make him put some clothes on, it seems he had not made it in time.

Dream rubs his head with the hand he's not using to hold the door and looks up towards the slightly embarrassed policemen with squinting eyes. "To what do we owe the honor?" he asks with a deadpan tone and gestures towards them. One of the betas sighs before straightening his posture and taking a step towards him and George. Not with the intentions of getting closer, just to engage in the conversation.

"We've got a warrant to search your apartment."

"Could we put on some clothes first?"

"Sure, but we'll have to watch you to make sure you do not hide anything that could be used against you in the court of law."

George rolls his eyes. "Well who's stopping you, get over here" Dream mumbles and turns around slowly to go back into the room. The four policemen walk over to them slowly and place themselves outside of the room, lean in through the door frame to get a closer look at what the two housemates are doing. Dream chuckles and George can hear him whisper "alright" under his breath as he reaches for the jeans he wore yesterday. He does so with played up slow motion and George can't help but smile no matter how much he tries to hold it in. Dream was taunting them, the four protectors of law standing right in their door staring down at them with their lawful judgment, Dream didn't care. Even though they would've been plenty nervous if they still had the ID and the spray cans in their possession, Dream couldn't care less. George gathers himself and puts on a serious face as he turns back to the officers, now fully dressed, and crosses his arms.

It takes another two minutes before Dream has become presentable, he takes his sweet time with putting on his belt and takes his sweet time eyeing the short alpha as well. He can easily notice how the man's scent spiked when he saw George bend over to pick up his shirt, and he simply can't stand not threatening him a little. Dream isn't a jealous man, he knows George wants to be with him and if the omega didn't want to be with him anymore, that was fine, but the hangover put him in a less patient mood. He can't help teasing the officer a little at least. As he walks over beside George he keeps his eyes on the officer and doesn't take them off him until he's got his hand wrapped around George's waist. "Go on, get it over with."

They are moved out of the room as the officers go in. George watches as they flip the mattress over and search for slits in the fabric, watches as one of them goes through the wardrobe, one runs his hands over the floorboards searching for deviating details and another rummages through the cabinets. "What do you have against the short guy?" George whispers to Dream since they have nothing better to do than talk.

"He likes you" Dream mumbles back.

"Ew, you're jealous."

Dream turns toward him with raised eyebrows. "I am not, it's just fun to play a little with a cop's feelings, I don't usually get the chance to" he turns his head back to the room before them. "And I'm honestly so fucking tired from last night."

George chuckles quietly and doesn't miss how one of the betas look at him through the corner of his eye. "Me too, how the fuck did we get so hampered? And why didn't we eat anything before going to bed? Like we could've just gotten some bread and we'd not have to deal with this" George

murmurs.

“Yeah, you’re right, if we’d just gotten some bread we would’ve been rid of these cops searching our apartment for illegal possessions. If we’d just had some focaccia, honestly” Dream answers sarcastically and George swallows his laugh with a smile.

George leans in closer. “Maybe bread would’ve been good for them, maybe they’re hungover as well. Who knows. Maybe they’d get so happy over the bread we’d just be chilling, maybe they even want to watch a movie and then leave. Who knows.”

Dream nods excessively and squeezes George’s waist. “Who knows.”

The searching goes smoothly past the initial awkwardness. The cops move from room to room and look through every place that could possibly hold anything suspicious. After a while it gets less and less fun for George and Dream to look as the officers do their job, nothing exciting happens. None of the men seems even the slightest interested in making small talk either, so it’s just George and Dream whispering in between themselves. It only gets really bad when they get to Dream’s bedroom upstairs. Dream hasn’t even thought about it, can’t bring himself to think of what other things are laying around the house that aren’t exactly illegal but not rather pleasant either. Or well, pleasant yes, but maybe not for four strangers to barge in on.

It starts first when the four men step inside and the two alphas take a sharp breath, staggering a little in their stances. If the police station knew they were visiting a healthy couple, they wouldn’t have sent two alphas. George blushes as he’s also hit with his and Dream’s scents, pheromones, which were still present in the room. Present in the sheets. . They hadn’t changed the sheets after the last time they had sex on them because, well... no cum had ended up on the actual sheets. It definitely smells of sex, no matter how much he tries to ignore it

“Alright...” One of the betas mumble as he begins rummaging through the nightstand, looking through the cabinets. There the second issue arises. Dream grimaces as the cop pulls out the bottle of lube and puts it on top of the night stand. If he was allowed to leave the room he would’ve done so long ago but the cops demand they stay close so that they do not have the chance to mess with anything else in the house.

Nothing could prepare Dream for what happens next either, and it hits him right before it does. He remembers at the last second and he lets out a pained sound of embarrassment as he knows there’s nothing he can do to stop it. Out of the wardrobe the short alpha pulls out a box, and doesn’t hesitate as he puts it on top of the bed, thinking he’s hit the jackpot. Now George knows why Dream made that pained sound and he almost makes a similar one as he leans his head back and stares up into the ceiling, trying to pretend nothings going on.

“What do we have here” the taller alpha chuckles proudly and walks over to the box with his hands on his belt. He looks up towards Dream and George and huffs at their expressions, truly believing inside that box will be what catches them off guard. As he opens it up his expression quickly changes to a somewhat regretful one, and Dream holds his breath as the man closes the box again and coughs a stale cough. When the box closes the other three men rush over and open it again, the lot of them wincing slightly out of surprise as they see what’s hidden in there. Various sex toys, just so much evidence of the couples extravagant acts. ‘No wonder the smell in here’ George imagines them all thinking, and he can feel his face become bright red as he grimaces.

“Is there anything else in there?” The taller alpha asks and turns toward his companions, trying to ignore eyeing down the box again. “No Jacob, that’s it” the shorter alpha answers and clears his throat as his voice unmistakably breaks.

“And no knives or proof of harm on the omega’s behalf?” The alpha, Jacob asks.

“No.”

“Alright, let’s get downstairs, it’s time to do some interviews” Jacob sighs, “And put that box back in the wardrobe.”

George and Dream turn around and Dream can confidently say he has never been happier for a moment to be over. They walk downstairs and immediately the short alpha pulls George aside and brings him into his and Dream’s bedroom for a private environment where George, if he’d been a captive, could better express himself without lying for his own safety. Problem is he isn’t a captive, so George simply plops himself down on the bed as the alpha closes the door for peace and quiet. It’s a little... especially since the room still smells very clearly of him and Dream. George can’t really bring himself to look at the officer as he drags out the chair standing beside the desk to seat himself in front of George. He takes a deep breath and puts on the most serious face George thinks he’s ever seen. It’s on par with Jack’s death scene in titanic.

“George, right?” George nods. “I’m Hunar and we’re here so I can question you without your chooser, just to get a clearer picture of this situation. Is that alright?” George nods once more.

George tries his best to look calm and collected, no sudden movements, nothing to make Hunar believe he was in danger. Since they hadn’t found anything suspicious in the apartment, George guesses this is their last resort on finding out if he was planning on fleeing the state. Hunar’s short black hair fits his face well and George can’t help but find the man slightly charming with his lighthearted comments and remarks from time to time. If George had grown up with this man in his friend circle, they’d probably have gotten on well, and if he’d met him in a bar, maybe he’d hooked up with him. He thinks of how he should phrase it to Dream later; ‘that alpha was actually kind of cute, and nice too’. He can just imagine Dream’s expression.

The days go by in a dull sort of fog. George tries to ignore the continuous flow of tweets showing Dream’s old speedy interviews, saying they should’ve known all along that there was something wrong with him. ‘Never trust a rich alpha’. He would have agreed with them, and he still does to some degree, but it’s hard to when he sees Dream walk around like a ghost thinking of his mother’s neglect and the fact that the cover he’d made for himself for his life has just been blown. It’s nonetheless uplifting to see that Schlatt is the one getting the most backlash, and in the end they’d just have to ride this whole thing out. When they’d end up not breaking up, the world would see George was happy. This thing would disappear and everything would blow over. It would just take a little time. Dream takes a few days of quiet, doesn’t talk that much at all, stays in his room and spends a lot of time in front of the big windows, just looking. George leaves him be, and since he’s got all of the time in the world, he bikes to the pharmacy and gets his hormones, starting them that same day.

He thinks the quiet break between them is quite beneficial for him as well, leaving him some free time to think. He can’t ignore how his stands on life and moral has shifted since getting involved in this choosing system for real, and since meeting Dream and getting threatened by Adam Schlatt. And his own sexuality, when he gets to think about it, it leaves him slightly taken aback. He’d been so uncomfortable with his own body for so long, he’d been so panicked about going into heat that he never even considered what would happen if he did. He’d been so worried over nothing

because it had been so bad when he was young, it was like he thought disgusting alphas telling him he's a slut and an unnatural course of nature came as a bonus with every heat - and that was inevitably not true. The world was crap, and it didn't spare to remind him with every thought he's ever had about himself as anything close to feminine being awfully negative.

He can hear Dream talking from upstairs and turns his head that way, the door to his office slightly ajar. He was playing with Sap it seemed. It makes George smile, hearing the alpha talk normally, just normal chatter. It's good that he has someone else to talk to as well, not just George, that can get way too isolated.

After two weeks of just sitting around the house, they visit George's mother. She goes on and on about a couple of paparazzi who'd come around to her house asking questions about her son and Dream laughs along as he stirs his tea. As George prepares lunch, he sees Dream sit by the flower bed and his mother standing above him, pointing to where he should dig, through the kitchen window.

One day when they're sitting by the big windows, Dream asks George something he doesn't quite know how to answer.

"Do you wanna move? Like buy a house?"

George puts down his phone, which he'd been scrolling aimlessly on, and looks to Dream. The alpha is still staring out through the window. "Like, get the responsibility ourselves to figure out if there's something wrong with our plumbing and then also fix it ourselves? And like, get solar panels on our roof?" George questions.

Dream smiles. "Exactly, wouldn't that be nice". He turns to George. "I feel like this apartment is just such a... strange part of both my, yours and our life. I don't know if this is where I want to spend my life, you know?"

George bites his lip and nods. It was true, this was the place he was stolen to, this was the place he was supposed to leave because he patently hated it so much, the evil alphas nest. "Yeah I agree, we should do that." He pauses and sits up a little straighter. "And I can start working and going to school again, and we can make it a game to see how long it takes the media to figure out where we live."

"Just what I was thinking" Dream chuckles in agreement. "And to confuse them, we walk into other apartment complexes super suspiciously to make them think we live there."

"I was gonna say the same thing" George retorts.

It gets quiet as they let it sink in. Moving in together, for real this time, not because of unfortunate circumstances, but because they wanted to. George can't help but smile.

"How's the hormones working, have you noticed anything?" Dream asks quietly, leaning forward and supporting his arms on his knees, eyes looking up towards George.

"I haven't noticed anything, which isn't that weird considering..." he trails off, knowing Dream knows what he means. If he didn't do anything to turn himself on, why would he slick?

Dream bites his lip and connects their eyes; green meeting dark, dark brown. "Want to try it out? See if it's gotten any better?" He mumbles lowly.

George smiles, resists making a speedy comment on Dream's attempts at being seductive. But who is he to make such a comment, it was working. He simply stands from his chair and slowly backs

away, moving towards the bedroom.

“What are you waiting for, rich boy?”

Chapter End Notes

Lovely people! If you are still there! Sending my love to all of you, and thank you so much for being with me through the journey of writing this (even if it surely slowed down closer to the end, curse procrastination) it has motivated me to an extreme amount and I enjoyed every second of reading your comments.

And a big thank you to my beta reader cursedcloud who has been with me through the process of writing this and helped me out immensely! All the love <<3333

End Notes

Leave a comment or I'll cry >>:(

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!